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Richard Washburn Child—Isaac F. Marcosson—Kennett Harris—Sam Hellman
Ben Ames Williams—Horatio Winslow—Kenneth L. Roberts—F. Britten Austin

Summer freshness
FOR WINTER MEALS

It's natural, of course, for all of us to eat a large amount of heavy food these cold days.

But for that very reason, it is particularly important to keep in our diet more of the fresh, light foods of summer. We need their bulk and healthful mineral salts.

Once Asparagus and Spinach were delicacies of a short, brief season. Today they are available the whole year round—at their best under the DEL MONTE brand—ready for instant, economical service whenever you want them.

just be **SURE** *you say*

DEL MONTE *Asparagus*

DEL MONTE Asparagus is both a vegetable and salad—a tempting treat for any occasion. Its natural freshness adds charm to even the plainest meals.

Every bit of it is selected stock—grown in the rich delta lands of California, cut just as it peeps above the ground and canned at once—before its fragile fibre can toughen or its flavor vanish.

Three sizes of cans. Tender tips in the square container shown here, or in small round tins. Longer spears in the tall, square can. In each, the same assurance of quality—the same uniform goodness—this label always guarantees.

DEL MONTE *Spinach*

DEL MONTE Spinach, too, is ready for instant service—without any preparation but heating in the can. The work has all been done!

And how you'll enjoy it! It's tender spinach to begin with—the finest grown. The crisp, fresh leaves are cut, washed and rewashed under heavy sprays of water, and immediately cooked for you. As a result, DEL MONTE Spinach is absolutely free from grit—green, succulent and savory—a wholesome food the whole family enjoys.

Serve it often. But serve it at its best. Insist on DEL MONTE—and see that you get this dependable brand.

DEL MONTE

"---but that morning he hated to open the door"

General Manager Bullock wasn't an ogre. And Roberts, the Plant Engineer, was no mouse. Ordinarily, Roberts would have swung that door wide, with matter-of-fact confidence. But today his fingers stuttered on the knob—because of the memo he was obliged to lay before the G. M. This message read:

"Roof on Warehouse No 3 leaking badly. Need more men to save the stock." (And that roof was new five years ago!)

* * * *

Two weeks later that warehouse was re-roofed. And this time, logically enough, they specified a Barrett Specification Roof.

For when a building is covered with a Barrett Specification Roof the owner receives a Surety Bond. This bond absolutely guarantees him against any expense for repairs or maintenance for a full 20 years —until 1946. In addition—

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* * * *

For some good reason you may want a built-up roof constructed to your own specification. If so, this fact will bear remembering—

The experience of leading building authorities has definitely proved that it pays to construct any built-up roof of pitch and felt—and that it pays to be sure that both pitch and felt bear the Barrett label.

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This column is addressed—

to men concerned with School, Factory, or Apartment building maintenance

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"Have I any definite knowledge of the condition of the roofs for which I am responsible?"

"Are repairs or replacements necessary now? Do I know when any repairs will be necessary?"

"Is there danger of unforeseen interruptions caused by roof troubles?"

"Are all our roofs absolutely fire-safe?"

To answer these and any other questions, The Barrett Company with its 67 years of experience in the built-up roofing field offers you the benefits of its Roof Examination Service, free of charge or obligation.

Note: This service is available for buildings with roof areas of fifty squares (5,000 square feet) or more.

For detailed information regarding Barrett Roof Examination Service, address a brief note to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City, or—

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Please send me full information about your Roof Examination Service. I am mailing this coupon with the understanding that there is no charge or obligation involved.

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Your Name.....

City.....State.....

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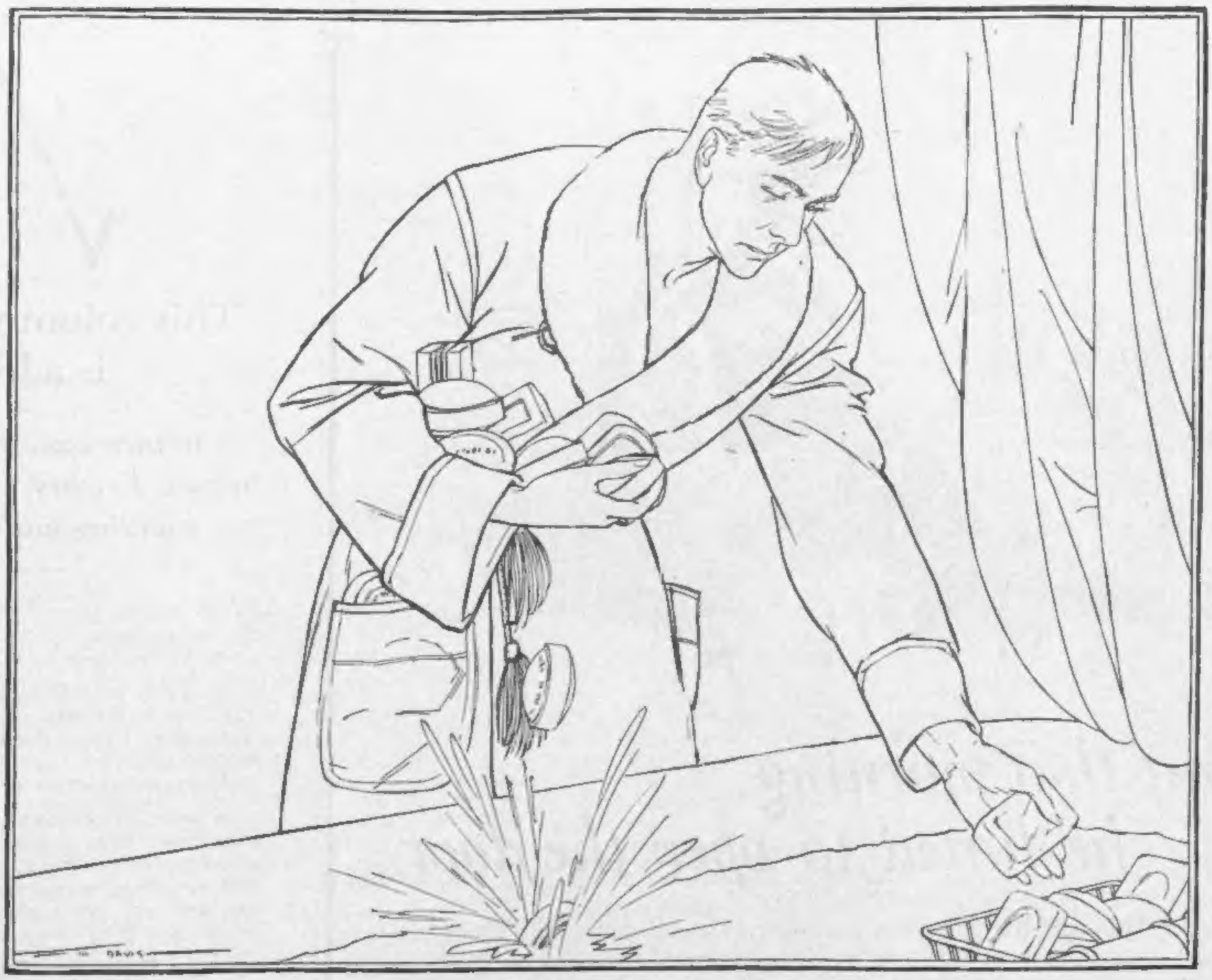

To Soap-gropers

No, the gentleman in the picture is not practicing a new juggling act. Nor is he training for a shopping expedition with his wife. He hopes by this manoeuver to get a reasonably comfortable bath with a supply of sinker soap.

As each sulky cake scuttles to a hidden recess in the tub-bottom, he will take a fresh one from the basket. This is a clever idea, but expensive. It is not too late for some friendly person—his wife* or his brother-in-law, for instance—to present him with a cake of Ivory.

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Bad Bargains and Good Buys

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

HERE in Washington, in Congress, there is debate; around the club hearth and the Four Corners cracker barrel or the Blizzard King stove, more or less everywhere in the country, a lot of discussion. It's something which seems almost new.

About taxes! Used to be a dull subject—taxes. Every politician from the Roman Forum to nowadays knows a strange inexplicable truth. It is this:

Every proposal in politics to advance a new idea for something the Government may undertake always has had cheers. It is easy to propose a new job for the Government, and have at least one organized minority with its cheer leaders and war cries stand behind the politician and use boiler plate, radio, circularizing and movies in favor of those who stand for the new proposal, while the "small-souled, parsimonious and heartless" representative who is on the nay side is berated, abused and often plunked into political oblivion, not by the real wish of the disorganized speechless majority, but by a militant, lobbying, organized, revengeful minority.

Not long ago the head of one of our foremost law schools made a speech and touched on the subject of too many laws. He said that the people had only themselves to blame for that—which is not so.

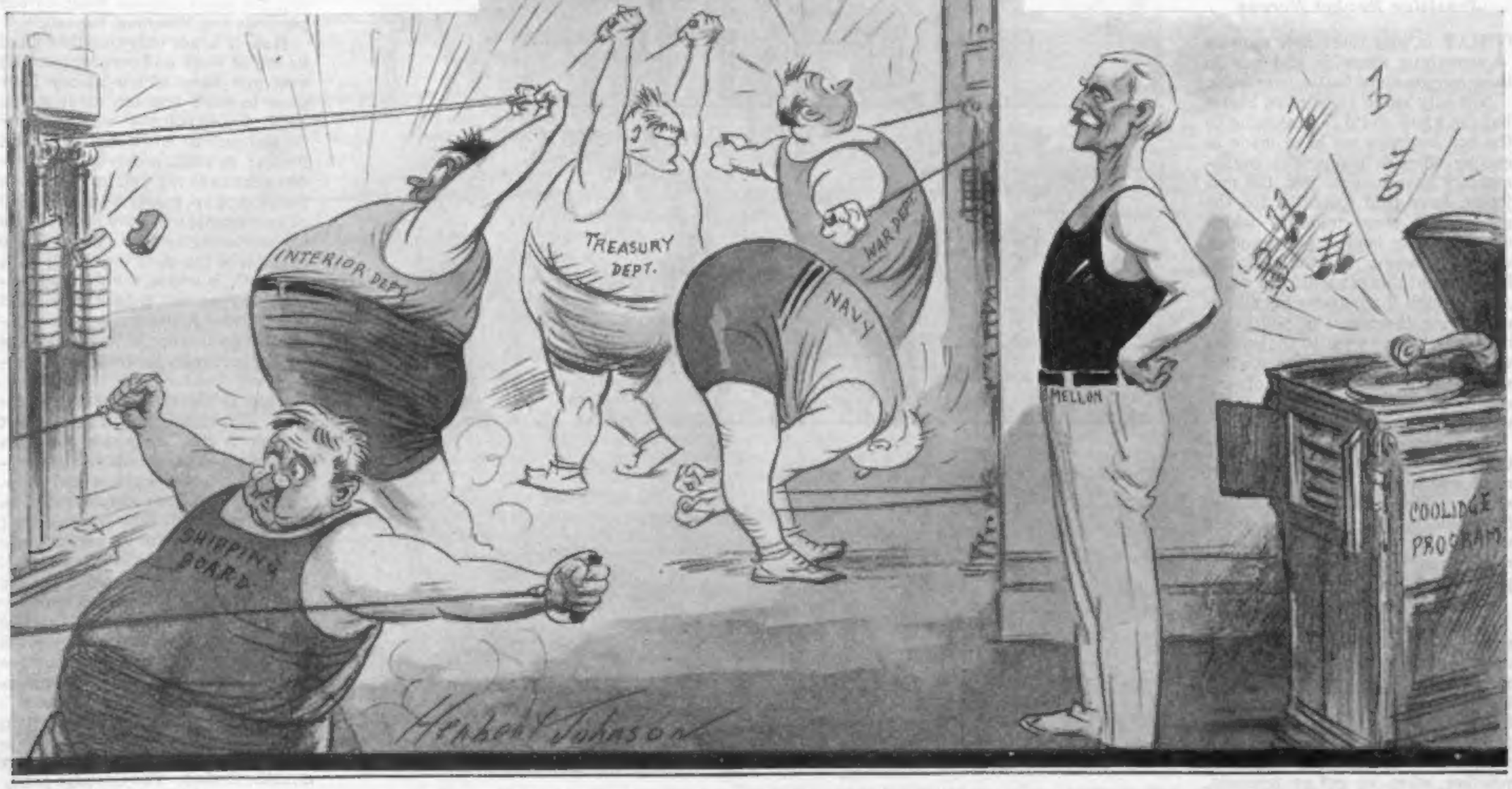
Practical politicians know it is not so. Of course, in the very last analysis, and merely theoretically, it may be so. But in the space of any one man's lifetime under the imperfect working of a democracy it is not so, unless the feeble majority rise up in wrath and tear the overstock of laws and functions of government off the shelves. That happens when the majority finds out that democracy in laws and functions has not produced in practice a government suited to the will and wishes of the average man, who pays the cost of government through taxes, but has been a system by which provision has been made to suit Organized Minority A about this and satisfy Minority B about that, and calm the clamor of Minority C and D and E about this, that and the other, and curry favor of Minority X and avoid the organized political wrath of Organized Minority Z. Such a government is no longer a government for everyone; it is a government for those groups which come and go and pretend to have benevolent purposes and knock the loudest on the door and sing together with the greatest unison and go away with their own piece of cake cut right out of the middle of the general public welfare.

Probably there is no mystery in that process of democratic government. Everyone here in Washington this winter who deals in our national politics is quite aware of the fact that too many laws and too many jobs for government have been created by the hullabaloo of organized minorities, which even now are still baying under the shadow of the Capitol dome, just as they have bayed more successfully to many of the parliamentary governments in Europe.

But the mystery about politics from prehistoric time to this Christmas is why no leader has been able to teach any citizenship to ask the question, which may sound insolent, but is the essence of political intelligence and almost the foundation of good government:

What does it cost?

Particularly since the development of modern parliamentary governments, the popular slogan has been, Let's Have It! That's the romantic, dramatic,



It is Possible by Budgets and by Lopping Off Waste to Reduce the Need for Taxes

band-wagon side of politics. What does it cost? heretofore has been the killjoy question requiring multiplication, addition and accounts. Citizenship, blind as a bat, has found the details of the price and the way to raise the price rather dull, rather impersonal, rather a bother. Parliamentary government, here and in foreign lands where the experiment was spreading, has had a good deal of a shopping spree. It has been a tour of the family in which about every member who saw something pretty and promising in the window went up and plucked a paternal sleeve and said "I want that." And the mamma-and-papa governments said, "Oh, well, what's the good of resisting? If we resist, we'll lose the children's love. Let 'em have it. It won't do any good. They'll be tired before they get it home. But there, there!"

And then when the children were asleep the mamma-and-papa government quietly shook the savings out of the children's banks, just as they had done the night before. Somebody has to pay. And governments have only one source to get the money—out of the children's savings.

Taxes.

Taxes are only the price the citizen pays for his government.

Until now there has never been such interest in What price government?

All over the world, citizens who come back from shopping in politics and governments now find they have brought back a lot of notions which some members of the family thought they wanted but are now quite ready to throw in the wastebasket. There are patent medicines and cure-alls which taste sweet and cure nothing. There are little pets which open hungry mouths every minute of the day and ask to be fed, and kittens labeled Liberty and Democracy which grow up to be biting lions labeled Tyranny and Oppression. There are mottoes for the wall woven in colored woolen, saying, "Do as I, your neighbor, think right!" Somehow none of these purchases have turned out very useful or even ornamental.

The world of democracy, broadly speaking, would like to have its money back. Average hard-working citizenship in the United States, in France, Italy, England and in the new parliamentary governments created since the war, has not found that buying government and legislature knickknacks has made life freer or sweeter, but has found that the old giants—social forces and economic laws—stride along almost unconscious of the mousetraps we have bought at high cost and set down in their path. We have not got what we wanted. We have got too much government. Too much, too much! Government in the name of liberty has deprived us of liberty more than any tyrant.

And we have paid through the nose for it—in taxes.

Sensitive Pocket Nerves

THAT is why there now appears something romantic and new in these congressional battles over taxes.

Not only we in the United States but the whole world is awakening to the bad bargains we have made in getting efficient democratic parliamentary government. We, the majority, have paid too often for the goods that some minority which could bawl the loudest had wrapped up to take home. We, the majority, have bought things we did not want. And through the years we have been mystifying the wisest of politicians because when we went to the grocers we asked the price of flour, but when we went to politics, the price of government appeared to mean nothing whatever.

There was only one explanation for that, perhaps—we thought government was a kind of charitable aid society. We may have believed that flour had its price, but government was a magic bottle which gave forth riches in exchange for a little hocus-pocus of talk. We forgot the cost tag.

The cost tag is taxes.

We forgot that government is something that the last one of us must contribute to in service and money. We forgot that government is only a purchasing agent and not a free dispensary. We forgot that we pay the bills and have to come to a reckoning. We forgot to ask ourselves whether, when we got government, we made a bad bargain or a good buy.

And then when these increasing, multiplying taxes bored in and touched our pocket nerve, the world gave a shriek and began to find that taxation was a subject of thrilling interest. We found that taxation was a popular political issue. We found that taxes had become as absorbing as a detective story involving the great mystery of where the money went. We used to be much interested in what we could expect from the Government. We thought that what we could expect from the Government contributed the whole field of political interest. And now we want to know what the Government righteously can expect from us.

That whole turn in the point of view is not sordid. It brings us back to the truth, which some so-called idealists, fanatics and social theorists made us forget; the truth is that citizenship does not lean on government but government leans on citizenship and on nothing else. The whole world had gone to thinking that government was an inexhaustible cow which gave the milk of rights and favors, rather than a coöperative agency which could not exist without demanding of us the toll of obligations and loyal service.

One of the first jobs of that kind of coöperative agency is to make the burdens of obligation as light as possible; it is to shut down on the purchase of worthless knickknacks and the employment of useless help and the maintenance of bad organization and bad management; it is to cut the nonsense and cut the costs. In the main, this is the Coolidge program; and sometimes, there being an obvious rightness about a program, about all the dissenters can do is to criticize the stationery or the punctuation.

Just now the tax-reduction program would be welcomed everywhere. I believe it, because within a year I have seen Europe yearning for less government and for cheaper government. No wonder! High as our taxes have been mounting, they are not comparable with the taxes of some of the European countries. National, state and other taxes are taking roughly more than 10 per cent of our national income, or about seventy dollars per capita. In England these taxes take nearly 25 per cent of the national income; in Italy, France and Belgium somewhere in the neighborhood of 20 per cent.

If one wishes to reduce all the figures to the dollar value on current exchange, and then compare our income taxes with those abroad, this is what one finds: A man who has an income of $5000 in the United States pays less than forty dollars. In England he pays nearly $800. In France he pays more than $800. In Italy he pays more than $1000. In Belgium he pays more than $600.

"Incidentally, the per-capita importation custom duties in so-called free-trade Great Britain are higher per capita than our so-called high-tariff collections per capita for the United States," says one of our tariff experts. "But do not say so to your children, because even they will not believe you."

Undoubtedly our task, now in process, of reducing taxes—a task to which almost everyone assents—is an easier task than it would be in some of the large countries of Europe. Why? Because first of all, if the amount to be raised is fixed, a country booming along on prosperity has an increasing amount of income to tax. Discussion and debate may envelop that fact in mists and vapors, but it is good for everyone who wants to be intelligent about income taxation to realize that if thirty dollars will run a government for A and B and C, it will be necessary to tax A and B fifteen dollars apiece on their respective incomes of, say, $1000, or at the rate of 1.5 per cent, provided C is idle and has no income. But if C is able to go to work and earns his $1000, too, it will be necessary only to tax each of the three ten dollars, or 1 per cent, and taxes are thereby cut 33 per cent. If next year A, B and C are able to take in $2000 of income because of prosperous and active business, the government can get its income by taxing them at one-half of 1 per cent, and the rate of taxation is reduced 50 per cent!

When Dollars are Put to Work

SECONDLY, although it is difficult to set forth the detailed figures, our position as to cutting the costs of government would be different from that of some of the countries which suffered most in the war, provided they were attending to their interest payments and to the reduction of their debts. Current expenses of government are more flexible than interest and fixed debt-reduction payments. It is possible by budgets and by lopping off waste, by reorganization and economies, to reduce the need for taxes. But even in our case, about 40 per cent of the expense of government chargeable against ordinary receipts is our debt-interest and our debt-reduction payments.

Incidentally, in case we might forget it, our debt is still more than $20,000,000,000, but we are owed more than $12,000,000,000 by foreign countries. It is a good thing for those who want us to cut our national defense to the danger point to swallow the fact that our Army and Navy combined take only, roughly speaking, the same amount taken by our pensions and Veterans' Bureau.

Now it is not only true that all of us are at work and earning but that vast new sums of our money have gone to work and are earning. In 1920, $3,500,000,000 was the new capital put to work in the United States; in 1923, nearly $4,500,000,000 went to work; and in 1925, if the pace keeps up, nearly $6,500,000,000 of new capital will have jumped into our producing arena. This, as in the example of the state consisting of A, B and C, is one of the primary reasons why we can reduce taxes, and why, having reduced them, new capital will go to work in its turn giving new opportunity for fresh tax reduction.

That is the stream of an intelligent direction. The unintelligent stream is the one which runs the other way—the one where a government distributes services and benefactions, furnishes employment to the unemployed, then has to collect resources to pay for its performance as a papa-and-mamma government, therefore shakes the money out of the children's banks and taxes industry until activity and prosperity shrivel up; then there is more unemployment and more need for governmental dispensations and, consequently, more need for more taxes.

As to the policy of tax reduction, feeble, indeed, are the voices in Congress or out of Congress which even breathe dissent. The Coolidge policy

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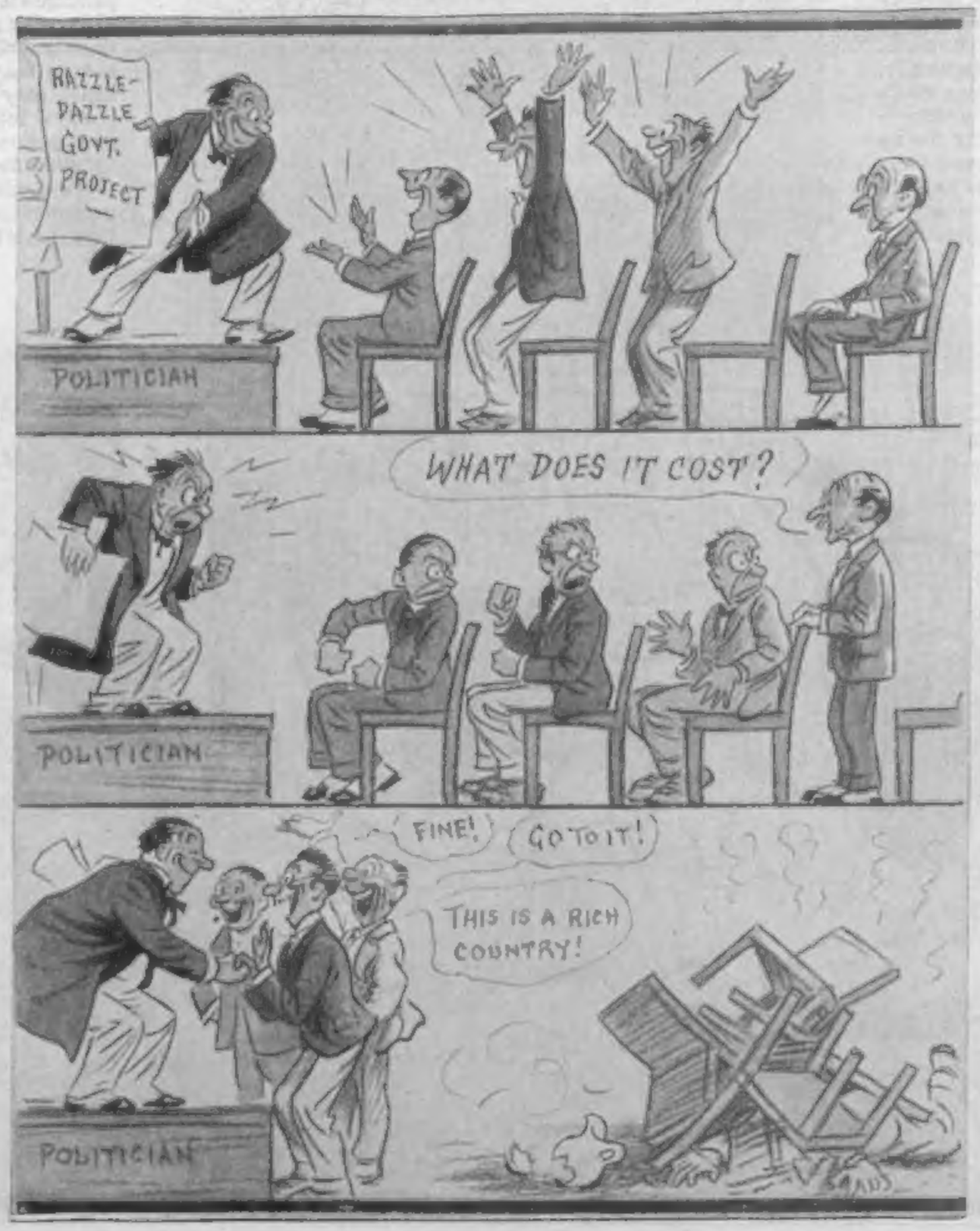

The Crape Hanger

ENGLAND SEES DAYLIGHT

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

WHEN I asked a Londoner if the dole was not largely responsible for the economic depression in England, he said, "It is the nonworker on the pay roll and not the nonworker on the dole who is at the root of our trouble."

In this epigrammatic reply you have one of the keys to a situation which has been widely press-agented and has given the world the impression that England is nearly down and out commercially and industrially. Nor have the crape hangers lacked provocation for their pessimism. The three key industries—coal, shipping and steel—have been in the throes of a dislocation and only the inherent soundness of the country has saved them from disaster. In the case of coal, the life-saver has been a huge government subsidy—subvention they call it—which was a frank surrender to trade-union intimidation. Linked with this is the fact that labor—not as a political party but as human endeavor—has almost become one of the lost arts. Low production, aided and abetted by subsidized idleness born of the dole, tells the story.

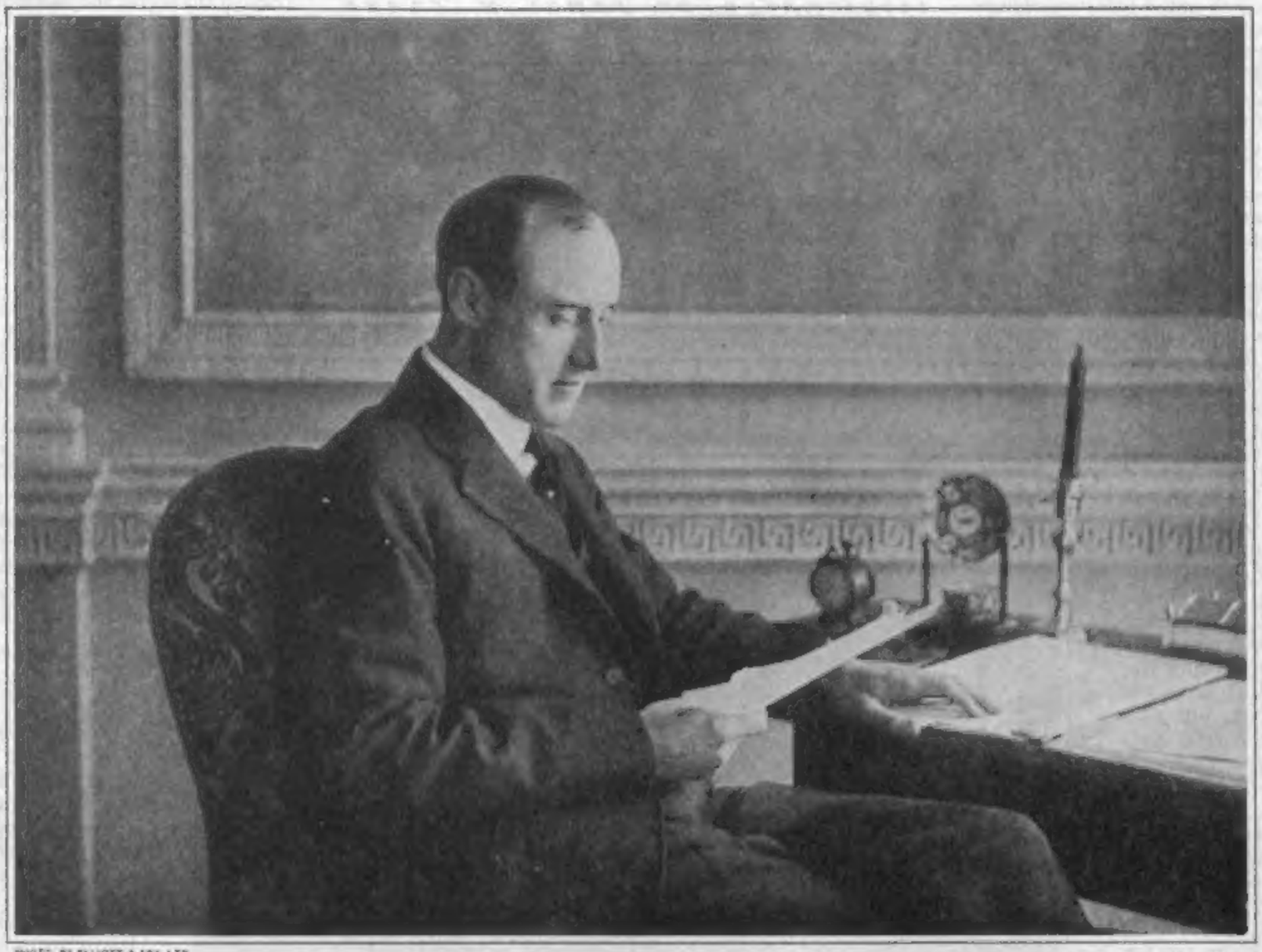

PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY, LTD.

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade

For nearly a year gloom has hung over the tight little island to a greater degree than in France or Germany. The economic consequences of both war and peace joined forces for chronic unemployment on the one hand and persistent shrinkage of foreign trade on the other. "What's wrong with England?" has become a familiar cry.

Take the fiscal side. When you analyze the European financial situation you find that a sort of reverse exists in the principal countries. Having gone through the troubled waters of a monster inflation, the Germans, for example, are now up against the exact opposite in hardened credit and a money famine. France presents a situation in sharp and illuminating contrast to Britain. Her public finance has expressed the last word in evasion and compromise, notably with regard to taxation; while private finance, represented in the immense hoard of the thrifty peasant and his no less cautious urban brother, is as firm as a rock. There is no unemployment among the French. The country is fundamentally strong. In England, national financing is sound, courageous and all-embracing—nothing and nobody escapes—yet the great mass of the people, including 1,300,000 out of jobs, stagger under a burden that pinches the pocket and has made for widespread discontent.

The Habit of Talking Hard Luck

IN THIS discontent, coupled with the pernicious trade-union practice of restricting output and making three men do the work of one, lies the reason why communism got its foot in John Bull's front door. Happily that foot has been badly pinched these past months. The British red who has preached revolution now finds that he has broadcast the wrong word. Today it is a case of slow but consistent evolution from archaic industrial methods and fossilized trade procedure, reënforced by a return to the gold standard and the lifting of the embargo on foreign loans, all backed up by optimistic and therefore constructive publicity. A new order animated by a robust faith is in the making. The fog—a state not entirely unknown in that sea-bulwarked domain—is lifting. England begins to see daylight.

This turnabout, or rather the comparatively recent grapple with the troubled economic situation, is characteristically British. It is their practice to muddle through until conditions become almost intolerably bad, and then begin to make inquiry into the causes. They have discovered that there is nothing fundamentally wrong with the country, but a great deal the matter with some of the people in it, including the workers and the shirkers. Moreover, many Britishers, and especially the lower classes—there was no more illuminating example than the gallant Tommy in the war—like to grouse—that is, to complain—even when the going is good. During the past year they got so into the habit of talking hard luck that they hypnotized themselves into the belief that everything was permanently on the toboggan.

Let us first swiftly visualize the general causes of British depression. Primarily they are rooted in the war, when overcapitalization, due in many instances to the desire to evade the excess-profit duties, ran riot. Moreover, during those years of slaughter, when England had to mobilize her resources for defense, new domains of production were opened up and old markets were lost. This was notably true in South America, and particularly Argentina, which for decades had been an English trade stronghold. Then, too, developed an inertia in which the producer feared to expand because around the corner lurked a constantly increasing taxation. We showed the world what could be done with mass production, and although England has tried to emulate us, she has failed.

In this failure to stimulate a big production you get at the crux of the British dilemma. As I have already intimated, it is the worker, or rather the lack of worker, who has complicated the machinery. He will not work, and he has put such an overhead cost on the British product that, once it emerges from mill and factory, it cannot successfully compete with either the German or the American commodity.

Then the separate industries, notably coal, began to go bad. An open hostility between the owners and the miners developed to the point where only government intervention, with a subsidy that will probably amount in the end to £24,000,000, staved off a rupture which in turn would have drawn the dock and transport workers into a general strike, with all its paralyzing possibilities. During the greater part of 1925 coal was produced in England at a net loss, while the wage basis remained inflexibly high. With the loss of coal cargoes, the freight and shipping situation went to pieces. Inevitably shipbuilding, engineering and iron and steel, semifinished, felt the slump.

All the while the unemployment situation, instead of improving, remained stationary or got worse in spots. It refused to get under the million mark and has persisted in remaining about 1,300,000. You get some idea of the burden of the dole when I say that its total cost to the country since 1920 has been approximately £210,000,000, or well over $1,000,000,000. Though this is not a direct tax, it is shared by the whole country in some way.

Costly as is this overhead on indolence, there is still another and even more destructive aspect. Hundreds of thousands of the unemployed in England are also unemployable. A whole new British generation of nonworking young men and women has developed, who have no idea of the association between pay and labor. Idleness with them has become a vocation. They were born and bred in idleness, and idleness is all that they know or ever care to know. They refuse to emigrate to the colonies because that would probably make them acquainted with work for the first time in their lives. Hence they provide the most fertile soil for communism. Altogether they incarnate a postwar parasite that is a menace to productivity and prosperity.

A Doleful Tale of Unemployment

I CAN best—or rather worst—illustrate the point of view of what might be called the professional and endowed idler with a concrete incident. An old acquaintance of mine in England wanted to hire some beaters for a week-end shoot. The nearest village to his country place had its quota of what the English call dole eaters. When he approached them with a view to getting their services for the shoot, all refused the job, saying, "If we work a day we lose our dole."

Doleful—and the word works both ways in England—as is the unemployment situation, one fact not generally appreciated must be pointed out. Despite the 1,300,000 individuals who are not working for various reasons, there are more people employed in England today than in 1913. This fact grows out of two things. One is the normal increase of population, for there is an excess of 4,000,000 persons over the prewar figures. The second is that the emigration prior to 1914 exceeded the war casualties, and emigration on anything like a big scale has ceased since the outbreak of the war.

Little relief came with the new budget which restored the McKenna duties on motor cars, motorcycles, films, watches, clocks and musical instruments. The new tax on silk cut no ice except to annoy incoming travelers at the channel ports, because England is not a silk-producing country. The slight reduction in income tax was almost equally futile, because, as someone aptly expressed it, "The income-tax cut was merely pushed on to the death duties, adding to the high cost of living an equally burdensome high cost of dying."

One of the most serious blows to British prestige developed through the Bank of England embargo on foreign and colonial loans. This restriction not only impeded the old freedom of the London money market but sapped its vitality as the world's financial center. It meant more than this, because foreign loans mean foreign trade. It put London, therefore, at a serious economic disadvantage with

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ONWARD AND UPWARD LED

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

JERRY McCABE, walking briskly along upper Broadway at seven in the evening, hesitated in passing Matteo's Grill, and then, apparently attracted by the giant scarlet lobsters, inch-and-a-half porterhouse steaks and prize fruits and vegetables that were harmoniously arranged in the brilliantly lighted window, retraced a step or two and stopped and looked at the display with a particular attention that was, however, quickly diverted, first to the *carte du jour* wafered against the pane, and then to the rose-colored back of the cashier, who was standing at her desk within. On this last object his gaze lingered longest.

Not the first time, by twenty or thirty in the past week, that he had done this; but so far he had not succumbed to the lure of the lobster, the pull of the porterhouse, the seductive variety of the viands on the menu or the supremely magnetic influence of the rose-colored blouse; but night after night he had contemplated all these things and passed on.

Some guys, lacking in self-restraint and the discipline imposed by a stern resolve, would have breezed into Matteo's with open arms before they had been back twenty-four hours—or, say, the time required to doll up and beat it over from Fourth Avenue; but a long course of professional training teaches a guy the wisdom of preparedness. Entrances are comparatively easy to effect, but safe and profitable exits demand careful forethought that takes into account difficulties and obstacles certain, probable and possible.

Jerry had to square himself with Bessie of the rose blouse, and to do this it was necessary to be careful, overlooking no bets. He couldn't go to her right off the bat and say: "Here I am, kiddo, back from a tour of the sticks to claim you for my blushing bride. Whither I go from here, I know not, but I'm on my way, and it isn't the way of the transgressor—which I've just got wise is a rocky road to travel. It's the strait and narrow path for me, girlie, henceforth and forevermore, if you'll be so obliging as to keep your lambent lamps on me and see that I don't get careless with my feet. It ain't but a week or two ago that I stole a nickel from a baby, I got that low; but I'm a reformed character now and all I've got to do is get me honest employment—if the bulls leave me stay in it. I'm a lucky guy, at that, and they'd have to frame me; but even so it wouldn't mean more than a five-year stretch, and we're both young and the time would soon pass."

No! True, Jerry had, in the first flush of his reformation, determined to come clean with Bessie; but it is not always well to act upon a first impulse, however honorable, and Bessie's rose-colored back—well, after this prolonged contemplation it didn't seem a sympathetic back. You got the idea of a moral rigidity that belied its physical suppleness. There was grace in every swift movement, and the movement was now constant, the custom of the restaurant being at its evening peak; but with the grace there was also a decision, an unfaltering certainty.

Before he had formed the habit of waiting until the crowd thinned out, Jerry had stood in the line of departing diners often enough to know that Bessie made no mistakes. Her lambent lamps were incredibly quick to read the figures on a check or the denomination of a note, and a patron hardly presented either when ting, bim, blam! her nimble fingers came down on the keys of the register and the correct change was sticking edgewise in the toothed rubber mat. A flash of a perfunctory but charming smile, a monosyllabic expression of thanks, and she was ready for the next guy. In a line like this the figures of the register bobbed up and down at such a rate that you had to be mighty quick yourself to make them before they changed. Never a mistake!

"Not so good!"

Time for Jerry to move on, so he moved. But this time he meant to return. Another hour and the restaurant would be practically deserted, and Bessie would eat and then, unless prevented, beat it to her home in Flatbush. In the meantime Jerry thought that he might grab off a bite elsewhere. After three eventful weeks of absence from one's sweetie one doesn't walk right into the place where she is working and consume goulash and apple pie under her critical regard as a preliminary to reconciliation, does one? One does not—especially after a bitter disagreement and an eternal farewelling.

Also it would spoil one's appetite, and one had an appetite. Long hours of honest toil had done that for Jerry McCabe. Get that? Honest toil! The kind that bedews a guy's brow with honest sweat and also begaums it with what came from the crank case and off the axle; the kind of toil that barks a guy's knuckles, blisters his palms and breaks his finger nails and his back. But only ten hours a day of it. Before seven and after six your time was your own to loaf around all you wanted and throw away your easy earnings with both hands—or you could pay your room rent and your laundry bill.

"You'll be Worse, Worse, Worse, if You Don't Leave Go of My Arm," Bessie Told Him, With Unmistakable Sincerity

Jerry ate hurriedly at a near-by café, with an anxious eye on the clock. He had no idea of missing Bessie's low cry of joy and surprise and the love light in her eyes, betraying the secret she had kept so well—so darned well. Not for any mess of pottage that this joint could dish up. Having finished, he carried his overcoat to the desk to save time by putting it on while the decorative damsel finished yawning behind her abalone dinner ring and languidly examined his check. Chee, that jane was a flat tire! But Bessie made 'em all look that way.

"Come back to life and happiness, sister," said Jerry pleasantly. "I gotta train to catch tomorrow afternoon."

"Is that so-o-o?" Dumb Dora drawled. "Lissen, when did I ever tell you I'd be a sister to you?" But she softened the seeming asperity of the retort with a not unkindly smile. Jerry's handsome and ingenuous countenance was seldom looked upon with disapproval by the gentler sex, and he had not made his evening toilet for naught. Some sheik! But he dallied not.

"My mistake. Ni-night, Nettie," said he, and beat it forthwith, buttoning his coat as he went, and breaking into a run before it occurred to him that running was quite unnecessary. But ——

"—— lovelorn swain in lady's bower
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour
As I ——"

It was a quotation from his favorite poet that he smilingly murmured—the poem that Miss Devine of the Settlement had given him when he was a kid. His humorous appreciation of his own absurdity was confirmed in another minute or two by the sight of Bessie still at her post of duty. Only a few people left at the tables, though, so it wouldn't be long. His pulses quickened at the thought. Face to face with her!

"Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on—Bessie's—eye."

That is to say, at times—if you are talking about kindness. She was there with the worth, sixteen to the dozen, but a guy had to watch his step to get much of the other. Still, Jerry had no fear of disfavor now. He wasn't going to tell her that he meant to reform; he was going to be able to strut his stuff. He had the combination to the keister of the maiden's heart and the world was his—or would be before the night was out. He hummed a joyous roundelay. The bite of the winter wind had no teeth for him; an arctic gale would not have chilled the rapturous glow beneath his shirt bosom. Back and forth he did his sentry-go, briskly walking an imaginary line, straight as the equator and narrow as his feet could compass.

Once more a glance in at Matteo's window. Bessie was sitting at one of the tables at the far end of the room, food before her and a waiter hovering over her; Matteo at the desk. Her back was still toward her swain and he had but an occasional glimpse of her profile. Risky, lingering for glimpses, lovely as they were; so Jerry reluctantly turned away and skipped across the street, where he ensconced himself in a doorway and waited.

What we measure off with arrangements of cogged wheels, hair springs and dials and call time is, after all, a very inexact thing. The solar system can set it, Greenwich record it, Western Union transmit it and business and pleasure and some railroads adjust themselves by and according to it, more or less successfully; but it is more elastic than a rubber band. A minute of it can stretch itself to something fairly close to infinity; years of it contract to merely negligible proportions; it is proverbially inclined to fly, but it can get down on its belly and crawl, snail-slow; a little of it may be crammed with the biggest events and a lot of it may hold nothing but its own emptiness. Turn it backward in its flight with a camera, throw it and slow it on the screen and let it stultify itself by consuming fifty seconds of itself to show the swift wink of an eye—and you

Bessie

will get Jerry's idea of its elapsed length before Bessie left the restaurant.

No low glad cry, no high-pitched little squeal of alarm, no sort or kind of exclamation; not so much as a startled movement. Jerry might as well have grabbed the waxen wing of a perambulating lay figure for all the effect that the contact seemed to have on Bessie; and when she spoke, it was with the utmost composure and without turning her head to see who had taken the liberty.

"I was wondering if it wasn't about time for you. You needn't hold on to me; I'm not going to run."

"How do you do it?" exclaimed Jerry admiringly. "Chee! But maybe you think it really can't be me; that it's just a beautiful dream. Cheer up! It's all true. It's me, Jerry, and I've come back to you. Sure you thought it was about time, poor li'l' angel! It was certainly cruel of me to stay away so long. I was bad, bad, bad."

"You'll be worse, worse, worse, if you don't leave go of my arm," Bessie told him, with unmistakable sincerity. "Thank you. Now you can walk with me just long enough to tell me what was the big idea, flatting your nose against the window every night the last week and then tagging me to the Subway."

Jerry was taken aback.

"You mean to say you seen me rubbering through that window? Say, you never turned around once, and if you've got eyes in the back of your head, your hair was down over 'em. Now I get it! It was when you powdered your nose. You had a little mirror, didn't you, cutie? Chee! How did you know I shadowed you?"

"Didn't you see the piece about it in the papers?" That was all the answer she vouchsafed; but she added in an icy tone, "I suppose your business trip was successful." Jerry thought she might as well have said, "I notice you are wearing your hair the usual length. You didn't patronize the Ossining shop." She certainly must have had some sort of hunch about that trip, the vicissitudes of which had so powerfully aided in his reformation. Up to that time she couldn't have known that he was a crook—not out-and-out; a grifter, maybe, but nothing more. Could Gabe the Wop have wised her? Improbable. Gabe only saw her the once at the Winter Garden, the time he got his beak biffed for getting gay. Dan? Dan might have. A guy who would gyp his pal—hold out what was probably the long end of the haul—would do anything. But that little matter could wait.

"No, Bessie ——" he began gently. But she stopped him.

"You mean to say Miss Rath, Mr. McCabe."

"Pardon me for disagreeing, but you got me wrong," Jerry told her suavely. "My meaning was like I expressed it, and if that be treason, wrap it up carefully and put it in your bureau drawer. I'm a poor but honest and hard-working guy, and I ought to crawl when I come near you. I do, at that, but it's just your kindness and your worth that get me that way, and I'm not Miss Rathing you. If I happen to be going your way after a hard and honest day's work ——"

"Where?" inquired Bessie caustically. The old question that he had always neatly evaded, out of respect for her rigid ideas of the rights of property.

"In Holt & Thurber's garage—Abbey 6349 any time you want to give me a ring. Ask for Jerry. Don't ask for Mr. McCabe or they'll think I'm getting ritzy about my monniker. Just plain Jerry, who wrastles rusty spark plugs and digs into differentials and shoots under cars on the flat of his back on a trolley, with a grease gun clasped in his lily hand. I beg to call your kind attention to the hand."

He slipped off his glove, and she was curious enough to stop to inspect the exhibit. It was an entire success, palm, nails and knuckles, and there came an "Oh!" of pity—music in his ears.

"You made 'em what they are today; I hope you're satisfied."

"I made 'em?"

"Sure! Didn't you tell me to get a steady job? Didn't you say you'd rather see me making less coin? What was it you said about poor fish who hang around pool rooms and lucky stiffs who thought their luck was going to last forever and about girls who were dumb enough to fall for them? Well, anything to please the lady. I don't say that I wasn't sore at first, but I forgave you. I guess I needed what you handed me. Anyway, I got to thinking it over and I says to myself, 'Anything that li'l' Bessie wants —— '"

"Jerry," Bessie interrupted, and there was emotion in her voice, "did you honestly get a job because I wanted you to—I mean, advised you to?"

"'Advised' is good," Jerry remarked. "Yes, I took your advice, and the reason I flatted my nose and feasted my eyes on you in secret was I wanted to show you you could do anything with me—with something to show." Jerry paused, meeting the eyes that were now bent on him with a positive radiation of worth and kindness. "I don't say that I did it altogether to please you," he proceeded sagely, but with an ingenuous air. "I concluded that you had the right dope—that the way of the transgressor is hard, if you get me. So it's me for the strait and narrow path, as I always call it. 'What's riches,' I says, 'if you ain't got the respect of ——'"

"Let me look at your other hand," requested doubting Thomasina.

Jerry feigned extreme embarrassment, inwardly applauding the young woman's caution. Could you beat it? Any bird that put anything over on Bessie would have to be an early one. Hesitating, he saw the kindness begin to leave her eyes, and then, grinning gleefully, whipped off the other glove and showed a left hand that was in worse condition, if anything, than the right.

The Girl in Number 18

"They'll get toughened up in a few months," he observed casually. "But maybe you'd rather I'd have got a white-collar job."

"Anything, as long as it's honest and steady," said Bessie. "Jerry, I certainly am glad! But do you think you can stick?"

"I can do anything you make up my mind to do," Jerry boasted, repossessing himself of her arm. This time not only was he unreproved but there was a slight pressure on his martyred mitt that thrilled him with a sort of radio-active rapture. Sure he could do anything! "There ain't cigarette money in this at the start," he went on, "but a guy wants to begin from the ground up, not from the top down. You watch me! When I learn all there is to know about engines I'll burn my overalls and get into the selling game, where personality plus polish counts. I could show up most of these silver-tongued babies in the salesroom right now. But wait! I'm out for the big stuff. Watch me! And some of these sweet sunny days when my bald-headed butler with the mutton-chop whiskers shows in a bunch of these newspaper birds, I'll say to them, 'Gentlemen,' I'll say, 'whatever I am today I owe to my wife. It was her yanked me off the primroses and prodded me into the road to success. "You little bum," she says, "get hep to yourself and chase out and hustle for an honest-to-Gawd overalls job, you little bum, before you get to be an out-and-out crook." And that, gentlemen, was the turning point of my career. "Don't you come around me until you can show blisters on your hands, you little bum," she says. Of course we wasn't married when she give me that advice, but ——'"

"Cut out that line," said Bessie primly. "And I never called you ——"

"Words to that effect," Jerry amended. "Chee! It's good to be with you again, Bessie. Give me a sweet smile."

She gave it. She would have been hard-hearted to withhold it. But the next moment she resumed her seriously thoughtful expression.

"And now for the grand celebration." Jerry was crowding his luck. "Where do we go from here? We'll talk it over in the taxi." He faced about and signaled an approaching vehicle.

"Nothing doing," declared Bessie positively.

"But, Bessie ——"

"Nothing doing," she repeated, and peremptorily waved the taxi driver onward. "Now listen. If you want to please me, like you say, you just tell me good night right now and go home and put some cold cream

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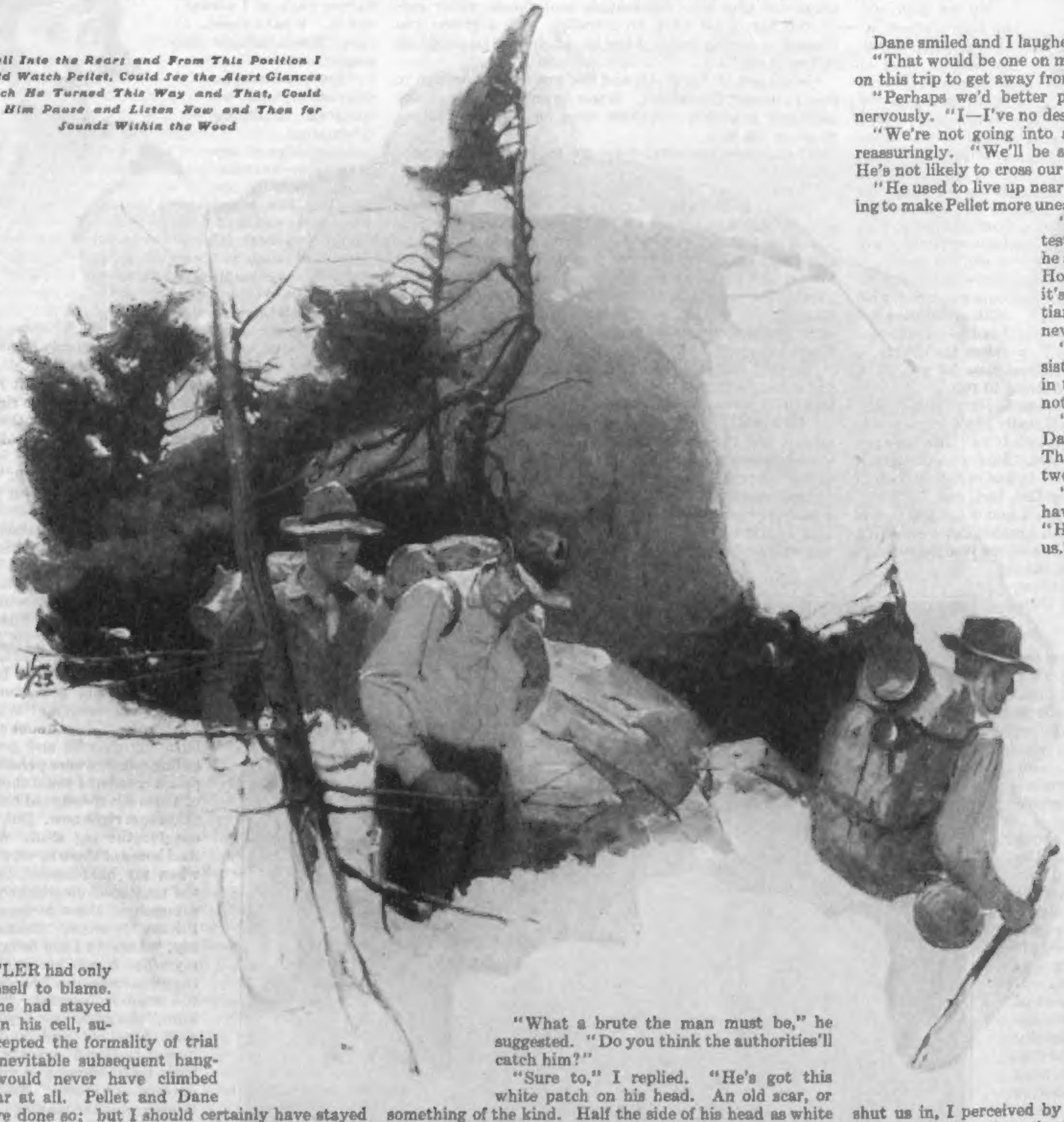
This Was a Somewhat Tacky Little Jane, But Not So Hard to Look at, Herself, Now That He Had More Than a Glimpse of Her

NERVES

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE



I Fell Into the Rear and From This Position I Could Watch Pellet, Could See the Alert Glances Which He Turned This Way and That, Could See Him Pause and Listen Now and Then for Sounds Within the Wood

HOSTLER had only himself to blame. If he had stayed decently in his cell, supinely accepted the formality of trial and the inevitable subsequent hanging, we would never have climbed Little Bear at all. Pellet and Dane might have done so; but I should certainly have stayed at home. Dane had persuaded me into a walking trip through the mountains during my vacation; but Dane is a lawyer and persuasion is his profession. On that Monday morning when we were to start, I had begun to think scornfully of mountains, when the office called me on the phone.

In the newspaper game vacations are always granted with a proviso; so I was wary, and while my landlady answered the call I consulted the morning paper. Hostler's escape was spread across the front page in sufficient explanation of the summons. I had worked on the story, and now that the murderer was at large it was obvious that the office wished to set me on his track again. Without scruple, I bade Mrs. Jevons report that I had already departed for localities unknown, and an hour later I made her word good by meeting Dane and Pellet at the train.

Dane, one of those lean and tireless individuals to whom a twenty-mile tramp is little more than a stroll, was occupied with the business of getting us and our dunnage safely aboard; but little Pellet, a fly-weight of a man, strung taut with nervous energy, immediately displayed an immense interest in Hostler's escape. He knew I had covered the story and asked me many questions.

Hostler had worked as a hired man on a little New Hampshire farm—his employer a middle-aged widow with qualities of competence and industry which had won for her the respect of her community. Hostler had tried to persuade or bully her into marrying him, and the situation between them at last reached such a point that he butchered her with an ax. I explained these things to Pellet as we boarded the train and located ourselves in the smoking car.

"What a brute the man must be," he suggested. "Do you think the authorities'll catch him?"

"Sure to," I replied. "He's got this white patch on his head. An old scar, or something of the kind. Half the side of his head as white as snow. He can't get far with that."

"He'll fight, won't he?" Pellet insisted. "He killed a guard, escaping."

"Apt to," I agreed. "He'd have killed the sheriff when they arrested him if his gun hadn't jammed. If he gets hold of a gun now, there'll be trouble."

The train had pulled out of the station. Dane had brought aboard a bundle of morning papers, and we read them in turn, with that curious human avidity for repeated detail. The tale of the murder was there all told and retold, and the story of the man's escape. Now and then one of us read a passage aloud; and more than once Pellet called our attention to some particularly horrifying aspect of the affair.

I could see that it exerted a curious fascination upon the little man. As we drew into the north country we saw once or twice policemen on the station platforms, and he studied them with an eager attention.

"They're watching for him, I expect," he suggested. I nodded.

"He won't get far," I prophesied.

"He'll hardly try to board a train," Dane commented. "More likely to take to the woods, isn't he?"

I did not think so.

"He's a farmer," I reminded them. "He knows how hard it is for a man to hide in the country. There's the business of finding something to eat. He's bound to leave traces, and then the hunt would narrow down mighty quickly. No, he's much more apt to try for Boston, or some other city. Easier to hide there."

Pellet said in his shrill voice, "We may run into him. He might work up into the mountains."

Dane smiled and I laughed.

"That would be one on me," I reminded them. "I came on this trip to get away from him."

"Perhaps we'd better postpone it," Pellet suggested nervously. "I—I've no desire to meet him."

"We're not going into a wilderness," Dane told him reassuringly. "We'll be seeing people every day or so. He's not likely to cross our path."

"He used to live up near there," I reminded them, willing to make Pellet more uneasy. Dane shook his head at me.

"Cut it out, Harry," he protested. "Don't let him scare you," he adjured Pellet. "They'll have Hostler by tonight, probably. And it's sixty miles from the penitentiary to where we're going. He'll never get that far."

"He's a husky citizen," I insisted perversely. "He'd do that in two days. Maybe we'd better not go into the woods."

"He'd hide in the daytime," Dane urged. "You know that. They'll pick him up in a day or two. Quicker, if he tries to travel."

"He might beg a ride. May have done it last night," I argued. "He may be up there ahead of us." And I saw Pellet shiver desperately, like a man in a chill. The little man's fright was no longer amusing and I took pity on him. "Seriously, Dane, you're right of course. They've probably got him by now."

But Pellet refused to be reassured.

"He might be up where we're going," he insisted. "He might be anywhere."

Dane bundled up the papers and stuffed them under the seat.

"Here," he said, "I've made a list of grub we want to buy. Listen and see if you've any suggestions." He began to read it off to us, and I fell in with his maneuver to divert the conversation. Thus we spoke no more of Hostler for the time.

But when late that afternoon, in a drizzle of rain, we set out on one of the trails up White Peak, and the forest received us and shut us in, I perceived by the glances which Pellet cast this way and that into the thickening wood that the murderer was still in his mind. I was inclined to envy the little man his preoccupation. My pack was already almost unbearably heavy, and it seemed to me that Dane in the lead would never stop to rest. Pellet was just behind him, just ahead of me; and I fell farther and farther in the rear. The climb began easily, but the grade increased with every quarter mile. My heart pounded till it seemed to lift the top of my head; I could feel the throb of its beat in my arms and my thighs, and to breathe was a long and stabbing effort. Half an hour of this and I surrendered with a gasping cry, staggered off the trail, dumped my pack and lay prone. The others turned back to sit beside me while I recovered, and the rain beat in our faces. Pellet looked into the darkening gloom of the woods.

"A man could hide here anywhere," he suggested in a shrill whisper.

"If there's a murderer around, I hope he'll kill me first," I gasped, and Dane laughed. But Pellet did not even smile.

We stayed that night in one of the shelter camps three-quarters of a mile below the summit. Dane proposed that we cook supper there, then go on to the peak for the night in order to watch the sunrise. But I was exhausted, and I pointed out that if the rain held there would be no sunrise to see; and even Pellet was willing to stay where we were.

"We've met a good many people on the trail," he reminded us. "I guess Hostler's not likely to be around here."

Dane and I chuckled, and Dane said reasonably, "Get him out of your mind, little man. He's sixty miles away."

"No one knows where he is," Pellet insisted.

"Probably back in jail by this time," I assured him. "But just the same, Dane, I sleep here tonight."

While we were cooking supper the fire warden from the summit came down the trail on his way to his home at the foot of the mountain, and he stopped for a minute's talk with us and to write a fire permit for Dane. He asked our prospective route, and Dane told him over White Peak and to the top of Little Bear next day; then Old Bald and Scarface, and so northward toward the loftier ranges

"They'll be mopping me up from the trail before I get that far," I added, and the warden grinned.

Then Pellet asked in that quick and nervous fashion he had, "You haven't heard anything about an escaped murderer up here, have you, sir?"

"Hostler got away last night," Dane explained. The warden nodded.

"I used to know him," he confessed. "Lived over south of here for a spell. I guess they'll pick him up 'fore he gets this far."

"You do think he'll come up here, then?" Pellet insisted, and Dane clapped him on the shoulder.

"Cut it out, son," he adjured the little man. "We're not going to run into him. You don't need to give it a thought."

After a little, the warden went down the trail and the rain dropped its veil behind his departing back. Through the tree tops we could see the far valley spread below; and against the sky to the right, its top clouded, the mountain lifted like a gray ghost. All about us the water dripped ceaselessly, and it spattered on our cooking fire. Dane had coffee going there, and he asked me to break up some wood. I was willing, but unskillful; and I succeeded only in breaking the helve of the ax we had found in the shelter, drawing down upon myself their joint derision. Pellet, after some pains, improvised a new handle, and displayed such an aptitude with the implement that we soon had wood in plenty. Afterward, while the dishes boiled over the fire, we smoked and watched the darkness thicken in the valley and draw nearer, till it lay like a black wall ten feet beyond the fire.

I did not sleep well that night. No one of us could stir without disturbing the others; and Pellet, who lay at my side, was restless and forever moving to and fro. Again and again he sat up in his blankets—sat up each time with a sharp movement so abrupt that it startled me.

Once I asked, "What's the matter?"

"Heard something," he whispered.

"Rain," I told him. "Lie down again, kid."

But he remained in a sitting posture, rigid and attentive for a long minute before he obeyed. I caught the infection of his jangling nerves, and my senses became so acute that to me, too, each small sound in the forest magnified itself appallingly. And there are many sounds in a wood at night. Even so, I must have slept at times; for once I woke to discover a dark figure leaning toward me, silhouetted against the paler blackness of the sky.

I cried hoarsely, "Who's that?"

"Me," Pellet whispered; and I said profanely, "For God's sake, kid, light and keep still!"

Pellet, mumbling apologetically, got into his blankets again; but still I could not sleep. Dane had not even awakened, and his heavy breathing became after a time as maddening as Pellet's restlessness. I hated one man for sleeping so well, the other for sleeping so poorly. And the night dragged interminably on till at last the blackness outside began to pale and I watched sick dawn come limpingly across the fuddled sky.

It seemed for a while that morning that the day would be clear. The dreary wash of clouds thinned and thickened with the wind, offering once or twice a glimpse of the early sun. But by the time we had breakfasted and packed and made our arduous way up that last steep climb to the peak, the sky was once more overcast; to the southward low drifts obscured the higher ground; and the mountains north of us acquired an aspect of new ruggedness and grandeur from the fact that we could catch only hints of their bold and arduous outlines

"Disappointing," Dane commented. "The view here is fine on a decent day"

Pellet looked to the west and north.

"I never realized before how wild it is," he said. "A man could hide there."

"Still worrying about Hostler?" Dane asked impatiently. "This is a pleasure trip, you know."

"That's a matter of definition," I told him bitterly. "It's no pleasure for me."

"The second day is the worst," Dane assured me. "You'll feel fine tomorrow." He pointed across the valley to the lower, rounded dome of Little Bear. "We'll sleep over there tonight," he said. "Take it easy today. Make it by noon and loaf all afternoon. Then you'll be fit to bite nails tomorrow."

"How do we get there?" I asked. "Fly?" And Dane grinned and shouldered his pack.

"No use staying here," he replied. "Nothing to see. Come along and I'll show you the way."

"Thank the Lord, it's downhill for a while, at least," I commented. Dane looked at Pellet, and even the little man smiled. But the meaning of this smile was not fully apparent to me until we began that stiff descent.

At once I found a new set of muscles coming into painful play. To climb had been hard work, involving a beating heart and a laboring pair of lungs. This was an ordeal of a different kind, a matter of lowering yourself painfully step by step. My toes were blistered and my feet slid forward in my shoes at every step. Even when I turned at the steepest places and backed down on hands and knees, I had no relief from the irritating little pain. I had thought the ascent horrible; this was infinitely worse. And now Dane permitted us no rest.

"Keep coming," he urged. "You'll limber up by and by"

Something worse than an hour of this, down ledges, down gravel slides, and then down easier levels through burnt land and along the gorge where a brook played, brought us at last to the bottom of the valley between the two heights. Here there was a larger brook, and we stopped and stripped and bathed in a pool below a great ledge, and the icy water was indescribably delightful, and a smoke afterward put a point upon the complete and comfortable relaxation of the moment. I began to think of the mountain behind us in almost friendly terms; I had

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We Sat for a While Contentedly, Our Pipes Singing Quietly, the Flames Dancing Softly Before Our Eyes

SHEIK EXPLAINS

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"Think!" She Said in a Desperate Way. "Think or There Will be a Tragedy!"

IT WAS a painful surprise to me, Ena, when this A.M. I rec'd the package containing your brief and cutting letter, the ring, and those numerous epistles over whose composition I had spent so many happy hours. But what hurt me most was to have you inclose that clipping from the Pearl City Express entitled, He Said He Was a Sheik—And They Called Out the Fire Department.

It is this vile piece in the Express that is responsible for all, and if I am writing you now it is because I am absolutely innocent of the charge and can prove same to your entire satisfaction, as you will notice beginning with the next paragraph.

Ena, I am concealing nothing when I say that the entire business began a week ago last Saturday eve at 8:15 P.M., when at the corner of Morton and State streets I accidentally met Mr. Harry P. Slomer. And if you will remember back to the time when you lived here you will probably recall the Slomer family who resided at 1216 Herrick Avenue before moving East in 1912. And maybe you will remember Harry P. Slomer himself, who was known among us boys as Skid Slomer because of the habit he always had of sliding out of everything.

"Hello, old Highpockets," he said. "Listen, Benny. I have been looking for you ever since I struck town two days ago. Don't you remember me?"

"You have guessed right," he said when I told him his name. "Listen, Benny, I have a favor I am going to ask you. Suppose we drop in somewhere for a couple of coffees."

We now walked along to the Eatright Cafeteria on State Street, which you probably will not remember used to be called Jake's Place before prohibition set in.

"Well, Benny," he said, in a nervous way, after we had got seated, "I guess you know how much confidence I feel in you. I have never forgotten that time when we were boys together and Bunk Berry bet you a quarter you would not have the nerve to take little Nellie Perrin to a straw ride and you almost won, but backed out at the last minute. Ha-ha! Well, the rest of us did not appreciate you then, but I can see now you did this because you were always serious and high-minded even at that age. And that is why I am so glad to meet you here tonight and why I am going to ask you a favor."

"What is the favor?" I said, a little short.

"Well, Benny, here goes. Because I know who you are and that you have always been strictly honorable and a man in a thousand, I am going to let you in on the most important secret of my life, and you can bet I would not talk confidentially this way to Bunk Berry or anybody on his order. Benny, I have just been married to a sweet little girl by the name of Sylvia Sanders and she is now here in Pearl City in a flat."

Here he drank the rest of his coffee in one gulp, set the cup down and then tried to drink what was left, though there was nothing left. As I did not say anything much to this statement, he went on:

"Yes; I am the happiest man in the world, and we are now living at the Delray Apartments on the third floor, 577 Grand Avenue. And this is because I have been sent here as special agent of the Colossus Paper Company of New York. But, Benny, here is where the peculiar part comes in. My father and mother, now living in Millvale, New Jersey, do not know yet that I am married."

"What is the matter?" I remarked a little dryly. "Did you forget to send them an invitation?"

He winched visibly at my question and threw away his first cigarette and took another, though the former was still more than an inch long.

"Well, Benny," he stated, "these are the facts: The marriage was secret—in fact it is because of this that I have not even put our name on the flat door or on the letter box. And since my father and mother are old-fashioned people, I think it will be better if I break the news to them a little at a time. Though I might also add that there are difficulties on the other side. My wife's parents, in Rochester, Minnesota, think she is visiting in Reedsburg, Wisconsin, previous to returning home and marrying a friend of the family named Otto Mergleson."

"Well, just what do you want of me?" I asked.

"Here is the situation, Benny," he said, taking a third cigarette: "If I stayed here where everybody knows me the news of the marriage would be sure to come out and burst like a bombshell in my family, and I am now receiving a small allowance from same. But fortunately my grandfather is getting ready to pass into a better world and my folks have invited me to come home for the event. And once there, personally I think I can explain to them how it all happened and what a sweet, playful little thing Sylvia is, and in the end they will be so glad I have settled down they will continue my allowance."

"But what has all this got to do with me?" I said, standing up. He grabbed hold of my sleeve.

"Benny, I cannot leave this little girl alone without knowing anybody to whom she can turn. And I guess you can see how much confidence I have in you when I ask you to help us out."

My answer to this, Ena, was exactly what you might suspect. I told Harry Slomer that same was impossible, being as I was already engaged to you in spite of the fact that you now lived in Janesville, Wisconsin.

His only response was a slap on the back and the words "Congratulations, Benny. Now I know I have made no mistake in picking you out, because I am not looking for any sheik, but a respectable, steady-going character like yourself. Come on along now and let me introduce you."

In regard to the visit which now took place I will not bore you by attempting to describe same. The door to the flat had hardly opened when a small blond girl threw herself into Harry Slomer's arms with the words, "Here I is, Hawwy." It made me sick.

Well, that was just the beginning. Harry introduced me, but judging by the way she acted, Mrs. Slomer did not care whether she knew me or not. She spent the entire time jumping up and down and clapping her hands and sitting on Harry's lap and kissing him and tickling his ears and making remarks in a whisper. And every time Harry and I would start on some worth-while conversation, this is the way she acted. I never was so glad in my life as when Harry begun to yawn and I was able in a polite way to break the news that I would have to be going.

"Well, Benny," said Harry, standing up with one arm around his wife and a silly smile on his face, "what do you think of this for a nice little wife just as full of fun and playfulness as an egg is full of meat?"

At the remark Mrs. Slomer reached up and tickled his ears again, saying, "Is I playful, Hawwy?" It made me sick.

"Well, Benny," said Harry, in the front hall, after walking downstairs with me, "I suppose I am not lucky to have a merry little girl like that for my wife. She is really just an innocent, light-hearted child full of little practical jokes. I give you my word I expect to go laughing through life."

"Oh, do you?" I remarked a little dryly.

This seemed to stop him for a minute, but after that he said, "Well, Benny, at two A.M. I am leaving for the East. I will give Sylvia your address and if she would like you to take her somewhere she will drop you a line and anything you spend I will make right with you."

"Yes," I said.

"And I guess you understand how glad I am to have found you when I say that Bunk Berry has a flat here in the Delray. And if Bunk is anything like the way he was, I don't want him shining around Sylvia."

Well, Ena, though I walked away into the night at once and went to the boarding house and straight to bed, I could not get to sleep for a long time; and the reason was I kept remembering the way Mrs. Slomer looked when she was sitting on Harry's lap and tickling his ears. And I made up my mind that if she ever tried that on me or handed me any of her baby-talk line I would put a stop to both in a hurry; and the more I thought this over the harder it was to get to sleep.

And I might add also that one reason I could not get to sleep was because I had a kind of funny feeling in my stomach. At the time I thought this was probably because of something wrong with the coffee, but I see now it was simply due to a second-sight premonition of what was going to happen.

II

ENA, I guess you will understand that Monday morning I looked at the mail full of fear and trembling because I was afraid I would find a letter from Harry Slomer's playful child wife asking me to come around and take her somewhere. But there was no letter Monday or Tuesday, or even Wednesday.

I now began to get worried, having always had, as you know, a very tender conscience, and I began to ask myself was I doing my full duty in the case of Mrs. Slomer. And I continued to not sleep well nights as the result of always

"When She Gets Cooled Down a Little I Will Drop In and Tell Her You Sent Me Around"

wondering whether she had not written because she had broken her arm, thus rendering her unable to tickle Harry's ears, or what had happened. Also, being as I was Harry's best friend, I felt it was my bounden duty to tell Mrs. Slomer, who came from Rochester, Minnesota, that it was not the custom for a young wife in this city to talk baby talk in public and then kiss their husbands on the back of the necks of same.

And you can understand, Ena, that the idea of going to see Mrs. Slomer did not give me any pleasure, the contrary being the case, but I wanted to do Harry Slomer a good turn; and that was why on Wednesday evening I decided to call and see how Mrs. S. was getting along.

It was eight o'clock P.M. when I rang the bell and Mrs. Slomer opened the door. She looked very much surprised to see me, as her eyes were red and she had a handkerchief out. I was greatly relieved when, instead of throwing her arms around my neck the way I had been afraid she might do, she merely said "Good evening," and shook hands slightly.

Well, I sat down in the chair offered without removing my overcoat and with legs crossed so as not to give her any ideas about jumping up on my lap and tickling my ears. Then, after a few remarks about the weather I took out of my pocket a good book which I had got from the library entitled, History of the United States. With this in hand a conversation started about Columbus which continued until she burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" I asked, not knowing what to make of same.

She sobbed for a minute without replying and then said, "Harry"

"What did he do to you?" I now asked.

"I miss him so," she continued, still sobbing. "I spend the whole day crying."

"I would not let that worry me," I said, just to cheer her up. "Even if Harry decides not to come back, crying will not change matters."

At this she sat up very straight, and removing her handkerchief said in an indignant voice, "What do you mean?"

"What I say," I said. And then, just to amuse her, I related the story of a movie show I had recently seen where the girl thought she was being married, though in reality the ceremony was a simple fake arranged by disguised pals of her alleged husband.

I was ready to go on with some more interesting anecdotes, but at this point I observed she was no longer listening, but had taken a photograph of Harry from the desk and was kissing it violently and crying at the same time.

For a little while I did not know what to do, especially as it was hard to understand how anybody could take Harry Slomer as seriously as she was doing. But the sobs continuing, I decided I would have to make some move to keep the poor girl from collapsing into hysterics.

And now, Ena, I will ask you to read very closely what I am going to write here, because otherwise you may get the idea that what followed was my fault, though it all happened because I was just doing my duty according to my conscience.

The first thing I did was to try to create a friendly feeling by taking off my overcoat, laying the history on the table and hitching up my chair to the sofa where Mrs. Slomer had her head buried in a pillow.

"What seems to be the matter?" I asked in a kindly voice "Perhaps if you will tell me you will feel better"

At first there was no response. Then she stated in a strangulated voice, "I am so miserable without Harry I wish I was dead."

"Harry is not the only man in the world," I remarked a little dryly, with the intention of getting her mind on another subject.

"As far as I am concerned, he is," was the response.

I now thought a minute and then said in a last effort to relieve the atmosphere, "Harry told me you were very playful. You do not seem to be very playful right now"

"Oh, don't I?" she said in the same kind of voice.

"No," I returned. Then, as she sobbed all the harder, I added, "Why don't you cheer up a little?"

"I do not want to cheer up," she said in a voice more muffled than before.

Well, Ena, it was at this point that I let my sympathetic nature get the better of me: I felt so sorry to see her the way she was that I made up my mind I would try to cheer her up, cost what it might. And it was with this intention, Ena, that I leaned over and tickled her right ear respectfully.

The result was the most complete surprise I have ever encountered. Instead of sitting up with a playful smile, she sat up without one and in a harsh voice remarked, "What do you think you are doing, anyway?"

If at this point I had answered her with a few severe home truths about her conduct, everything which followed might have been different. But she had got me into such a sympathetic state that instead of telling her straight out from the shoulder what I thought, I merely gave her an encouraging smile. And when that did not do any good either, I leaned over a little more so as to say in a soothing voice, "There, there, everything will come out all right."

Now what Mrs. Slomer thought my intentions were I do not know, but maybe she had the idea I was trying to kiss her, though such was far from my mind, Ena, and if same actually happened it was merely the result of natural confusion and was merely a little formal kiss which did not mean anything, Ena.

But I am not sure that this happened, and if I did kiss her it was an accident, Ena.

But from what happened directly after, you would have thought Mrs. Slomer had just sat on a live wire. I ducked my overcoat, which was coming right at my head; but it would have been better if I had ducked later, because I looked up just in time to catch the History of the United States. And the next minute I could feel myself being shoved out of the apartment the same as if I had been hit by an express train instead of by a small blond girl who a minute before had been a pathetic picture on the sofa.

Next a voice said, "I will show you just how playful I am!" and as I winched at the words a plate came very near cutting off my head and broke on the corridor wall behind me just as the door to the Slomer flat closed with a bang.

Well, Ena, it was while I was pulling myself together and putting on my overcoat and kicking the pieces of broken plate into a neat pile that I observed a party in the shadow of the stairway who was regarding me with a merry smile. It was none other than Bunk Berry.

"Hello, Highpockets," he said. "The little wren seemed agitated. What were you trying to do anyhow?"

As you can well believe, I made up my mind to answer this question in a honorable manner without revealing the secret intrusted to me by Harry Slomer.

"Oh," I said in a smooth way, "it is just a little blond girl I happen to know."

"A stray chorine, hey?"

"Yes," I replied, in order to avoid giving him any more information that might have revealed Harry Slomer's secret.

"Well, Highpockets, you certainly show speed when you think nobody is clocking you. I would never have given you credit for it. Maybe the little girl would like to meet me. I think I might get her on for a week at the New Orpheus."

"Yes," I said in the same smooth way.

"When she gets cooled down a little I will drop in and tell her you sent me around."

I would have said something against this proposal of Bunk Berry's, but I thought it might only result in letting out the secret, so I merely responded "All right," and returned to the boarding house, having made up my mind never to see Mrs. Slomer again under any circumstances.

What was my surprise Saturday A.M. to receive the following:

"*Dear Mr. Byers:* You cannot imagine how sorry I am for my prematurely brusque actions of the other evening. I was simply all nerves. But if you tell the messenger who brings this that you can come and see me this afternoon at five you will find me my old playful self.

"Sincerely,

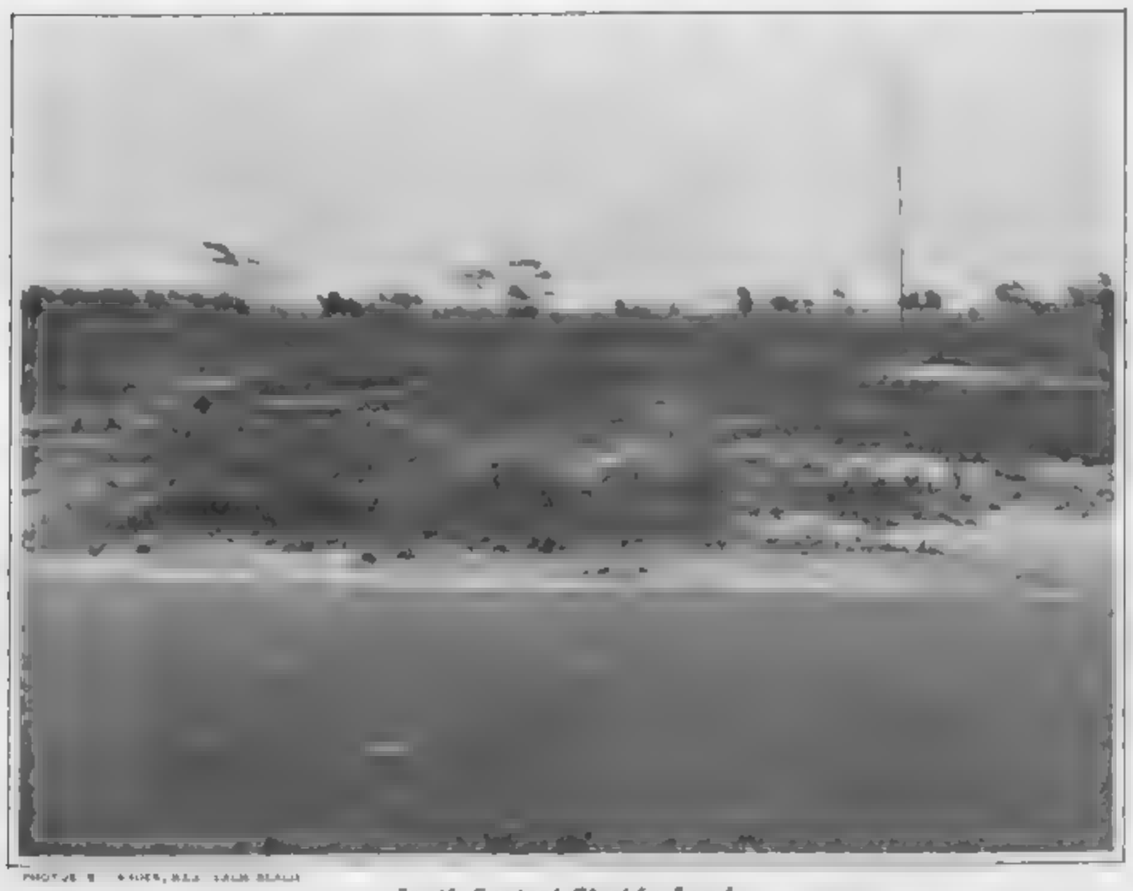
"SYLVIA SLOMER."

Well, Ena, I have never borne grudges in my life, and that is why I made up my mind to accept this effort at a

(Continued on Page 59)

She Sat Up Very Straight, and Removing Her Handkerchief Said in an Indignant Voice, "What Do You Mean?"

TROPICAL PARASITES



South Central Florida Land

A Road Being Built Through a Newly Opened Subdivision

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE sensative Floridian of long standing—who moved into the state, that is to say, more than three months ago—is apt to become greatly perturbed over the statements frequently made by coarse and biased newcomers; statements that lead uninformed persons to think that the chief activity of everybody in present-day Florida is the buying and selling of real estate.

The sensitive Floridian seems to think that if newcomers had as much sense as has been granted to the flying cockroach or the chinch bug, they would overlook the real-estate activity in the state and write home in delirious excitement about the fisheries of Lake Okeechobee or the startling profits that are frequently made out of one acre of strawberries or tomatoes, or some other prominent Florida enterprise.

New arrivals, however, encounter little or nothing in the Florida newspapers that encourages any undue animation over the fortunes that are to be extracted from the lumber business or the turpentine business or the phosphate business or similar forms of endeavor. When such matters are mentioned, they are more than likely to be mentioned in a chatty article that occupies two inches of valuable space in the lower right-hand corner of page four or page seven.

The real-estate business, on the other hand, receives a sufficient amount of mention in every Florida newspaper to break all existing mentioning records. No war can ever receive the mention that real estate receives in the press of Florida. No murder can touch it.

The Lay of the Land

NORTHERN climate receives some voluminous reading notices in Florida news columns; and an October snowstorm in any of the Northern states is not only good for a column on the front page of almost any Florida paper, but frequently also for a long editorial of compassion and brotherly love, in which are concealed a few mean digs at the snow belt. But not even the blanketing of every Northern state by the world's worst snowstorm in mid-September could result in any mention to compare with that which is accorded to Florida real estate every day.

So much real-estate mentioning has to be done that many Florida papers are obliged to get out editions of fifty and sixty pages to take care of it. In such cases real estate is heavily mentioned on page one, page sixty, and each and every intervening page. Most of the pages are devoted to the most beautiful and melodious real-estate advertisements that ever threw a prospect into a hypnotic trance.

Remove any mention of real estate from Florida newspapers, and many of them wouldn't be large enough to cover the top shelf of a jewel tray.

There is nothing wrong with this situation, of course; but it helps to give the uninitiated an idea of the reasons that lead thoughtless and unsympathetic newcomers to jump accurately to the conclusion that the real-estate business is several miles in advance of all other Florida activities put together. All this frequent and persistent mention of real estate is of great assistance to enterprising gentlemen from the North who have come to Florida for the purpose of selling Florida lands at a minimum of expense—to themselves—and a maximum of profit.

Varieties in Investments

IT MIGHT be added in passing that their activities have caused a considerable amount of distress to every honest banker, real-estate dealer, phosphate miner, citrus-fruit raiser, vegetable farmer, sugar manufacturer, lumberer, climate advertiser, press agent and what not in the state.

Florida is a healthful state—so healthful, to hear a native Floridian tell it, that Methuselah might have prolonged his life through the Spanish-American War by moving his legal residence from Mesopotamia to St. Petersburg, Fort Lauderdale, Titusville, Ocala or any of fifty or a hundred other Florida cities.

It is not sufficiently healthful, however, to keep a good Floridian from developing an acute attack of nausea whenever he runs across the trail of one of the financial giants whose Florida land-selling campaigns possess none of the elements of fair play and sportsmanship that occasionally characterize grand larceny, train robbery and abstracting pennies from the tin cups of blind men, and whose methods of getting money frequently make banditry seem like an innocent diversion and horse stealing like the harmless prank of a high-spirited boy.

Any investigation of this matter quickly reveals the fact that there are many varieties of Florida real-estate investments that stand a good chance of being good investments for years to come, and that there are similarly many varieties of unspeakably bad real-estate speculations that are useless as building lots at the present time and that stand an

Clearing South Florida Land for Subdivision Purposes

excellent chance of continuing to be useless for many and many a weary day.

The labor and money that are expended on good Florida developments, and the startling results that are frequently obtained, will be considered in another place, however, in order that a chill and dispassionate eye may be focused on the activities of those who have no objection to taking a few pennies from any widow or orphan on any pretext whatsoever, provided that the pennies aren't counterfeit.

Roughly speaking, the purchase of Florida land is a good investment for Northern home seekers, in the opinion of conservative Floridians and Northern investigators, when it is purchased from a developer who not only intends to develop the property that he sells but has sufficient capital and ability to carry out his plans; or when properly located land is purchased by a person who is able and willing to develop it.

Also roughly speaking, the purchase of Florida land is a speculation, and frequently a very dubious one, when it is purchased from a promoter who does not attempt to develop his property, or from a promoter who promises developments that he is unable or unwilling to carry out, or from any person who recommends land in one section of Florida because of the good reputation of adjoining developments or supposedly adjoining developments, or from a man who sells land merely because it is located in Florida.

Florida is a fine, commodious state with an area of some 58,000 square miles; and within its 58,000 square miles it has a large assortment of climate, natural resources that have scarcely been revealed to the admiring eyes of its most enthusiastic residents, soils capable of producing in one part of the state or another nearly everything that has ever been grown anywhere in the world, with the possible exception of a few things like reindeer moss and the edelweiss; cities in the making whose beauties will soon cause skeptical Northern visitors as well as their residents to grow incoherent with joy and astonishment, and some thousands of square miles of the most villainous and insect-infested swamp land, jungle and undrained areas that ever harbored a mosquito.

Ocean-Front Prices

IN THIS 58,000 square miles of territory there is land that is very valuable, and land that is not very valuable at present but that may be much more valuable in a few years' time, and land whose value by the acre threatens to be considerably less than that of a good hunting dog for the next three or four generations.

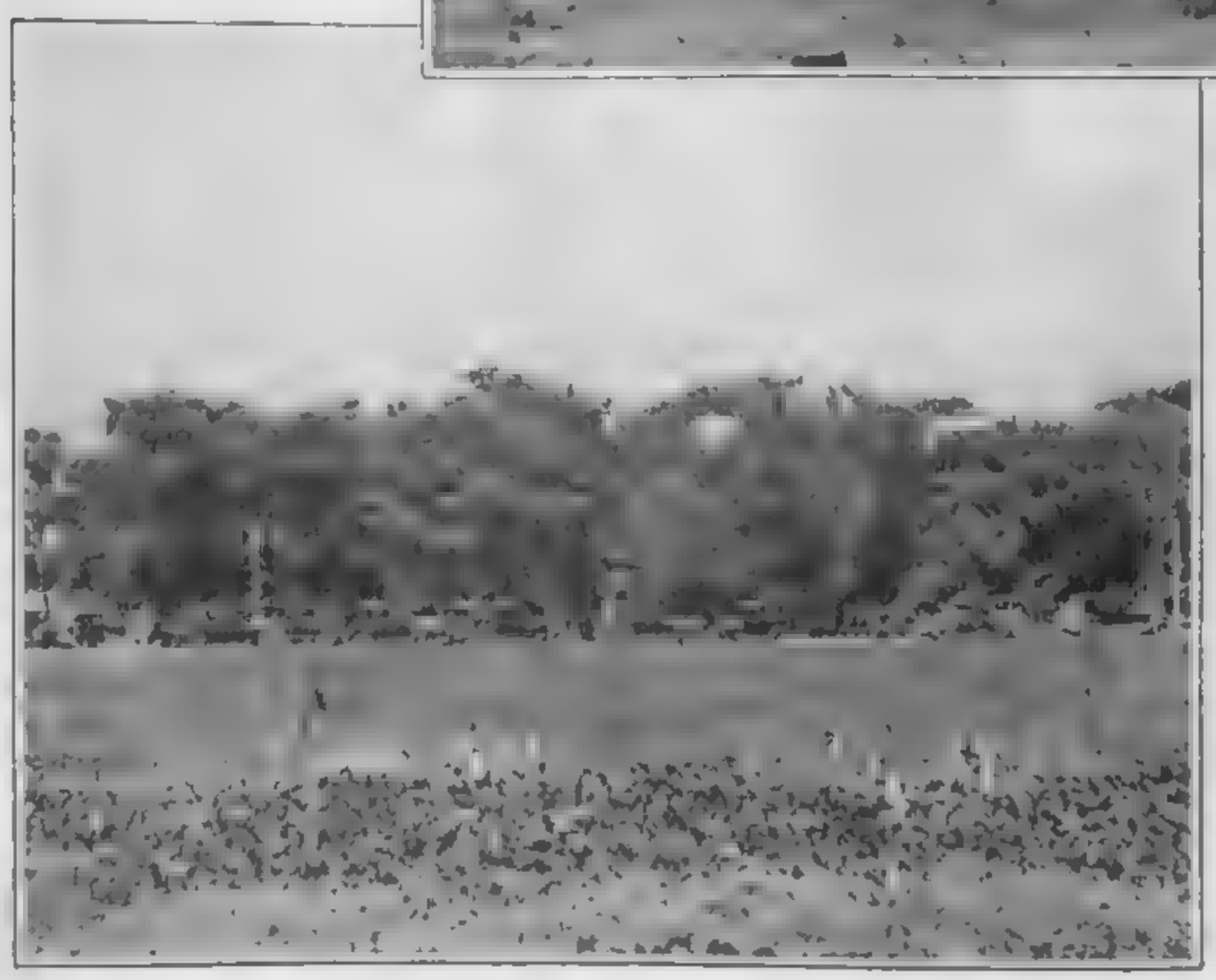
In the vicinity of great resorts, ocean-front property costs so much that sensitive tourists feel a certain modest reluctance about even looking at it. Two thousand dollars a front foot has changed hands in payment for such property without any of the parties to the transaction being arrested or struck down by a bolt from the blue.

From this price, which some of the more calloused Floridians profess to believe will be regarded as purely nominal in a few years' time, the price of ocean-front property slips down to $1000 and $500 and even $200 a front foot, depending on the distance of the property from the big developments.

Generally speaking, therefore, the unscrupulous person who wishes to separate the unwary Northerner from his savings with a modicum of effort does not dally with ocean-front property to any noticeable extent. He must purchase land by the acre if he intends to get enough of it to cut up into lots that will lure dollars from the pocket of the eager soul who wishes to speculate in Florida land; and in order to get land that will, in the parlance of the real-estate world, cut up nicely, he must move back into the hinterland, well away from good roads, orange groves, coconut palms, shimmering beaches and symmetrical ladies in abbreviated bathing suits.

Along the Road to Lake Okeechobee

Clearing Land in South Florida



Eager Purchasers at a Sale of South Florida House Lots

Acreage Lots

NEAR the more rapidly growing Florida cities and the soundest real-estate developments, land frequently brings as much as $10,000 and even $20,000 an acre without causing Floridians to question the sanity of the persons who pay such prices. But far back in the hinterland, the value of land sinks to $100 an acre and fifty dollars an acre, and even as little as five and six and ten dollars an acre.

A reliable Florida real-estate firm advertises in early November, for example—the names in the advertisement being slightly altered in order that real-estate dealers may not receive any free tips:

"These tracts positively can be delivered:

"60,000 acres, near Brookton and Huck City, northwest of Oompah, Florida. Two railroads and about 25 miles of asphalt highway through the property. High elevation. Price $35 per acre. Guarantee titles 99 per cent perfect.

"40,000 acres just south of Skimp, Florida. $16 per acre.

"12,000 acres in Quilt County. Just north of Gumbo, two railroads and seven highways. Property surrounds four small towns. Extra high elevation. High pineland. The Satsuma orange country. Price $16 per acre. $5000 binder. Long time to close.

"2000 acres in Wallop County. South of Clammer, Florida. Beautiful land. Price $12 per acre. $1000 binder. 60 days to close. Carefully selected land. Titles 100 per cent perfect.

"We positively can deliver all tracts advertised."

Reputable Floridians who are well acquainted with their state are fond of asserting—and in the light of recent events there seems to be no good reason to doubt their word that there is no worthless land in Florida. Those who were given an opportunity to study the advertisement in question stated with almost no reluctance that the 2000

(Continued on Page 78)

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

THE TAMING OF THE BRUTE

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

He Swung Rapidly Up Into the Nearest Tree Top, There to Wait, Like a Part of the Tree Itself, Until the Danger Had Passed or Had Failed to Materialize

HE CEASED running—that shambling, bent-kneed, crouching run, helped forward every now and then by the instinctive use of his long arms as he crashed through the undergrowth of the forest—stood at last motionless, exhausted, his hair-covered chest working like a bellows, shivering with terror, holding himself to utter silence. From his low hair-matted forehead a rivulet of blood was warm upon his flat-nosed broad face, was wet on the retracted quivering upper lip of the protruding mouth wherein the coarse large teeth were exposed in a snarl that dared not be audible.

That was where the stone flung by the Old One had caught him. He shuddered still with the shock of it, with the fright of imminent sudden death, the appalling, still vivid impression of that gigantic old male springing at him with a shriek of ferocious rage. He had fled, blindly, only just in time.

He stood now forcing himself to an immobility equal to that of the tree trunks around him, ears acute to listen, bushy-browed eyes apprehensively searching the night gloom of the forest. There was no sound—above all, not that sharp alarming crack of a twig, that stealthy rustle of leaves for which his whole being was alert. There was nothing to be seen save blank darkness like a black wall all round him. The flickering glow of the fire was lost, invisible. But with his widespread nostrils he sniffed the faint pungent smell of its smoke, sniffed the distant exquisite odor of meat and marrowbones sizzling among its brands. Saliva came involuntarily into his mouth, trickled at the corner of his loose thick lips. He was suddenly desperately hungry, in an almost irresistible craving for that food he smelled. He could visualize the scene—the gigantic Old One, with his bleared eyes, his immense yellow teeth, squatting in the best place under that overhanging rock, snatching from the fire the best and juiciest morsels, tossing to the females his half-gnawed joints, magnanimously permitting them to grab for themselves the portions for which notoriously he had no liking, growling if they ventured to touch one he had marked down for himself when he should have greedily finished the fat-dripping lump with which his jaws were crammed. An immense nostalgia surged up in him. In that small community were all his memories from the dawning of his life. It was synonymous with food, with warmth, with protection, with companionship in a world suddenly perceived to hold unimagined potentialities of unnerving solitude.

He evoked for himself the image of that old female—the one whom the fearsome Old One nowadays no longer caressed, as once he dimly remembered him doing—the one whom the Old One frequently beat until she screamed, although, thin-flanked and wretched, she searched longer and more diligently than the others for the succulent roots she tremblingly presented to her savage-tempered tyrant. Her presence, her propinquity, was suddenly almost a physical necessity to him—curiously, for of late he had had few intimate dealings with her. She was the one, he felt instinctively, who would furtively snatch a morsel of meat for him from the fire, who would wash that wound upon his brow, who would protect him. There would be something comforting in her eyes, something soothing, reassuring in the murmurous noise she made as she held him to her. He found his lips involuntarily coming together for the sound with which he always summoned her, with which she was identified—Mm-mm! Mm-mm! How she had leaped up snarling in a sudden wild fury when the Old One had sprung at him!

He pondered that Old One, with a shiver at the recollection. It was only recently that he who was the focus point and arbiter of all their lives had turned harsh toward him, had capriciously driven him away from the fire, had growled and snatched up a stone if he dared to approach closely any of the several young females who held their tiny offspring on their knees or rolled playfully on the earth in sport with those who, cublike, were a little bigger.

He had understood that those females were forbidden, contact with them the exclusive prerogative of the tyrannous Old One. And those other young females who had yet no little ones were, it seemed, also—monopolistically, illogically—forbidden. He was aware of it grudgingly, yet was impelled almost uncontrollably by something strangely potent in the depths of himself to ignore that prohibition.

They attracted him, particularly the plump one whose hair was so long that she could sit upon it. She used to comb it with her fingers, looking at him peculiarly, invitingly, till he felt his legs inexplicably shaking under him. And then she would get up and laugh. That was when the Old One was not about. Once the Old One caught her at it, and beat her with a big piece of tree until she had lain stretched on the earth, moaning and sobbing pitifully, so that it made him feel sick to hear her. At that moment he had wanted exceedingly to kill the Old One—had stood with hands twitching at the end of his long arms—but he had not dared. He knew that it was of course impossible to kill the Old One, who was the strongest thing in the world. He had just slunk away, ashamed of himself, and then suddenly frightened at the mutterings and growlings with which the Old One had pursued him.

She was the cause of the catastrophe tonight, that plump young female with the long hair. Just as they were all settling themselves around the big fire, she had slyly motioned him to come and sit beside her. He had done so rather diffidently, feeling at the same time hot inside his chest. It was dangerous. Perhaps the Old One would not notice him, however. The ogre had been hunting all day, had come back with his great hairy chest slashed across by an animal's claw, but with the bear slung over his shoulder. Desperately tired and spent, he had slept while the females had skinned the beast, had dismembered it with the big sharp-edged broken stones they were always so eager to find, had cooked it in the fire.

He had seemed still half asleep as, mumbling and growling to himself, he had gnawed at the fat thigh joint old Mm-mm had been nervously prompt to give him. And the plump, long-haired young female with the provocative peculiar eyes—in a vague yet recent past he remembered himself tumbling over and over with her on the ground in play, like the three or four little ones playing now on the beaten earth of their camp; it seemed quite suddenly that she had become big, almost full-grown, different—had profited by the Old One's somnolence, had

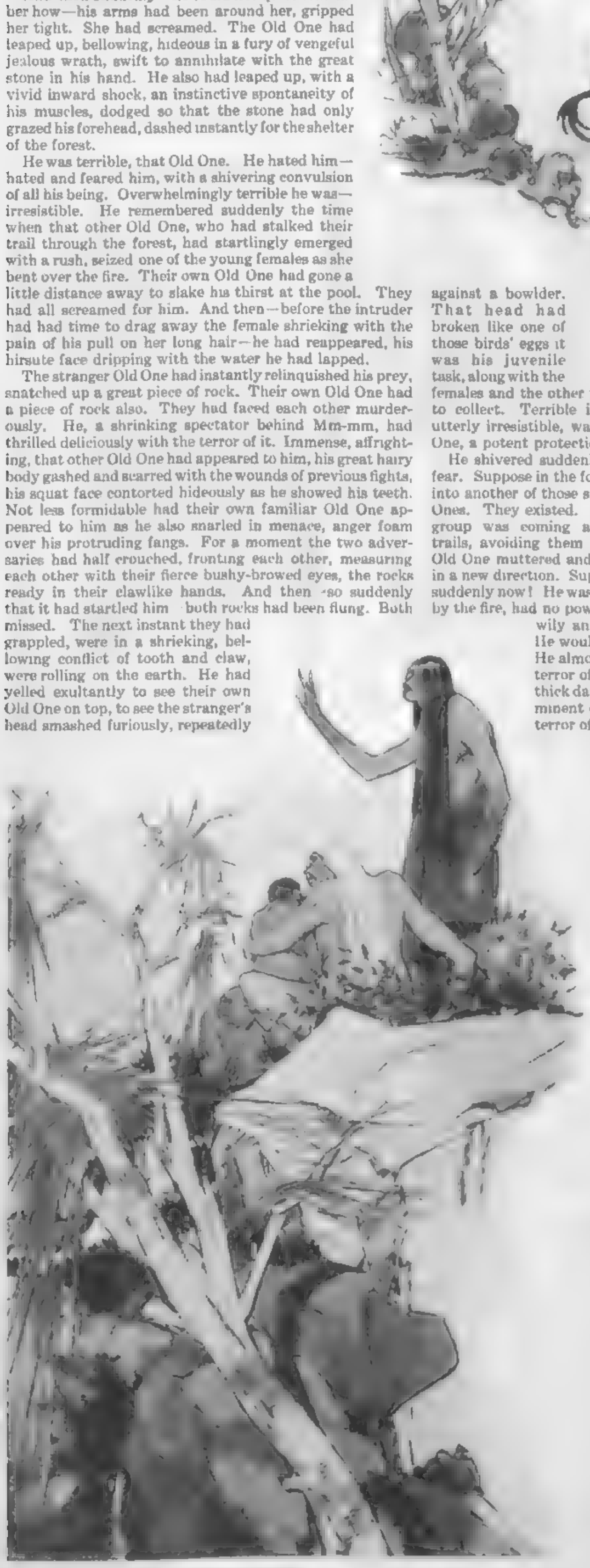
He Distinguished Long-Hair Plainly at Once More, With Slow, Deliberate Clicks

stealthily reached out a clawing hand to his, pulled him close.

And then suddenly—he could not quite remember how—his arms had been around her, gripped her tight. She had screamed. The Old One had leaped up, bellowing, hideous in a fury of vengeful jealous wrath, swift to annihilate with the great stone in his hand. He also had leaped up, with a vivid inward shock, an instinctive spontaneity of his muscles, dodged so that the stone had only grazed his forehead, dashed instantly for the shelter of the forest.

He was terrible, that Old One. He hated him—hated and feared him, with a shivering convulsion of all his being. Overwhelmingly terrible he was—irresistible. He remembered suddenly the time when that other Old One, who had stalked their trail through the forest, had startlingly emerged with a rush, seized one of the young females as she bent over the fire. Their own Old One had gone a little distance away to slake his thirst at the pool. They had all screamed for him. And then—before the intruder had had time to drag away the female shrieking with the pain of his pull on her long hair—he had reappeared, his hirsute face dripping with the water he had lapped.

The stranger Old One had instantly relinquished his prey, snatched up a great piece of rock. Their own Old One had a piece of rock also. They had faced each other murderously. He, a shrinking spectator behind Mm-mm, had thrilled deliciously with the terror of it. Immense, affrighting, that other Old One had appeared to him, his great hairy body gashed and scarred with the wounds of previous fights, his squat face contorted hideously as he showed his teeth. Not less formidable had their own familiar Old One appeared to him as he also snarled in menace, anger foam over his protruding fangs. For a moment the two adversaries had half crouched, fronting each other, measuring each other with their fierce bushy-browed eyes, the rocks ready in their clawlike hands. And then—so suddenly that it had startled him—both rocks had been flung. Both missed. The next instant they had grappled, were in a shrieking, bellowing conflict of tooth and claw, were rolling on the earth. He had yelled exultantly to see their own Old One on top, to see the stranger's head smashed furiously, repeatedly against a bowlder. That head had broken like one of those birds' eggs it was his juvenile task, along with the females and the other youngsters, to collect. Terrible indeed, and utterly irresistible, was their Old One, a potent protection.

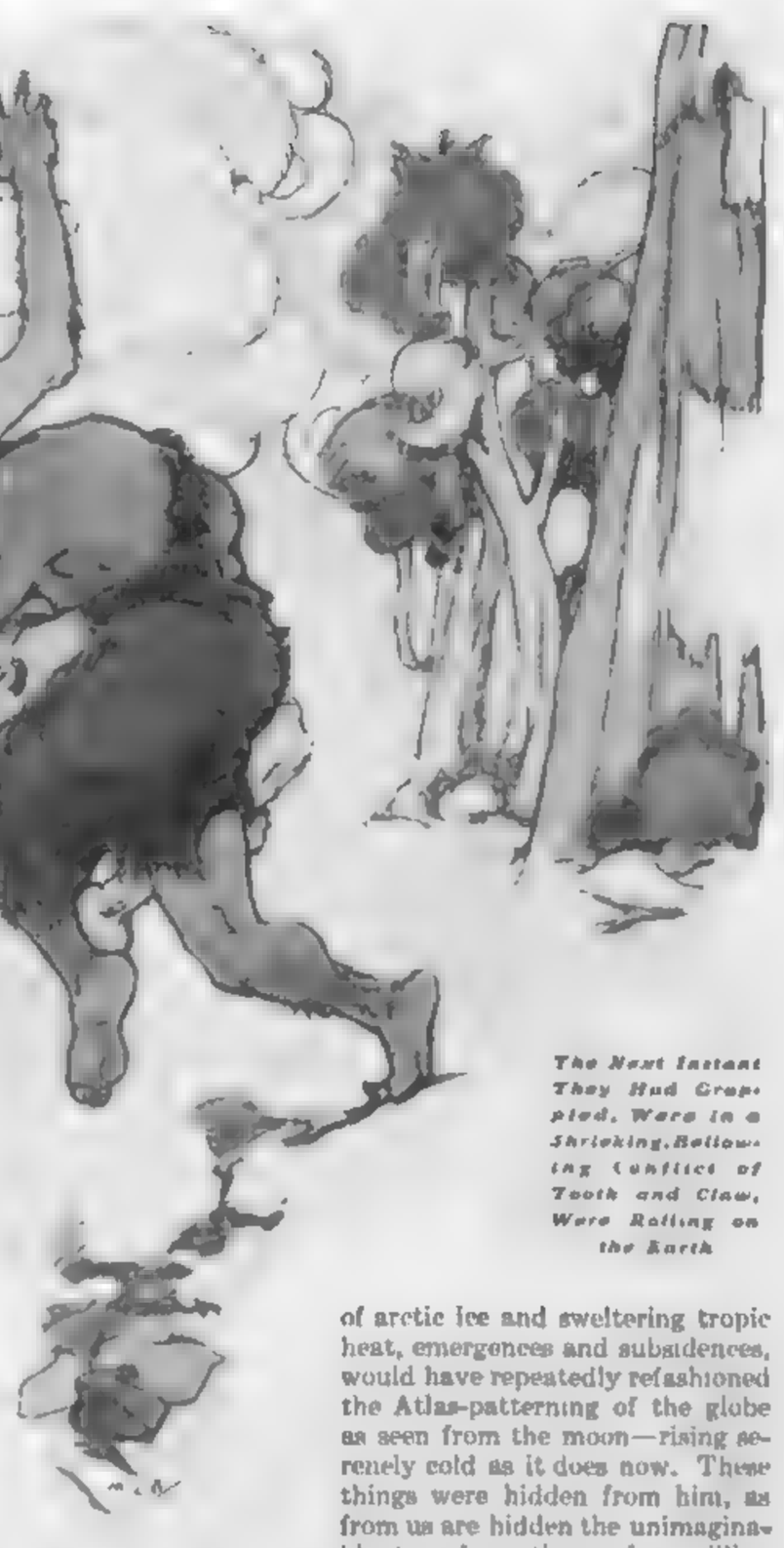


and Grunts, She Reiterated Her Ultimatum

He shivered suddenly in a new fear. Suppose in the forest he ran into another of those stranger Old Ones. They existed. Always his group was coming across their trails, avoiding them furtively while their own Old One muttered and snarled, led them swiftly in a new direction. Suppose one leaped upon him suddenly now! He was an outcast from the group by the fire, had no powerful Old One, full-grown, wily and strong, to protect him. He would be torn limb from limb. He almost shrieked in the gripping terror of it as he stood there in the thick darkness—suppressed his imminent outcry in the even greater terror of that near-by Old One who was certainly now permanently and murderously hostile. He remembered that other Young One who, chased away, had ventured to come back—the grotesque howling of the old female who had refused to quit his torn and lifeless body.

He could never go back to that fire, to that comradeship, that protection. He felt it with an instinctive certainty. He was isolated in a black and hostile world filled with all the myriad subtle menaces of night. Somewhere a wolf gave tongue; a bloodcurdling growling roar rang through the recesses of the forest. He recognized it for the voice of the fearsome tiger with the long curling fangs, and instantly and automatically jerked up his long arms, swung himself up into safety on the bough of the nearest tree.

Above his head bright stars glittered through the interstices of the wind-stirred leaves. Those stars were in congregations strange to modern eyes. There would come a time perhaps when scientists, recovering a fragment of the bones of that primitive young human male then clinging shiveringly to his branch, would dispute bitterly as to whether he was to be classified with Piltdown man or Pithecanthropus man, would deny him the rank of Homo sapiens, and quarrel as to whether a million years or merely a hundred thousand had passed since he existed. Before that happened the constellations would have regrouped themselves in the slow majestic turning of the cosmic kaleidoscope; vast geologic changes, inundations, æon-long alternations of arctic ice and sweltering tropic heat, emergences and subsidences, would have repeatedly refashioned the Atlas-patterning of the globe as seen from the moon—rising serenely cold as it does now. These things were hidden from him, as from us are hidden the unimaginable transformations of a million years hence. To him his point of time and space was the whole of reality as, vividly alive, vividly afraid, he sat and shivered on that branch, his teeth chattering in the nocturnal terrors of solitude in that dark forest.



The Next Instant They Had Grappled, Were in a Shrieking, Bellowing Conflict of Tooth and Claw, Were Rolling on the Earth

An instinct of prudence impelled him to remove himself further from the menace localized by that fire, acutely though he craved for its illumination, its warmth, the food and protection with which it was synonymous. Prudently, apprehensively and silently he swung himself from bough to bough, from tree trunk to tree trunk, until at last, so remote from it that no longer could he smell its pungent smoke, he curled himself in a lofty fork and slept, still clutching at a supporting branch.

He could not have formulated to himself how many days had passed; his embryonic mind boggled always, sometimes exasperatingly, at an inward urge to compute, stuck always at one—more than one—many; in this case it was certainly many—before he met the other Young One, a male like himself.

During those many days he had managed to exist precariously, half starved, his desperate day-long search for food continually interrupted by the sudden alarms, exaggerated by his fear-haunted timidity, which sent him swinging rapidly up into the nearest tree top, there to wait, like a part of the tree itself, until the danger had passed or had failed to materialize. But he had managed to find some of the roots which the females of his group had been so clever in pouncing upon, had robbed not a few nests of their clustered eggs. He had provided himself also with a convenient jagged stone, a treasure which gave him a thrill of exultation every time he caressed it, and with it—how powerfully and straight he had hurled it; just like the Old One—he had killed a small animal slinking through the forest.

He had eaten that animal raw. The evocation of fire was a mystery he could not master. He must wait until somehow or other he acquired a female before he could enjoy that supreme luxury. Fire to him was an independent entity, a capricious, intelligent, wondrously beneficent thing, that could manifest itself sometimes terrifyingly as lightning, that was vaguely one with the great splendid fire which passed, high up out of reach, across the sky every day. He knew that a condition of its localized

(Continued on Page 84)

AUTOMOBILE COLLISIONS

"You Won't be Too Hard on the Poor Chap, Will You?" They Urged. "He's Had Trouble Enough"

By Elizabeth Jordan

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

I HAVE been the innocent victim of five automobile collisions. I say "innocent victim," because in no instance was I driving the car I was in, and because, in the legal proceedings following each accident, the operator of the other car was found guilty of reckless driving and was punished. It is not alone on the basis of this record, however, that I am offering these reflections, though I maintain that the five collisions have taught me much. Human nature being what it is, the friends who called, after the various collisions, first offered their sympathy in a few brisk words and then launched into detailed recitals of their personal experiences in similar wrecks, as well as of the experiences of their acquaintances. After the natural irritation following the discovery that others are always convinced that their experiences are worse than one's own, there is great interest in the comparisons and conclusions that come up in such confidences. It is the cumulative testimony of many victims which perhaps justifies this article; and if the reader will bear in mind that the sane and logical conclusions are all my own, and that any errors of fact or inference are those of the other victims, we can proceed in the proper spirit.

The One Who Gets Most Sympathy

IN THE first paragraph of these reminiscences I mentioned that the drivers responsible for the five collisions were punished. I hasten to add that the punishment was of the tender and considerate variety characteristic of the law in connection with collisions in which no one is killed. The discovery of this consideration is the second big surprise experienced by the collision victim. His first is the collision itself, though why he should be surprised it is hard to understand. Nowadays the real surprise lies in keeping out of collisions. No one was killed in any of the five cases referred to, though after the collision of August, 1924, in which eight persons were badly injured, four were in the hospital for many weeks and at least two of them will never fully recover from the effects of the experience. Of the nine persons in that accident, the man who was subsequently found guilty of reckless driving was the only person not seriously hurt. I have mentioned this fact dozens of times to many types of men and women, and have invariably received the same reply, "Of course. It's always that way."

The conclusion may not be correct, but it is interesting as showing the mental attitude of many persons toward automobile collisions.

In addition to escaping practically unhurt, this particular driver got off with a fine of twenty-five dollars, a reprimand from the bench and the temporary loss of his license. He was the driver of a truck, and it developed that he had been taking his four companions to a Saturday afternoon ball game. He was in a hurry to reach the game and was making good time on the highway when one of the tires on his truck blew out. That meant the loss of twenty minutes—a loss he decided to make up. After replacing the tire he resumed his journey at forty miles an hour and—without slackening speed or sounding the horn—entered one of the most dangerous underpasses in the region, a narrow railroad underpass situated on a sharp curve. He skidded on this curve, lost control of his car, swerved clear across the road, and smashed into our car as it was sedately entering the underpass from the other side, with its horn sounding the customary warning. Thus eight persons were injured because one young man was hurrying to a ball game; and there were weeks of mental and physical agony and thousands of dollars of expense. This expense, by the way, was met by insurance companies, which probably explains the smallness of the fine. The judge assumed that the financial end of the matter had been satisfactorily adjusted. Once this was done, and the victims were able to crawl around, the sympathy of the community began to flow in a warm human tide toward the reckless driver. From innumerable callers—insurance men, policemen, sheriffs, lawyers, neighbors—we received the same plea.

"You won't be too hard on the poor chap, will you?" they urged. "He's had trouble enough."

He was a carefree youth, that driver, with a generous and affluent uncle; and, so far as I know, the only trouble he had in connection with the collision was that he lost a few front teeth and missed his ball game!

I go into this episode in some detail because it so well illustrates the third surprising discovery made by the victims of automobile collisions. This is the discovery that, in most instances, the sympathy of the community appears to go out to the driver who is on trial for being a menace on the public highway. Possibly the explanation of the fact is more simple than it appears. By the time the case comes on, the victims are out of danger. The driver is not. He is in the clutches of the law—a serious situation to the lay mind, and seemingly one more stimulating to the imagination than the situation of the victims in the hospital. Moreover, and this may be the gist of the matter, collisions are becoming so frequent the pleaders fear that they themselves, being drivers of their own cars, may sometime, through a hazard of the road, figure in a collision and need the sympathy they are hastening to offer.

That is mere surmise, but every victim of a collision who reads these lines will admit as facts the law's leniency and the community's sympathy for the other fellow, however he may explain them. His first reaction when he runs up against the outpouring of solicitude for the reckless driver will be the natural suspicion that his community desired him, the victim, to be killed off. But he will find immediate reassurance in the experiences confided to him by other victims. They have all observed the same thing, have marveled over it and have interpreted it in their various fashions.

Other lessons for the victim follow rapidly. After our first smash, several years ago, a member of my family feebly murmured, when she was able to murmur anything, "The worst thing about a collision is the appalling suddenness with which it comes."

I was feeling feeble myself, but I had sufficient strength to refute that theory.

"The appalling suddenness is the redeeming feature of it, not the worst," I maintained. "Surely you wouldn't want to be notified at ten in the morning that at two-six in the afternoon a car would crash into your automobile at the Flaherty Crossing?"

The Plight of the Victims

BUT, of course, I understood what she meant. There are rarely more than a few seconds between the first sight of the juggernaut and the collision. If there were, one could get out of the way, as one so frequently does when one has the precious additional second or two. There is something appalling about being gloriously well and exuberant and carefree one moment, and in the next moment being part of a frantic, struggling, bloody human mass writhing in a ditch or under an automobile, or both, and having added to one's physical agony the intolerable mental anguish of being unable to help loved ones in that mass. I know I shall never cease to hear ringing in my ears the horrible groans of a man with a fractured skull, lying near me in a pool of blood after the truck collision, mingled with the voice of my sister crying out, "Won't you men help me with my mother?" and the reply of a small boy, "Lady, those fellers can't understand English. They're Polacks." But the Polish laborers in the onion field near us understood the call of mercy, if they didn't understand English, and they did what they could in the long period that passed in that lonely spot before doctors and ambulances arrived. My head had been cut open, both eyes were full of blood, and I was convinced that my left eye was lying somewhere in the road. It wasn't, but I got all the effects of the belief that it was—the whole taking place in a black and reeling world shot through with red flashes, and with the voices of a growing band of spectators addressing one another:

"Look out! Don't step in those pools of blood."

"The old lady's unconscious."

"I guess it's a good thing she is."
"That feller's dying."
"Ain't this terrible?"
"Say, it makes me feel kind of sick."

It makes me feel "kind of sick" to recall it and to write it. Possibly it makes one feel "kind of sick" to read it. But it is set down with a purpose. It is only the realization that such things can happen, are happening every day, that may lead to greater care in driving and thus to the prevention of accidents. Any normal driver who has ever been in a bad collision, or who has seen a bad one, will drive with unusual care for a long time afterward. I have seen this demonstrated again and again. Our fifth collision, only a few weeks ago, was a comparatively trivial affair. It bent in the steel frame of our car, smashed two wheels, crushed in a door, destroyed a fender, splintered the left running board, caused bruises and sprained backs to passengers in both cars and a concussion of the brain to one member of our party; but compared with last year's experience it was merely an afternoon outing.

Our chauffeur, a skillful driver who had done everything humanly possible to avoid the collision, got off without injury. He is a steady, level-headed, unimaginative chap who had tactfully concealed all summer his conviction that we were "a fussy bunch" on the subject of careful driving. After the collision he came to me, his face white through its tan:

"Gee," he said in a shaking voice, "I never was in a collision before, and I never want to be in another!"

His imagination was stimulated by the fact that we were on the edge of an embankment over which we had all expected to go when the crash came. But by a miracle both heavy cars held the road. He was at all times a careful driver. Since that accident he has driven us very much as if he were handling a baby carriage.

The Cost of Take-a-Chance Driving

THE episode carries another lesson. We realize that, constitutionally, most of our young-men drivers on the highways—and the majority of our drivers are young men—are the types that can learn only by experience. The American mind is incurably optimistic. These youths are not willfully reckless. They simply cannot grasp the possibility that anything unpleasant can happen to them. Though they would not admit it and may not realize it, their motto is Take a Chance, and they are taking chances every day, every hour, every minute, in a fashion that makes an observer's hair rise. One rarely goes out in one's car without seeing at least one hair-breadth escape from accident.

The other day a driver who was bowling along in front of us at a pace of about thirty miles an hour suddenly turned at a sharp right angle, without signaling and without slackening speed, to enter a private driveway across the road. Our chauffeur stopped our car with a suddenness that rattled our teeth; and the other driver, warned by the squealing of brakes behind him that something had happened, turned and looked back at us with a grin that split his carefree young face.

A fortnight ago, a driver in front of us, ignoring the whistle of an approaching train, stepped on the gas and swept blithely across the tracks, the rear wheels of his car barely missing the cowcatcher as the frantic engineer applied the brakes. Once off the tracks, the driver turned, looked back grinningly and waved a hand to the apoplectic engineer. The automobile that youth was driving held an old lady and a little girl.

These instances are not extreme. They are given merely because they were recently observed. Any reader can give dozens of similar examples of recklessness seen by himself.

The point I am making is that these escapes mean nothing to the drivers, except that, in their own vernacular, they "get away with them." "A miss is as good as a mile," is another of their slogans. Most of them would take exactly as big a chance five minutes later. It is not till they have struck or have been struck, till they have hurt others or have been hurt, that they change their viewpoint.

This, therefore, is the fourth lesson the collision victim learns. He can exercise every possible care in his own driving. He can observe every rule and every courtesy of the road. He can, to that degree, minimize the dangers of motoring. But he cannot protect himself from the fool on the road, the reckless driver on the road, the thoughtless driver on the road, or from the driver who is a combination of all three. Going at a conservative pace, keeping carefully to that part of the road where he belongs and which, while he is on it, is legitimately his, he may, nevertheless, at any instant be struck by a car whose driver is "taking a chance" to save one minute of the time of a person whose time is often valueless.

Can we in any way protect ourselves against this type of driver? Optimists, in whose numbers I count myself—and certainly I must be one, for I still continue to ride in automobiles—maintain that we can. Yet one must admit on reflection that as the majority of reckless drivers can learn only by the experience of hurting others or of being hurt, their lessons are terribly expensive to the community. Moreover, there is no question that the present leniency of the law in punishing proved recklessness is partly responsible for the slow development of careful driving on our roads. A reckless driver is fined ten or fifteen or twenty-five dollars, and other reckless drivers read of the fine in the newspapers. It is hard on him to pay over that money, they reflect, but the amount does not make much impression on their minds. It if were a hundred, now, or if a chap lost his license, that would be different.

It is different when someone is killed, yet it is not so amazingly different even then. One judge has hit upon the expedient of making drivers who are killers spend twenty-four hours in the room with their dead victims. That is drastic punishment but it is not an effective way to bring about driving reform. For one thing, it assumes that a driver who has killed a man is so hardened that he cannot appreciate his crime unless he looks long upon his finished work. This is not the case. Not one of the carefree, take-a-chance drivers on the public highway wants to kill a citizen. Not one wants to hurt a citizen. Not one thinks he is ever going to kill or hurt any human being. His trouble is the cocksureness that accompanies ignorance and lack of imagination. He thinks he can drive so much better than anyone else that he doesn't need to follow the silly rules of the driving game. If he hurts anyone—and he usually does before he gets through—he is shocked and remorseful. If he kills anyone he is half frantic. He doesn't need to spend twenty-four hours with his dead victim to make him realize what he has done. Neither, if he has run down a little child, does he need to be escorted through hospital wards filled with suffering children—another punishment recently devised by some well-meaning judge. These are spectacular remedies whose value—if they have any—lies in the fact that they attract editorial attention and thus win space for newspaper propaganda against carelessness. They do not help the guilty driver, whose lesson has already been learned at such a heavy cost to himself and to others.

Obviously we cannot afford to continue to let every driver kill or maim a citizen in order to learn this lesson. Our problem is to teach him the lesson before he kills or maims. How are we going about it?

More Punishment, Less Speed

THERE seem to be only two ways. The first is to stimulate his imagination—to make his mind grasp the fact that, peerless driver though he is, he may kill someone, some day, if he continues to ignore driving rules and courtesies. The second is to punish him more effectively when he is arrested for recklessness—and that, all his victims agree, can only be done by taking away his license. Fines do not worry him. He can borrow the money to pay them if he hasn't got it. But to have his license revoked—not for a few weeks or a few months, but for a year or two years—would be quite a different proposition. It is a proposition that the mind of any automobile driver, however slow moving that mind may be, can grasp without difficulty. If his livelihood depends upon his driving, the loss of his license brings him up against a situation that makes him think and think hard; and thought—real thought—is the first remedy for his case. If he is driving for pleasure he will feel the loss of his license less poignantly but still very deeply. Life doesn't mean much these days to a motorist who cannot motor; and one who is used to the wheel in his hands has an aching sense of empty, restless hands without that wheel. He goes through the days, the weeks, the months, and his restlessness increases as his lesson is driven in. Moreover, he himself is an object lesson to all his friends. On every side they discuss his case.

"Jim can't drive for a long time," they repeat. And thus, perhaps, the lesson is brought home to them too. Is it worth while to take so many chances if the penalty for accidents has suddenly become so severe? Of course the accident would be the other fellow's fault, but one might get in bad with the authorities or be unjustly blamed.

(Continued on Page 94)

The Procuring of Witnesses by the Victims of Collisions is Not So Simple an Achievement as it Would Seem to Be

RING 'EM, RUBE

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

You Should Have Seen Those Alfalfa Athletes Getting Down on Their Hands and Knees in the Dust to Measure Which of the Shoes Was Nearest

THERE used to be a piece of homespun hooey in one of Mike McGuffey's readers that went something like this: For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of the shoe the horse was lost, for want of the horse the rider was lost, for want of the rider the battle was lost, for want of —— Just what was lost for want of the battle I don't remember. Probably a lot of medals for staff officers eighty-six miles back of the line, two or three congressional investigations and a gang of one-legged vets cadging for crusts around the Arch of Victory.

However, that's neither here nor over there. What brings the nifty about the nail to my mind is an item I see in the paper about a horseshoe pitching contest in Kansas being called off on account of a shortage of fillies' footwear. That kind of throws the McGuffey wheeze into reverse, making it go: For want of a nag the shoe was lost, for want of the shoe the battle was lost; and believe me, Eustace, there were some battles with the hoof plates in those days when the horse was a power, not a horsepower. Pretty soon, I imagine, they'll be looping balloon tires over radio aerials and calling it quoits.

And to think, it was only some twenty years ago that me and Hap Murphy brought the game of horseshoe pitching to its full flowering. How we developed the pastime from a mere weed in a cow lot to a refined, dividend-paying sport is just another one of those romances of American business that prove that four out of every five have the complexions that make 'em love to be touched.

It was out in Iowa that Murphy and me first discovered there was cush in the colts' kicks. We'd been playing the fairs all summer, doing this and those, but with no more luck than the bird had who spent six months curing himself of halitosis and then found he was unpopular, anyways. Naturally, we were on our toes looking for something new to tie our appetites to.

Loafing around the hotel one Saturday afternoon we runs into a bunch of apple knockers out under a shade tree heaving horseshoes.

"Let's kibitz here a while," I suggests to Hap.

"Not me. The way things have been breaking we'll probably get beaned with one of those mules' mittens."

Hap, I got to tell, had the monniker of Happy hung on him for the same reason that a two-hundred-and-fifty-pounder, who only knows his toes by reputation, is always called Slim. Life with Murph was just a spread of wet blankets, edged with crêpe and perfumed with formaldehyde. He must have been born with two strikes already called on him. Just the same, he had a good noodle on him and his gloom didn't worry me any. Dough is dough whether it's soaked with tears or crinkling with laughter, and Hap was the sort of foxheimer who could have made money running a tag day in Edinburgh.

Honest Jack Unhitches His Tongue and Lets Loose the Dogs of Jaw

On my insisting, we watches the pitching, which the yokels go through with all the seriousness of a bunch of Englishmen listening to a Bowery joke on Queen Vic. You understand, the idea of this game is to throw the shoe so it'll ring the peg in the ground, or to get as close to it as possible. Well, you should have seen those alfalfa athletes getting down on their hands and knees in the dust to measure which of the shoes was nearest, using pieces of straw and whisker lengths for rulers and arguing more about a sixteenth of an inch than a souse does about his rights. The lads were playing for real jack, five and ten case notes changing pockets after each round.

"Looks like a cinch," I remarks to Murphy.

"So do toe dancing and parachute jumping," grunts Hap. "You got to remember that these boys have been brought up with horseshoes. They use 'em for teething rings around in the sticks."

"Maybe," says I; "but think I'll toss a few just to give these stump pullers a chance to meet skill face to face."

"Go on," shrugs Murph. "You're the best judge of the number of meals you can do without."

The pitchers make no trouble about me horning into the pastime; in fact they act like they'd have sent a taxi for me if they'd have known I was itching for a joust with the stallion's slippers.

I picks up a shoe and it feels as heavy as if they'd forgotten to pry the horse loose from it. However, I takes a graceful stance and lets the iron fly. My judgment of distance is rotten, the hefty boot oversailing the mark a couple of feet and landing against the tail of a hound dog beyond the stake.

The jakes give me the hee-haw.

"What chance has a guy got," I yelps, kind of peevish over the rural razz, "with the course all cluttered up with pups?"

"Shoot another meal," suggests Murphy, sarcastic.

I never get within two feet of ringing one, and when I retires I'd have had fifty dollars more than I started with if somebody'd given me seventy-five. Just as I'm walking away a skinny lad with a head of red cowlicks shambles up and asks to take a hand in the game. The gang gives him the laugh and invites him to beat it while he's still in one piece. The kid flashes some bills and argues and begs, but there's not a chance and he finally ambles away.

"What's the matter with him?" I asks one of the players. "Don't you like the way he combs his teeth?"

"He's a professional," answers the silo stuffer.

"Professional?" I repeats. "You mean he makes a living pitching shoes?"

"Might as well," comes back the hick. "That's all he's ever done. Nobody around here's got a chance with him. Rube can ring 'em blindfolded."

"Follow me," says I, taking Hap by the arm. "I got an idea."

"I doubt it," applauds Murphy, but he trails along. A few blocks down the street I catches up with Rube.

"They tell me," I opens up, "that you heave a mean horseshoe."

"It doesn't make any difference what kind it is," he returns. "Want to take me on?"

"No," says I; "but there was an argument the other day at the White House about how good you are and I'd like to see a sample of your work."

"All right," agrees Rube, kind of puffy. "Come on over to the blacksmith shop."

The village chestnut's place is just around the corner with a yard in back piled up high with rusty horseshoes. The boy begins throwing 'em at a peg thirty or forty feet away, looping one over on top of the other without a miss.

"That's enough," I remarks, after he's speared a dozen of the geldings' gaiters. "You are good."

"What if he is?" mumbles Hap, impatient. "How many extra helpings of spinach does that get my Aunt Annabel?"

"Don't butt in," I whispers. "This is my monologue. How," I asks, turning to Rube, "did you learn to pitch 'em so straight?"

"With eggs," he replies.

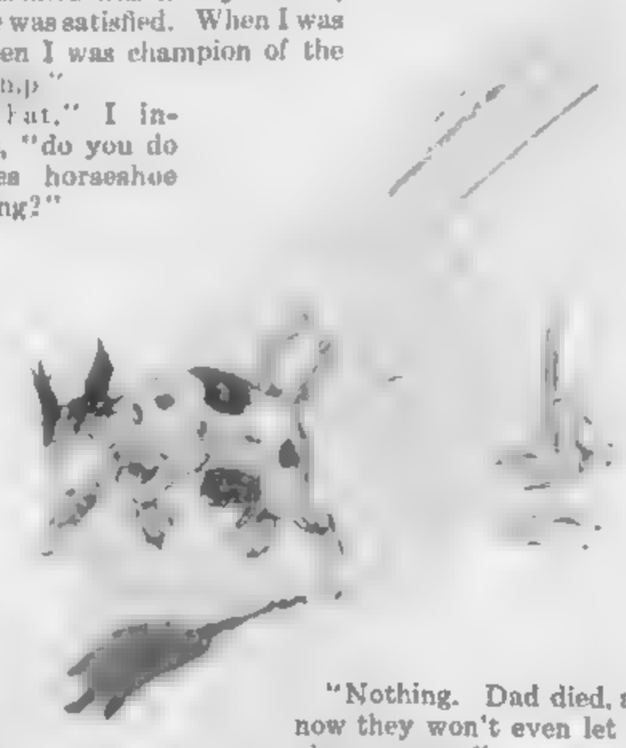
"Naturally," says I, examining the kid's head with my eyes and backing away a little.

"My father," goes on the lad, "was a wonderful horseshoe pitcher and he wanted that I should be one too. So he started teaching me. He used to take about a dozen eggs and put 'em in a circle around the peg. Then I'd pitch."

"Holy omelet!" gasps Murphy.

"Whenever I broke an egg," continues Rube, "I got a beating and nothing to eat the whole day. Pretty soon I got so that I didn't break any. By that time the old man's poultry business was nearly ruined, but he was satisfied. When I was fourteen I was champion of the township."

"What," I inquires, "do you do besides horseshoe pitching?"



"Nothing. Dad died, and now they won't even let me play no more."

"Cheer up," says I. "Your fairy godmother has came. How'd you like to travel with me and my partner, all expenses paid and twenty-five dollars a week?"

"What do I have to do?" asks Rube.

"Well," I answers, "you ——"

"Never mind," he cuts in, "for twenty-five dollars a week you don't have to tell me."

II

"HAP," says I to Murphy, after Rube leaves us with a promise to report at the hotel that evening, "I'm sort of worried."

"On account of kidding that egg scrambler?" inquires the old side kicker.

"Kidding nothing!" I snaps. "What I'm worried about is whether to have the fittings on the yacht this winter in mahogany or bird's-eye maple. I've decided on a platinum capstan ——"

"What you better worry about," interrupts Hap, "is whether the winter's going to be open enough to sleep out in the open and whether some Lincoln's going to free the lunch in the barrel houses."

"Don't you see wealth beyond the dreams of A. V. Rice in Rube?" I asks, surprised.

Murph's usually so quick on the scent where the long green is concerned.

"No, I don't," he barks. "I know you got some half-baked idea that you can carry and cash with that hen-fruit champ, and maybe you can bet him in and out of a few dimes; but what we need now is a quick trick with aces and not no petty larceny with a deuce spot."

"If he's a deuce," I comes back, "deuces are running wild in this deck. Offhand, I can figure at least a dozen ways to make a plump killing with Rube."

"As for instance?" sneers Hap.

"In the first place," I explains, "we could book him as a circus act with the fairs. There isn't a hayseed in the valley who wouldn't kick in with a quarter or a half to see a bobo wrap horseshoes around a peg surrounded by eggs without mussing up an egg. You got to remember that game is stronger around these parts than faro bank in a mining camp."

"That may be true," admits Murphy, "but most of the goops in this section wouldn't pay a quarter or a half to see the Exodus with the original cast. Besides that, Rube'd probably get nervous in front of a crowd and we'd be out all night robbing henhouses to keep him supplied with egg borders."

I Takes a Graceful Stance and Lets the Iron Fly. My Judgment of Distance is Rotten, the Hefty Boot Coasailing the Mark a Couple of Feet and Landing Against the Tail of a Hound Dog Beyond the Stake

"Of course," I growls, "you'd have to think of something like that. I guess if I got a chance to handle Jenny Lind you'd want to pass it up on the grounds that she might run out of notes and we'd have to chase around looting scales."

"What's the use of arguing?" says Hap. "The fair season's about over and I can't stall off my stomach with promises of the swell feeds I'm going to give it next summer."

"Don't you ever think of the future?" I demands.

"No," returns Murphy. "Tomorrow's meal hasn't been cooked yet. What we need, feller, is not an eventually proposition but a snappy now scheme, and Rube doesn't look like a now, nohow."

"Giving the fair the air," says I, "what's the matter with taking the kid where he isn't known and letting him crash some of the local horseshoe pitching fiestas? We'll start off by having him lose a few bets for us until we build up a good bunch of side money ——"

"That's better," cuts in Hap, "but has that one-gallus granger brains enough to play along?"

"How much brains does it take to lose?" I wants to know.

"You and me," says Murph, "have just exactly the right amount."

"Perhaps," I comes back; "but we can't lose with this horseshoe gag. It's a cinch none of these amateur flingers can stack up against a professional brought up on eggs"

"I don't know," glooms Happy. "The way our luck's been running it wouldn't surprise me none to have Rube break his right arm just before the cash-in. Is there any chance that the kid is covered with morals?"

"I doubt it," I replies. "That was heat rash you saw. However, we'll find out this evening."

Rube shows up at the hotel as per promise, lugging a carpet keester.

"When do we travel?" he asks.

"Tonight," I tells him; "but you've got to pass an examination first. How good are you at doing what you're told to do without spilling questions?"

"It's twenty-five a week that I get, isn't it?" asks the boy.

"Yes," I answers, "but what I want to know is this: If you was to be pitching horseshoes in a contest and I asked you to lose on purpose, would you do it?"

"About that twenty-five," answers Rube. "Do I get it regular every week?"

"Just before you take your bath on Saturday night," I assures him. "Suppose I was to order you to ——"

"Do I get the twenty-five in cash?" cuts in the young hick.

"You pass," says I, catching a canny look in the kid's eyes. "What do you think, Hap?"

"Best examination paper I ever saw turned in," agrees Murph.

Two hours later we climb a rattler and the next morning we're two hundred miles away, in another state, in a burg called Henryville. Hap picked the dump on the strength of a tip-off from some gambolier friends of his that that section of the woods was all cluttered up with rich sporty farmers that didn't allow cobwebs to grow over their pockets. Things start out for us in Henryville as if they were made to order.

"Not much doing around here Sunday, is there?" I remarks to the hotel keeper.

"No," says he. "All the boys are down Joe Tracy's pasture pitching shoes."

"Not very exciting," I shrugs, careless; "but I might drift over and look on. Where is this cows' playground?" He tells me it's a mile or so up the road, and I go to fetch Hap and the kid. My idea is just to look the field over and not to have Rube do any playing until we find out how good the boys in this sector of sorghum are and for how much they think they're good. For all I know all the babies in the Corn Belt might have been trained on the egg-and-peg system and I'm taking no chances with my slim-waisted bank roll.

There's five different games going on when we gets to the pasture, with a hundred or more fanciers of the flying footwear looking on. The crowd pays no more attention to us than a goldfish in Kansas does to a fist fight in Maine, and we mingle freely with the bunches around the various set-tos. The first thing I notices is that the betting is high, loose and liberal, fifties and hundreds being wagered on a pitch.

We stops at a game where most of the pop-eyes are gathered and apparently where the star performers of Henryville are doing their stuff. They're all straight shooters, especially one rangy plow pusher, who gives the peg three iron collars in a row.

"Who's he?" I asks a bird standing next to me.

"That's Joe Hawkins," he answers, "and I guess they ain't nobody in the world that can beat him."

"That's a lot of acreage you're covering, neighbor."

"You a betting man?" comes back the Silas.

"I've heard the rumor," I admits, "and there is also a report that my boy here can take your friend Hawkins for a hundred," and I nods toward Rube.

"You're on," snaps the stranger. "I'll fix it with Joe." And he ducks.

"I thought," growls Murph, "we weren't going to do any pitching today."

"We're not," I assures him. "That hundred's an advertising appropriation. Listen here," says I, turning to Rube, "you're not to ring this one. I want you to lose."

"What for?" he asks.

"For that twenty-five a week you're getting in cash every Saturday night," I barks. "If you're first, drop it five or six inches in front of the peg. If you're last just let him beat you by an eyelash. Get me?"

In a few minutes the regular game's over and Hawkins swaggers over our way.

"You the guy that's horsing for a licking?" he inquires of me.

"No," I tells him. "I turn over all the soft spots to my boy."

"Well," sneers Hawkins, "you must have turned over the one you got in your head if you think he's got a chance with me."

"The answer to that," I returns, "is this." And I digs out one of the few centuries that's still making its home in my pants pocket.

The stakes are put up and Rube and Hawkins move over to the barrier, a big crowd lining up on both sides of the alley. My entry wins the toss and the local shooter gets the first heave wished on him. He grabs a shoe with more confidence than most beaches have sand and sends it whirling toward the mark. For a second it looks as if it's going to settle right over the pin, but it's a trifle short and falls against the side of the peg—a leaner and the next best thing to a perfect bull's eye.

"Remember now," I whispers to Rube, "a couple of inches away."

The boy takes careful aim and let's go. Blump! Right over the marker, knocking Hawkins' shoe flat to the ground. I don't know who's sorer, me or the local champ. Grabbing the two hundred from the bet holder, I snatches Rube by the arm and pulls him away.

"Let's do it once more," begs Hawkins.

"Go out and rent a reputation," I yelps back, and beats it from the pasture.

"Didn't I tell you to lose?" I shouts at Rube, when we're free of the crowd.

"I tried to," mumbles the kid.

"Tried to what?" I demands.

"To lose," whispers Rube; "but I swear when I shot I saw eggs all around the peg and the old man in back of me with a birch."

"He Used to Take About a Dozen Eggs and Put 'Em in a Circle Around the Peg. Then I'd Pitch"

III

"IT'S not so bad," says Hap, when we're alone at the hotel. "The hill billies around here'll be itching for revenge and we ought to make a pretty clean-up."

"Piker stuff," I growls. "What's a few hundred when there's thousands in Rube if he was to be nursed right. How long do you think these pumpkin pickers'll bet against a baby that keeps ringing 'em steady. Funniest thing I ever run into."

"What is?" asks Murph.

"That cuckoo kid seeing eggs where they ain't," I explains, "and being worried stiff about getting a walloping from a bobo that's dead."

"Not so funny," says Hap. "If you'd have spent eight or ten years with hen fruit stacked in front of you and a guy with a club in back of you, you wouldn't shake off the

(Continued on Page 90)

MAN ALONE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"So You Don't Know Who Maida Was, Eh? Her Name Was Death: the Wages of Sin is Death"

V

IT TOOK five years less a few months for Torquay's premonition that he would surely return to the cliff over against Fowey to fulfill itself, and in all that time he had never been more than a full day's walk from the spot where, without knowing it, he had said good-by to boyhood. When, nineteen years old, he climbed the precipitous street which divided the village of Polruan in two like the leaves of a half-opened book, he suddenly drove the heels of his hobnailed boots into the slippery clay, stopped and stood for a long time with head bent. It was then that the feeling came over him, vague and yet insistent, that he was not going back to a remembered moment, but on a visit to the boy he had been.

He found the cup in the turf, and it was as it had been; only he himself was changed. His thighs had filled out until they were too big for the hole; so he moved aside and looked at it. He saw Torquay, the boy, sitting there. He followed him down the hill, into a fishing smack bound for Falmouth, and watched him searching the streets for his Aunt Ada's house until he found it without having asked a question. He saw him getting the news that she was dead and buried, and explaining himself to John Polperro, her widower, a man with the cavernous eyes of a born fanatic. Then thought skipped over months of disillusionment and the approaching specter of penury to the night when he had asked, "Who was Maida, sir?"

The light in John Polperro's eyes had turned to a red glow, and he snapped his knuckles one after the other with a gesture that seemed somehow symbolic of torture. For some reason he could not have defined, the boy had delayed asking the question he had come so far to put; now he wished he had waited not months but years, holding to the rule that only the answers life gives of its own free will are worth the having. The old man waved Alfred, a son by his first marriage, out of the room before he spoke.

"So you don't know who Maida was, eh? Her name was death; the wages of sin is death. I didn't tell her sister Ada, though many's the time I lay awake thinking I ought to; but I can tell you."

He cracked his knuckles more rapidly and glared at the boy as if he saw in him a chamel of expiation.

"Never mind," that small Torquay had said in a dry-lipped whisper, but John Polperro went on as if he did not wish to hear.

"Maida left wedlock and your father for another man, and then that other man left her. She came back with enough shame on her to keep away from Ada and this house, but she ended up in the Rag at St. Austell, following the wages of sin. She's dead, and you can fall on your knees and thank God for the mercy of that!"

"The Rag at ——"

Even in that cruel naked statement there were impenetrable shadows to a boy of fifteen, but he asked no more questions. He bent all his efforts to wresting enough money out of fairyland to go back to his father; but the smiling land was like the gorse—tender bloom above, sharp spines beneath. He heard Alfred mutter that there was work to be had in the clay pits, and that he was going. He watched and followed him; they walked all day and came upon the village of Roche in the twilight.

Just outside it were the high rocks capped by a cathedral arch, older than the written records of history, older even than legend. Untroubled by the mystery which has brought white nights to countless antiquarians, Torquay and Alfred climbed to what once had been a belfry tower, curled up within its meager protection and slept. In the early morning they cut across the slope through the wet bracken to the top of Hensbarrow Hill and Captain Nicholas Williams. There were no foremen at the clay pits, nor are there to this day, but only captains—a title before which even owners' boards are wont to bow their heads.

Cap'n Neck was short with them; he said he had nothing to offer and ordered them off the works. Alfred turned away docilely, with slumped shoulders and empty face; but Torquay stood his ground, his eyes staring unbelievingly at the vast shallow pit. He waved one hand awkwardly and stammered, "I know all about that."

"So you know all about chiny clay!" exclaimed Cap'n Neck with mock respect.

"Yes," said Torquay. "Stripping the overburden, washing out the loam, letting the sand settle—it's all the same as my father's sand washes."

"And who was your father, might I ask?"

"Thomas Strayton."

"Who?"

"Thomas Strayton."

Cap'n Neck called to Alfred, several years older than Torquay, for confirmation.

"Is the lad speaking the truth?"

"Yes; it's the truth. His father was Thomas Strayton that married Maida Rashfell and went away to America."

"Lad," said the captain, turning to Torquay, "your father and his father before him worked just over the brow of the hill yonder in the Old Beam when it was a proper bal."

"A bal?"

"Yes; a mine. In the days when they were pumping out chiny clay and letting it go to waste because they thought there wasn't anything but tin in the world that could be sold for money."

He gave them work; Alfred at a shilling and thruppence a day because he was all but a man, and Torquay at ninepence, rising to two shillings at the end of four years. Four years on Hensbarrow Hill! Four years of running errands to St. Austell, of carrying picks and dubbers to the smith to be sharpened, of making tea at all hours, of warming taty pasties in the ovens above the drying furnace and running with them to the men waiting in the dark and noisome cuddy. Years of hurrying, blinded by the sleep in his eyes, to take charge of his favorite engineman's two wheels and a donkey, and leading the donkey out in the gray night to

tether him on the downs. Four years on Hensbarrow Hill, staring away across the Goss moors to St. Austell's Bay and the rare gleam of the open sea.

Men and boys in billycock hats and their cuddy-house rags, women in sunbonnets and bulging skirts, worked from seven in the morning until half past nine, when they were given twenty minutes for creb; then came denner at noon, and work again until four, when all left off for their labors out of core—tilling the gardens that kept them alive with potatoes, leeks, and the annual pig; building hedgerows wherewith to reclaim the downs; tending to all the chores of orderly though miserable households, and preparing for Sunday chapel—the one social event of the week.

Pay day was the second Saturday after the end of the month, so that a newcomer sometimes worked six weeks before getting a penny, and even then the company kept two weeks of his pay in hand. The owners would drive out in style for the settling of the monthly accounts and sit down to an invariable dinner of fried steak, potatoes, tea and ale. There was cake or bread; if the office cat would eat the bit thrown to her it was cake. Then came hours of waiting in line as the tally in shillings and pennies was doled out to the lesser folk, and gold to the enginemen, the aristocrats of the working fraternity, whose work never ceased, night or day. They were paid by the month, Sundays and holidays included.

Torquay missed no chance to establish himself in their good graces, for he had no money to spare for lodgings and the engine room was a warm refuge on a cold night. It was a strange room, almost as strange as the one-cylinder, single-action engine, with a box full of rocks on the end of a long beam as a compensator. There were two rough benches, on the longer of which the man in charge, having set the engine to pumping, would snatch a nap, leaving the other to Torquay.

The alarm clock was of a piece with all else. It consisted in a wire, several hundred feet long, with a weight tied to the end in the room and placed on a table. From this weight, upon which the engineman never failed to lay a heavy hammer, the wire ran upward over a pulley, then through a hole pierced in the wall, and down to a float in the bottom of the clay pit. As the water was pumped out the float would lower, the wire would tauten and the weight rise, until finally the hammer would fall to the floor with a tremendous clatter, giving warning that the engine would go in fork if not promptly stopped. How many times Torquay had leaped to his feet at the bang of the hammer and stood trembling for a moment, wondering where he was!

Alfred Polperro married himself into food and shelter, but Torquay clung to his nomad ways and his hard-earned pennies, thinking always of how he would go home as soon as ever he could save a sum as big as that with which he had started out from Hopetown. Tom Jago, the youngest of the enginemen, trained from childhood at the foundry in Charlestown, became his model and goal. If only he could be an engineman at three pounds a month, how swiftly he would save!

He had the strength and the knowledge already, but Cap'n Neck still laughed at his aspiration.

One day Tom Jago stared at him as if he looked at a stranger. Torquay had grown up; he had the broad shoulders, hollow belly and strong thighs of a man, and there was a glow in the somberness of his dark eyes which whispered of banked fires. He was ripe for women, wine and a roaring fight at the shoulder of a pal.

"Let's you and me go to St. Austell together come Saturday."

Torquay could hardly believe his ears, but he nodded his head automatically in acceptance. Tom was for taking the coach that would carry them in for sixpence apiece, but not Torquay. To him a tanner was still as big as when it had represented two-thirds of a day's work; he would spend it willingly enough, but never to save his legs. Together they footed the miles into town, arriving at the Ship and Halter with a mighty thirst

Even before the first drink, Torquay's throat swelled to memory and his eyes assumed the dogged stare of Jack ashore and heading for the gutter by the fastest route, for the place was teeming with deep-sea sailors up from the port of Charlestown. Husky voices reverberated from the low ceiling in ribald jokes, curses and yarns as old as the granite pillars, split square by the ancient method of feathers and tares—stories that live on forever, measured not by familiar content but by the skill of the telling. Tom, watching his companion, was filled with wonder at his boldness and with admiration for the way he took his liquor and held it down.

"Lad," he said, "you only growed up yesterday; where did you learn the drinking? You've had vower to my dhree, and you're fresh as a saffrony cake."

"That's nothing," muttered Torquay darkly "You'd ought to hear me swear."

"What about women now? D'you know about them?"

Torquay frowned.

"Women is black inside," he recited. "You never can tell till you've busted 'em, mashed 'em up into little pieces."

"That's so," said Tom slowly, staring harder than ever. "Come along with me and let me see you mash one."

"To hell with 'em," said Torquay, swaying his head from side to side. "Not me."

"Just down the Rag once, and back again."

Something started running backward in Torquay's brain, like the turning of the leaves in a book, and stopped. He could see old John Polperro's words as if they were printed on an open page: "She ended up in the Rag at St. Austell."

"All right," he said, staring blankly and stumbling to his feet, "I'll go."

An hour later he raged back into the crowded room of the Ship and Halter with Tom, wide-eyed and gasping, at his heels. He stood up on a form by the wall, his head and shoulders against the ceiling, and bellowed, "All you gray-backs, hear me swear!" His eyes were as red as gurnets, and looking out through them, he saw the world in flames. The next instant he had launched himself at the circle of startled faces before him, his fists crashing out to a sudden echo of groans, cries and curses. Bedlam and chaos; then grunts, blows, a shivering tinkle and darkness. Above it all, Tom's voice, barking hoarsely in rapid repetition, "This way, lad; here's the door. This way, lad!"

(Continued on Page 38)

"Could You Make Them a Flip-Flap? If You Don't They'll Yell"

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Factors of Safety

FOR many months a large section of the press has been viewing with alarm the onward sweep of the bull market, with its record prices, its three-million-share days and its sometimes hysterical outbursts of speculative mania. For more than a year a disastrous crash has been forecast almost daily for the following week or the following month; but, like other outstanding markets, it has gone its own way regardless of the predictions, hopes and fears of financial prophets.

The perils that these writers have pointed out are real and tangible. Every bull market must have an end of some sort. Large-scale speculation in a rising market a year old can never be devoid of danger, and even the boldest plunger must recognize that danger; and yet, on the other hand, there are substantial factors of safety. In the first place, there can be no doubt that the whole trend of the brokerage business as conducted by members of the New York Stock Exchange is toward conservatism. Houses which were once engaged in cutthroat competition for speculative accounts on ten-point margins are now demanding and getting from twenty to thirty points. Conservative old firms which used to do the cream of the speculative business on margins of twenty-five points have raised their requirements to forty or fifty. This altered practice has had a tremendous effect in giving strength and stability to stock-exchange houses.

The Exchange itself has tightened its control of members' conduct of their own business all along the line. Its periodical questionnaires are so searching in their character that if they are truthfully answered the smallest financial weakness is instantly displayed and is brought to the notice of the proper authorities. As a result of these questionnaires the governors of the Exchange, acting in the interest of the public, have been able to pursue the sound policy of compelling insufficiently capitalized firms either to arrange for a permanent increase of working capital or to give up their stock-exchange connection. Inasmuch as a large percentage of failures in every field is caused by insufficient capital, the soundness of this policy can scarcely be appraised too highly.

Not long ago the New York Stock Exchange, after several years of careful study, drafted and adopted a new constitution calculated to put an end to several remediable abuses which had grown up under the older code. A change that cannot fail to give increased protection to the public is that which provides relief for short sellers of a cornered stock. This provision has more teeth than a shark, and it is admirably calculated to take all the fun and most of the profit out of attempts to engineer corners in closely held stocks.

The attitude of the public as well as that of the broker has undergone marked changes for the better. Investors and speculators alike are willing and glad to margin their accounts much more heavily than they once did. There is an increasing tendency for them to base their operations on elaborate study of trade statistics and conditions rather than upon irresponsible tips. They are learning, too, to depend for their financing more upon their banks and less upon their brokers. They have found it well worth while to adopt this practice and thereby take advantage of materially lower interest charges.

Regarding the matter broadly, every student of our financial and commercial history must be convinced that American business has, during the past thirty years, been undergoing a continuous change for the better. It rests today upon a firmer basis of integrity than ever before. Its ethical code is higher in character and more strict in application. No well-informed observer of the tendencies of American business can deny that the New York Stock Exchange has done its fair share of housecleaning—and it has not yet laid aside its mop and broom.

A Case of Self-Defense

NO MINOR ruling of the Federal Government has caused livelier indignation or has been the subject of more gross misrepresentation than the extension of what is officially known as Plant Quarantine Number 37, to bar out, after January 1, 1926, the narcissus and other popular garden bulbs which we have been annually importing by the quarter billion from Europe for the adornment of our spring gardens.

It has been taken for granted that the embargo was put over on flimsy pretexts for the unfair advantage of certain commercial interests. Nothing could be further from the truth than this cynical assumption. However lovely and desirable the narcissus may be, whether blooming in the garden or grown in bowls of pebbles in winter living rooms, it is an ascertained fact that it is responsible for the introduction into this country of at least three dangerous pests which are a menace not only to flower gardens but to several important field crops. Two of these pests are bulb flies. The third is a microscopic eelworm. An elaborate system of double inspection, first in the country of origin, later in this country, has been faithfully tried, but it has failed to prevent a large increase of the little trouble breeders on our own farms. Two courses were open: first, to keep the infected forcing bulbs out; second, to let them in without restriction and deliberately menace the welfare of farm crops amounting to many millions of dollars a year. The former course, after long study and advertised public hearings, was adopted.

Drastic as this ruling is, it does not mean that we shall never again have our favorite bulbs. American growers will still be free to supply themselves with seed stock, which, unlike forcing bulbs, may be subjected to a thorough disinfecting process without injury. Material progress has been made in the propagation of home-grown bulbs; and if our amateur gardeners will be a little patient they can eventually be supplied with safe, clean stock.

Another popular favorite which was blacklisted a year or so ago was the Almeria grape, the familiar and delectable white grape from Spain. There were even more imperative reasons for this taboo. It was amply demonstrated that the most dreaded of all fruit pests, the Mediterranean fruit fly, was coming in with these grapes, either in the fruit itself or in the ground cork in which it is commonly packed. If this fly once becomes firmly established in California it will be impossible to exterminate it, and the whole California fruit industry, running into scores of millions a year, will be menaced. What Californians shudder at is not the competition of Spanish fruit, which is negligible, but an invasion of the Spanish pest, which would be irresistible.

Already we have enough and to spare of these undesirable aliens. According to Dr. Charles L. Marlatt, chairman of the Federal Horticultural Board, we have upward of a hundred important foreign pests and many hundreds of lesser importance which, all told, reduce our crop yields by more than a billion dollars a year. Even when these pests can be kept under, it costs a pretty penny to do it. The yearly outlay for spraying commercial orchards against the San José scale mounts up to between fifteen and twenty million dollars and the loss due to citrus canker is estimated at the latter figure. Meanwhile the pine blister rust threatens our forests of the East and of the Northwest, and the European corn borer, gypsy moth, Oriental fruit worm and Japanese beetle are busily engaged in their work of destruction over large areas. The situation cries aloud for the firmest handling the law permits. None but Nero fiddled while Rome was burning.

Too Many Books

ONE of the first items sure to appear in any scathing indictment of American culture is our low rank as a book-consuming nation. The proportion of bookstores to population is, indeed, meager. Denmark, with only a little more than half the population of New York City, is said to have four times as many bookstores, and there are reputed to be whole states in the Union without a really large and modern bookstore distinct from drug and department emporiums. Figures are adduced to show that France publishes more new titles each year than the United States, Great Britain twice as many and Germany several times as many. Our expenditures for books appear insignificant beside the outlay for automobiles, and are not especially impressive even when compared with candy, chewing gum and cosmetics.

Such a criticism is true only in part. Bookshops may be few and often precarious as business ventures. But the number of special bookshops has increased considerably, and the sale of books in drug stores, gift shops, news stands, chain stores in general and department stores has certainly grown to a substantial extent. Then, too, the public library is a more highly developed institution here than in some of the European countries. To make sport of small towns because they boast but few if any bookstores is pointless if the inhabitants patronize the local library in representative numbers. Indeed, there are those who feel that a sounder stricture on the production and consumption of books lies in an almost opposite direction.

Many books are turned out not so much in response to a cultural need as in imitation of a successful book in a similar line put out by another firm. Superficially written articles are hastily run together and dignified by calling them a book, merely because the general subject matter is at the moment in the public mind. Yet there is probably reposing undisturbed on the library shelves an excellent work on the same subject.

A representative of a book publishers' association recently said that a country as large as this "can absorb many new authors and many new subjects, as well as new interpretations of old subjects." Imitation is not altogether wasteful, and it sometimes happens that one book on a subject merely enlarges the market for another in precisely the same field. Yet we do not feel that the number of new titles published, the per capita purchase of the same, and the number of bookstores to the population form the truest tests of American culture. In books, quality is after all more important than quantity. It is suggested that a sounder measure of intelligence lies in the use of books which time has proved to have real worth.

No one wishes to discourage the business of publishing or the trade of authorship. If no books were read except the classics, publishing and authorship would languish. But common sense is needed here as elsewhere. For it must be admitted that there are books, usually found in public libraries if not in sufficient numbers in private collections, that conduce more to the educative process, although written several hundred years ago, than does the flimsy, transient chaff that forms not a few of the new offerings.

OTHER MEN'S THUNDER

By Robert Gordon Anderson

THE telephone rang the other night. It was late—about 2:30, I think—and I expected to receive the announcement of some death or accident at that hour. But instead, a delightful voice came over the wire:

"It's awful late. Mary said I shouldn't call you up; but I've just had word—and I thought you'd like to know that my play's been sold!"

It was news and the best of news, for he was a beloved friend who had had a strange run of hard luck. Though the author of modern hits, by one of those freaks of fortune that sometimes follow the most gifted in his line he was well-nigh broke.

The weeks went on; contracts were signed; and the producer was ready for casting when I ran across my friend on the 11:44, which, for actors and writers who, like burglars, work at night, is equivalent to the 7:24. Though usually the cheeriest of souls, that morning he seemed a bit downcast.

After questioning, for he is not given to buttonholing people and pouring out his troubles, he told me the sequel:

"Everything's off. Last winter I told a charming fellow the plot and—well, he's bringing it out next Monday night, and my own producer won't go ahead." Then he added, "Do you remember when I first told you the idea?"

I thought a moment—hard. "Yes, it was that night we drove over and met G—— at your house. Let me see: I remember we had the old touring car, and she died on the road one night in July. It must have been before that—say, in the spring of '24."

"Well, there you are. I told it to that gentleman gyp at the club last February—eight months later." He paused a moment; then, "Might as well walk into a fellow's house and take his watch. No difference; and he's done it before."

That night I sat in a Broadway theater and heard a song applauded. It was hard at first to realize that it could be the latest, for at the first bars I leaned back to enjoy that noblest of arias, My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, from Samson and Delilah. But Saint-Saëns had been dead quite a while, and even if he had been alive would hardly have given that song such a modern development. Still, over and over it was played, the melody shining out gloriously from its banal setting—and all attributable, so the program said, to one of the boys from Tin Pan Alley, over on Forty-fourth Street.

In the mail next morning came a paper from the Far West. On it, marked in blue pencil, was the account of a prize-essay contest won by a boy. His effusion, wrote the editor, was indeed remarkable. And indeed it was, as I found out when I came to read it, it being a synthesis of passages from notable books, printed without change, also without certain little marks once considered indispensable.

On my desk sits a typewriter, in which my daughter, aged four, finds a strange fascination. She loves to strike the keys, then bend down her small yellow head to watch the long arms of the type reach out in the gloom under the roll and stamp those funny signs on the paper. Of all she finds most intriguing the one which, in her childish fancy, she calls "little soldiers' feet." At first I couldn't make out what she meant until she pointed at the "quotes," which over and over she was typing. She seemed indeed to emphasize them, to have for them, in her childhood's innocence, a profound respect, greater than that held by the older and supposedly more wise.

But, then, perhaps it is better to be charitable—possibly that key is out of order on a lot of typewriters. At any rate, here within twenty-four hours were three typical examples, and on the part of three quite different types of people. Almost I wondered if everybody wasn't doing it; that is, dispensing with those certain little marks and incidentally—oh, very incidentally—stealing something which, though intangible, is quite as much individual property, privately owned and having a value in the market, as a man's house, watch, corn, or the gilt-edge securities in his safe. And when one comes to investigate, it is a rather disturbing slant on our common honesty to find how often plots are pilfered, plays plundered, songs, stories stolen; how many theme thieves, gag gyps and line lifters there really are. And it is not only among professionals that offenders are to be found but in the ranks of the amateurs and laymen. The crime is at least as common as smuggling and touches as motley a company as ever go down to the sea in ships—not

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"LAY OFF! IT'S TOO CHANCY!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Names

After S. T. C.

I ASKED my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what apt word her charm define;
Problem, Paradox or Beauty,
Moron, Wonder Child or Cutie,
Flapper, Freak or Calcimine.

"Gee!" replied my sprightly fair,
"What are words but heated air?
Choose whatever suits your art;
Call me Problem, call me Stigma,
Call me Menace, Freak, Enigma,
Only, only call me smart!"

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

A New Year Dialogue

"HAPPY New Year!" we said, as befitted the first of January.

"Hey?" queried Small, who was coaxing a fresh tire on his car. Small is deaf at times.

"Happy New Year!"

Small thought a moment.

"No," he at length replied, "I hardly think so. I'll probably make the old one do. Plenty of life in it yet. Gave me good service. Ten thousand miles. Can't kick a bit."

"Was a pretty good old year," we agreed, feeling foolish, yet seeking a remark that would fit both ends of the conversation.

"May get a new one in the spring though," babbled Small. "Get a better price for the old one then than I would now. Put it in storage for about three months, I guess, and then see how I feel about it. No hurry. 'S only first of January. By the way, that's so"—and Small's manner changed—"Happy New Year! Sort of slipped my mind."

"Same to you," we replied.

"Hey?"

"SAME TO YOU," we replied again; much louder this time.

"Oh, thought you asked would I sell it to you. Might do worse. All it needs is a new coat of paint."

—A. H. Folwell.

The Same Old Hopeless Bore

Bachelor Ballads

IV. The Scrub Lady

SHE comes to clean my bachelor flat
In an old gray dress and an old gray hat
On an old gray figure as thin as a slat.
My scrub lady.

She lost one eye in a fight one night
When her old man, Alf, was a little bit tight.
He's still locked up and it serves him right,
Says my scrub lady.

She drinks my gin and she eats my bread
And tells me what the neighbors said,
But she never cleans underneath my bed.
Not my scrub lady.

CHORUS:

Oh, let her go. Yes, let her go.
And try to get another.
For she can't see well, 'cause she's blind in one eye
And can't see out the other.

Whene'er at night I'd entertain,
I'd put the bottles back again
And hide the hairpins lest they'd pain
My scrub lady.

But once behind the pantry door
She found a garter on the floor,
A lady's garter, nothing more.
But my scrub lady

Just winked a wink from her one good eye
And said, "Why, sir, what's this I spy?
You must have dropped this pink—necktie."
Ah, my scrub lady!

CHORUS:

What! Let her go? Oh, no, no, no!
I'll never get another.

After Hours of Struggle With His Burden the Postman Reads a Sample of It

For she can't see well, 'cause she's blind in one eye
And can't see out the other.
—Kenneth Phillips Britton.

One New Yorker

HE KNOWS where the Clucker's rear axle is weak
He knows why the doors on the Snappisix creak.
He knows what is wrong with the Zippicar's paint,
Why the Woof's good on hills and the Sisyphus ain't.

He knows why the Snort at three thousand's a buy
And why ten ninety-five for the Blunk is too high.
He knows why the Wampus burns up so much oil
And how to improve the Bugg's high tension coil.

He knows why the Bouncer breaks so many springs.
He's acquainted with these and a thousand more things.
He knows all about cars he can pretty near fly one
Except how to make enough money to buy one.

—Baron Ireland.

Cards for the Glad New Year

WITH the first-of-the-month bills last January, noble-hearted tradesmen inclosed lovely little New Year's cards for the good wife and me. Of course we acknowledged the favor promptly with personal checks, but we were not satisfied. We could hardly wait for this New Year to come round, and we did not need the reminders which came the first of every following month to help us remember our fraternal purpose.

This time while the Old Year is yet with us, we are sending out to those tradesmen tastefully decorated cards of our own. They will be in the hands of the recipients well in advance of New Year's Day, so that they will not have to put in the mails anything they later would give a lot to have back. Following are a few samples of our cards which may be of use to a lot of people in 1927:

TO THE GAS COMPANY

Oh, never mind the bill for gas.
'Tis Happy New Year! Let it pass!

TO THE BUTCHER

Ring out the old! Ring in the new!
The meat last month should be on you.

TO THE MILKMAN

A babe in arms of Father Time,
Young Nineteen Twenty-Six is nigh.
The little dear should not be told
Just yet that milk is rather high.

TO THE ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY

Enlightened age that now may see
Thy blessing, Electricity!
Ah, twice-blessed if last month's were free.

TO THE LANDLORD

Behold! Another year has dawned.
The landlord cries,
"Well, I'm dog-goned

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Why your children should eat Tomato Soup!

All the glowing healthfulness of red-ripe luscious tomatoes is in Campbell's Tomato Soup! We pluck the tomatoes after they have been sun-sweetened on the vines, when they are the most tempting and the most wholesome.

Each tomato is washed five times in crystal-pure running water. The tonic juices and nourishing tomato "meat" are strained to a fine puree, blended with fresh country butter and delicately seasoned.

Here are the fruit juices so beneficial to children. Here is a soup which aids digestion and invigorates the appetite. And it's made in kitchens of spotless cleanliness!

Splendid for the children too, as a Cream of Tomato. See directions on the label!

12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

21 KINDS

You Never Can Tell About Lions

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Topi, Lion Fodder in Lion Country

I AM what they call a lion man. That is to say, I find lion hunting the best sport in the world; I like and admire lions personally; and I find my greatest pleasure in studying them and figuring on them and their probable actions. I really do not get any tremendous kick out of hunting anything else *per se*. Elephants and buffalo bore me more or less, except when they occupy their time in scaring me half to death. The much-touted grizzly bear seems to me to furnish rather tame sport. But there are elephant men—the late R. J. Cuninghame was one of the greatest—who feel just the same way about their little pets as I do about lions; and buffalo men who are really happy only when being chased out of the landscape by one or more of these dour and uncompromising creatures. It is no use whatever to argue with these chaps—or with me. We have our heads set. It must be a case of affinity.

Of course I do not mean that we none of us will hunt one another's specialties with pleasure when we get a chance; or that we do not enjoy a good stalk in difficult cover for a roan or a koodoo or a mountain sheep. But that is just the point. It does not particularly matter, in the latter case, whether it's a roan or a koodoo or a mountain sheep—or a deer or a lowly kongoni or a jack rabbit, for that matter; the conditions, the difficulties, make the interest, not the kind of beast. But to a lion man it is the lion irrespective of how or where it is found; to the elephant man, the elephant.

The preceding paragraphs were not written because I wanted to talk about myself, though that is always pleasant. They are to emphasize that a large part of my African experiences has been concentrated on lions; that I have hunted them and met them and coped with them in a great variety of circumstances; and then to add to that the further statement that I know very little about lions.

A Game Without Rules

CONFRONTED with any given set of conditions and an inquiry by my companion of the moment as to what that lion is going to do, my considered reply must be, "I do not know." I might tell him what I have seen lions do in similar circumstances in the past; I might venture an opinion as to his probable conduct now; but as for making any ironclad prophecies on the basis of which my friend is to risk his life, *hapana*—which is more emphatic than no. Whenever I hear a man say "Lions do so-and-so," or "Of course I felt safe then, because lions never do so-and-so," I say to myself, "My friend, your experience with lions is limited."

It may be fairly extensive at that. Some apparently invariable rules go long before refutation. Twenty lions may in succession act so-and-so; and then all at once the next five may do the other thing. There are a number of neat white tombstones erected to the memories of the men who have relied implicitly on their knowledge of lions. There is no knowledge of lions to be relied on implicitly; no generalization, unless perhaps "You never can tell" may be considered such. That, to my mind, is what makes the game so fascinating. It can be played by no set rules. It sets a premium on alertness, adaptability, quick thinking.

A short time since, Alan Black and I were talking over just this point. Alan Black is one of the best hunters in Africa, and of the longest experience. His second name might as well have been Quatermain. We came to a point of agreement as to one thing, he from his wide experience of thirty years, I trailing along with the feeble corroboration of my thirty months. It seemed probable to us that a lion that had not been chased or otherwise angered would never charge instantly at the first shot. He required time for realization. So certain did this seem that we were tempted to admit it as a rule, for we had both of us seen a great many lions.

And that same month this happened: Art and I were driving to camp just at noon. Happening to glance to the right, I saw, about two hundred yards away, a lion's head rise into view and duck down again. He was evidently lying in the grass in a shallow depression, on both sides of which for a long distance was no cover at all. All we had to do was to disembark, walk up to the depression and flush that lion. This we proceeded to do. So certain was it that we should encounter him at close range that I took the .405, a hard-hitting weapon at close quarters, but useless at any long distance. We walked up slowly in battle array. Then when we got near we found that the depression extended some distance to the left, and that the lion had sneaked up it on his belly. He broke away some distance from us and legged it across the plain just as fast as he could run.

Where Experience Does Not Count

BEFORE we had sight of him he was more than 200 yards away and going like an express train. I let off the .405 a couple of times and missed of course. Art had his Springfield, and after a shot or so hit the beast in the flank.

Without checking his stride or his speed he whirled around and came at us. This was from a distance of fully 300 yards, when he was in full flight. The maneuver was performed, as I say, without the slightest check or hesitation. Art hit him again with the light rifle as he came, and I knocked him out with the .405 when he got within reach of the heavy artillery, about seventy yards. And as though to clinch it, within a few weeks of that another lion charged me instantly on receiving the first bullet. Furthermore, this one had not even seen me until the moment I fired at him. So there went that "invariable rule," the experience of years nullified twice inside a month!

Then there was the case, you will remember, of the lioness that climbed the tree—the first one killed with arrows. It has been supposed that African lions never climb trees—in fact, cannot climb trees. A man up a tree has always felt perfectly safe. This one climbed a tree; and if she could, why, so can others; and if she did, why, so might others, and there goes your "perfect safety!"

The more one has to do with lions, the more instances he will encounter of the unconventional action and the more long-held theories he will explode. Indeed, in many cases he will

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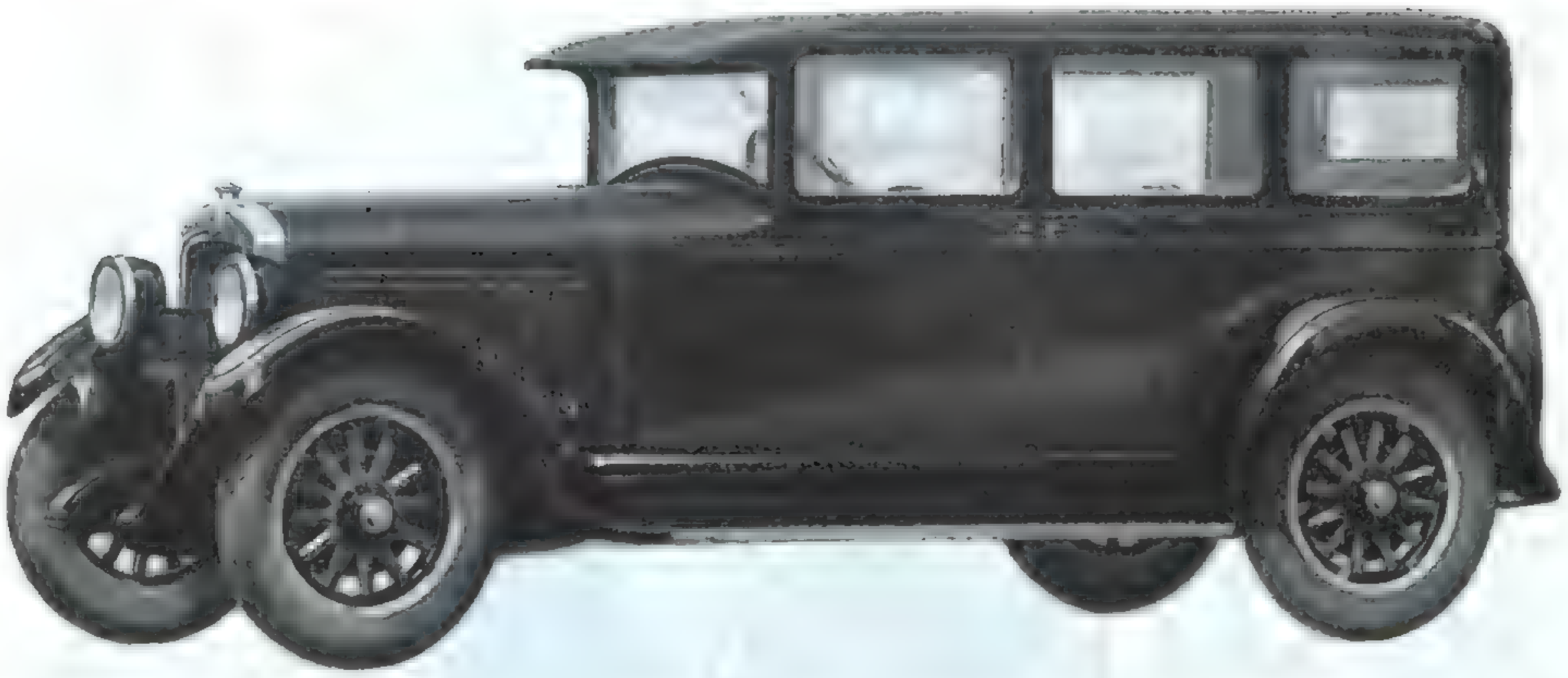
A Perfect Lady



A FULL FIVE-PASSENGER, FOUR-DOOR SEDAN, WITH FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES AND BALLOON TIRES, AT AN AMAZINGLY LOW PRICE

Only two months old —7500 cars delivered and four buyers waiting for every car we can build

HUPMOBILE SIX

DRAW, STRANGER!

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ONE of the things which obsessed Jack Nankervis and myself, whenever we struck a deserted town during a last summer's pack journey through the Rockies, was bullet holes. There's a fascination in the sound of distant thunder, with the result that, when our pack outfit had been stowed in the most likely cabin, and the horses were rolling in the grass which thrived along what once had been the main street, we would move forth upon a common bent, not to halt until we had reached the ramshackle remains of the saloon or dance hall, there to hunt for bullet holes as children would hunt for four-leaf clovers, or an old lady for a needle. Bullet holes in the floor or in the ceiling or in the heavy logs which, now chinkless, still formed a rampart against the weather in the preservation of ancient memories.

Sometimes the search would be a long one, sometimes a brief affair, but it generally would end with:

"Here's one!"

Then, connoisseurs of sudden death, we'd stand and look it over, reconstructing the crime, as they say in the detective stories. A hole in an ancient log; splinters clustered about a blackened circle; perhaps a bullet fired in defense, perhaps one in the rollicking innocence of some gentle soul who cared for nothing except to see a tenderfoot jump, and apologizing profusely if he happened by mistake to puncture him in the midriff; perhaps the swiftly sure missile of a bad man, avenging the death of some well-beloved partner. Probably the last named—at least in imagination. For someway imagination will have its innings when it comes to the Western bad man, slow to anger, quick to forgive, tender-hearted as a babe, good to women and children and just wonderful to his mother; the good-bad man with his long mustaches, turning slowly from the bar as he eyed his adversary, and drawling, that he might give his tormentor the best of the bargain: "Draw, stranger!"

Because that's what all bad men did—in imagination. What they did in fact is quite another matter. When one ceases to read the long-distance accounts of Western killers and delves beneath the surface, he's liable to come out of it all with some of the glamour rubbed off and the thought bumping around in his head that they weren't such Robin Hoods after all, and that maybe—just maybe—a better accounting might find them merely a low set of melodramatic murderers. Which is a bit hard on the bad men. But then the bad men were a bit hard on others, so it makes the account even.

Buffalo Bill, from a Photograph Taken During the Last Days of His Show Life

Killers

"TELL you about those old fellows," said my friend John Kuykendall as we sat together one night in a fishing cabin at timber line. John hit the bad-man area of the West as a boy in '66, and grew to know the time when he could call them by their first names. "Tell you," he repeated, "the man who killed in the old days—unless, of course, he was a public officer like Wild Bill Hickok—did his killing for the same reason that a gangster kills today—because he had the killing instinct. And that's what started a lot of others on the same trail too, what gave 'em the instinct to kill.

"Just like a police dog," he explained further. "Now there's nothing gentler when he's trained right than a police dog. But you let him get excited once and kill a sheep, and he's done for. You'll find him sneaking off every night or so and knocking a lamb or a ewe over. That's the way it was with the old-time killers. One of 'em 'd get somebody else started—it'd work in an endless chain, like Chico.

"Up in my country—Wyoming—it got so that certain districts in the old days felt that they had to have a boss, or somebody felt he ought to boss the district. Anyway, there was Chico, and he ruled things with a rough hand. When somebody did something that he didn't like, he'd draw a six-gun and snap the hammer, and that was the end of the argument. Didn't have a trigger on his gun at all; he'd had that taken off so as to facilitate matters. He'd aim his gun where he wanted to shoot, pull back the hammer with his thumb and let it go. Then somebody'd come along and gently remove the remains.

"One night the gang was all in camp and Chico took a notion that a fellow named Cooper wasn't needed any longer in this world. So, as Cooper began to run, Chico began to shoot, and things looked mighty tough for the Cooper clan."

The Successor of Chico

"AN INOFFENSIVE fellow, until now, this Cooper. But all of a sudden he changed. Chico'd shot him a time or two, and Cooper figured that he was done for. The result was that all his fear left him. He was going to die anyway, and death couldn't be any worse than it was right now. So he stopped stock-still, turned around, calmly pulled his gun and proceeded to make a lead mine out of the fellow who'd been trying to kill him. When what was left of Chico was removed from the scene, Cooper found that he was the new boss. Well, the instinct had been aroused in him, and when he got through with his period of domination, Chico's record looked like a dirty deuce.

"You see, it's the killing instinct. Had to have it. And if you didn't have it—well, there was a friend of mine up there who got jumped by a fellow with a knife in his hand, a straight out-and-out attempt at murder. When they got my friend to the doctor, his chances were pretty slim—he had been almost disemboweled—with the result that as he lay there, with his life in the balance, he made a solemn deathbed resolve that if fortune should turn his way and his life be spared, he'd kill his assailant, even if he hanged for it. Luck was with him. He got well.

"He bought a rifle. He watched his enemy and studied his movements in everyday life. He learned that every day at a certain hour he rode up a long hill where one could watch from ambush. So my friend hid himself, with his rifle across his knee, and waited. The hour approached, and with it a speck in the distance which resolved itself into a man on horseback.

"Slowly the enemy came nearer, and still nearer. My friend looked at the chamber of his repeating rifle; the cartridges all lay in place, long brassy things with steel jacketings; six of them, and if one of them did not do its work, there would be another to rectify the mistake.

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A Stage Hold-Up as Part of the Festivities in a Western "Shindig" at Carey Ranch, Colorado; the Bandit Leaders on Horseback are the Author and Jack Nankervis

1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
and Again in
1926

Buick
First

First choice of display space at the National Automobile Shows is not left to chance. It goes, each year, to the member of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce whose dollars and cents volume of business has topped all others. Public preference for Buick motor cars has given this honor to Buick again this year, as in every one of the preceding seven.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

1st place
at the National
Automobile Shows

(Continued from Page 28)

"The figure on horseback came closer, moving slowly, a perfect target for this waiting man in ambush. There would be no one to see, no one to know, no one to testify. A finger fondled the trigger. Closer—a hundred yards—fifty yards—twenty-five yards. Then the victim rode on by, safe and sound, while, in his ambush, a sweating man lowered his gun. As he told me later, he just couldn't make that trigger finger behave. It wouldn't give the pull necessary to send out that bullet. You see, he didn't possess the killing instinct, and a fellow simply had to have it if he wanted to put notches on his gun."

The killing instinct—and something else—a spirit of egotism. Many a rare old pelican back in ancient days spent his life announcing that he'd die with his boots on, and fulfilled the announcement by doing something to justify it, for the misguided feeling of glamour and self-exaltation that there was in it. When one becomes the confidant of old-time Westerners in their frank moments, one learns that there was a certain essence of professionalism and theatrics about it all. The long hair, for instance. The careful building of an appearance that would give one the Western air. The strutting, the private graveyards. The use of a peculiar language which was indigenous to the West—and which was unusual in that the people who filled up the West were as a rule not born there, but very often had migrated from such prosaic places as Iowa and Ohio and Illinois!

One of the gentlest, most unobtrusive men I know is Mike Russell, of Deadwood, South Dakota. He wears a ministerial appearance, Lord Dundreary side whiskers, and all his life has used excellent English. I doubt if "that thar" or "stranger" ever passed his lips. Yet Mike was a bartender in Salina during the days of Custer and Wild Bill and the building of the Kansas Pacific. But, as Mike explains it, they kept him too busy serving drinks to allow any time in which to take on the fashions of the day.

Getting Away With Murder

Which might be construed to mean that there was a certain amount of the theatrical, with the egotism necessary to showmanship, in some of those ancients with notches on their guns, leading naturally to such things as "honor" and the avenging thereof among a certain class of individuals which was not as large as a person might suppose. Because, when one investigates the roll of the bad men of the West, outside of a common, lawless gang of criminals which might exist in any community, the list was not a terribly long one. The same ones covered a good deal of territory.

In other words, a bad man didn't simply pick out a community, announce to the populace that there was eminent need of a killer and then settle down to the serious business of being bad. He drifted—usually with the railroad camps which were being established in the van of the Union Pacific as it worked to its junction with the Central Pacific at Promontory Point, Utah, the Kansas Pacific as it blazed the way across the prairies of Kansas toward Denver, the gold and silver camps which boomed today and died tomorrow, or, in fact, any new community where law had not been established and where a first-class, hang-up bad man could usually count on enough friends to pack a citizens' jury when he had inadvertently shot the daylights out of somebody and needed a friend at court. And in spite of all that has been written about the swift, sure justice of the West, the hurried hangings and on-the-spot retribution for infractions of the law, it generally turns out upon investigation that the bad man traveled a pretty long trail before he turned up his boots or decorated a rope. Perhaps that's where the expression "getting away with murder" was originated, because they certainly did it.

The father of a friend of mine, as an example, happened to be the judge who presided over the miners' court which tried McCall, a perfect gentleman of the true Western bad-man type, whose egotism demanded that he be known through the rest of his life as the person who had killed Wild Bill Hickok.

This was in Deadwood, South Dakota, and a good many years had passed since Wild Bill Hickok had, in his line of duty as a public officer, wiped out the McCandless gang of outlaws in a hand-to-hand gun and knife fight, and done other little deeds of eradication which had reduced considerably the ranks of the Western bad men. Wild Bill Hickok had, in fact, ceased many of his activities and was just plodding along as a first-rate gambler. His sight was not so keen as in other days; no longer could he do such things as killing a crow on the wing with a six-gun—a little trick which he once was wont to perform—or picking off a man who fired at him from the dark while Wild Bill stood in the brightly lighted door of a saloon. Wild Bill was, in fact, largely Tame Bill, and so the egotistical Mr. McCall walked to the door of a room in which Hickok was playing cards, and shot him from behind. Thereby, one would say, he committed murder, for two reasons; one being that Wild Bill hadn't been informed that he was about to be shot, and the other being that there was no justification even in frontier law, in as much as every one of Wild Bill's deliberate killings had been in the line of duty, either as a marshal or as an officer of the United States Government.

Deadwood was real heated up over it. They put McCall in jail, following which they made elaborate preparations to give him a trial and quite properly and thoroughly hang him. They selected guards with drawn revolvers to assure themselves that there would be no attempt at rescue. They brought forth the evidence that this

A Westerner of the Old Days

was a real, regular, first-class, shoot-'em-in-the-back murder, and while the jury was out, my friend's father talked it all over with an officer of the court.

"There can't be any verdict but guilty, can there?" he asked the sheriff.

"Sure not," replied that personage. "Bound to find him guilty."

"That's what I think. Now we'll expedite this as much as possible. As soon as the jury turns in its verdict, I'll hear what he has to say and then sentence him to hanging. I'd suggest that the execution be carried out forthwith."

The sheriff agreed to that too. No use in having a murderer on one's hands if he could be hanged instanter and got out of the way.

Thus the arrangements went on. Then the jury came in, and with one accord announced that the members had carefully weighed all the testimony and found the defendant—not guilty!

After the judge had gained his breath and the court room had cleared, and California Joe and Texas Jack Ohohundro, old scout partners of Wild Bill, were burning up the hills in pursuit of the now fleeing Mr. McCall that they might cause him to be hanged another day—which he was—the presiding officer of the court pulled himself out of his amazement long enough to ask a juryman how on earth they'd ever established that state of innocence. The juryman spread his hands in argument.

"Look here," he said, "there wasn't any question but what he murdered Wild Bill But Wild Bill was a gambler, wasn't he? Now wouldn't it look fine for the respectable citizens of this town to go out and hang somebody that'd killed a gambler? Why, it'd set the gambling element up so that the first thing we know they'd be running the town!"

Justice in the Old Days

To tell the truth, in spite of all that one hears about the vigilantes and citizens' committees, and so forth, law in the old days wasn't so different from law of the present time. Either a murderer got away with it—or he didn't. Usually he did, until somebody else who was quicker with the gun than he, and a bit more egotistical about his "honor," performed the task of ridding the community of a nuisance, and then became a pest himself until somebody else in the endless chain romped along and stuffed him with bullets. Of course, justice was swift when it happened. But it often didn't happen for a long time. Sometimes it didn't happen at all.

"There wasn't much difference," said Jack Nankervis one evening as he bent over the grill stove in camp and industriously flipped flapjacks. "You read about how fellows get out of murder and work the jury for an acquittal and think it's terrible. Then somebody rises up and wishes for the old days of law and order. But I don't know. Seems like things run along pretty much in the same groove.

"Like one Saturday night, I was finishing the scrubbing out of my butcher shop over in Nevadaville, when I heard some shooting. Of course, there was always more or less gun play on Saturday night, but this sounded serious. So when I got through, I took a stroll; and sure enough, here was a fellow lying in the middle of the street, gasping out his life. Well, I helped pick him up, and we carried him into a pool room and laid him on a table, where he promptly passed out; and about that time, the sheriff came along and beckoned me off to one side.

"'I know where the fellow is that killed him,' he said, 'and I need a deputy. Better come along with me, Jack.'

"'Course I was young then, and I don't know—it seems I've just been mixed up in that sort of thing all my life. So I strapped on a gun and we went down to the house where the fellow who'd

(Continued on Page 33)

The Indians Brought Their Papooses to Meet Buffalo Bill, Known to the Sioux as Pahaska, No Matter How the Papooses Felt About It

Look for this blue identification tag.
Be sure YOU SEE the name
Swift's Premium printed on it plainly

Make sure you're getting Premium!

Ham that delights you with its juicy tenderness. Ham that you want to linger over when you eat it, in order to enjoy to the full its distinctive flavor—so sweet and mild. That's Premium. Make sure of getting it. Ask for it by name. And then identify it to your own satisfaction by the following marks: the name Swift's on the printed parchment wrapper; the word Premium on the label, on the blue tag and also on the rind of the ham itself.

Swift & Company

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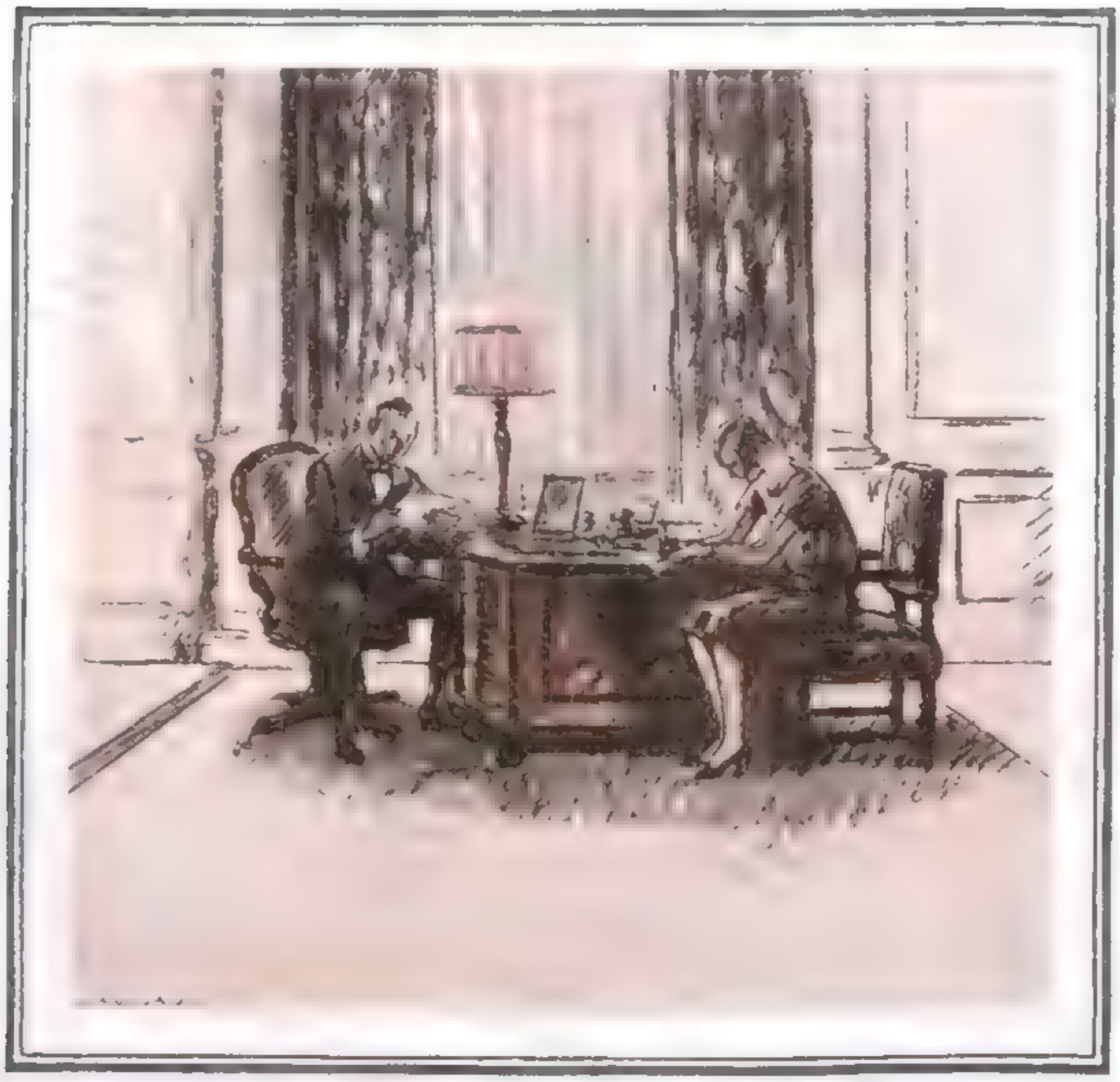

Thompson's *found his stride* . . .

. . . for years Thompson struggled gamely under the handicap of a poor physique. He tired easily; couldn't stand the gaff of hard work. Now he is a marvel to all who know him. Head of a world-business, director in a dozen corporations, capable of long hours at fever pitch that would burn out an ordinary man. What is his secret?

THOUSANDS of men are only half well because they ignore one of the simplest laws of nature. What would you say if we told you that by eating a delicious cereal every morning you could shake off the old drug laxative habit forever? It sounds almost too good to be true, yet it is perfectly possible.

Faulty elimination, the cause of so much sickness, is usually due to the lack of sufficient bulk food in the daily diet. The intestine needs this bulk to discharge its cargoes of waste.

Most bulk foods are unpleasant. That's why people fail to eat as much bulk as they need. Now you can get it in delightful cereal form.

Post's Bran Flakes is bran that's good to eat. You'll eat it every morning because you'll like it. In addition to bulk, it also supplies such important food elements as phosphorus, iron, carbohydrates, proteins and vitamin-B.

Try *Post's Bran Flakes* tomorrow morning and see how good it is. Then eat it for breakfast every morning for a week and learn how easy it is to establish regular habits without the false stimulus of pills and cathartics.

Send for "An Ounce of Prevention"—A free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our booklet showing different ways of serving Bran.

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everybody every day *eat*

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

"Now you'll like Bran"

5¢ *at all candy counters*

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(Continued from Page 30)

done the killing was hiding out, corralled him peaceably enough and took him to jail. Then everything quieted down until a week or so before the trial, when his brother came into the store.

"'Jack,' he said, 'want to take a little fishing and hunting trip?'

"'Can't,' I said. 'Too much work here at the shop.' And I went on cutting meat.

"'Yes, you do,' he says. 'Everybody's going. A nice little excursion, all expenses paid. Either fish or hunt, whichever you want to do. Over in Boulder Park. Fact is some of the folks are figuring on staying over there a while and working in a mine we've got.' I kept right on sawing steak.

"'Nope,' I said. 'Nobody to take my place here in the shop.'

"But even that didn't do.

"'We'll look after that,' he said. 'Now you need a little rest.'

"Then I stopped and looked at him.

"'Until this trial's over, you mean?' I asked him, coming slap-bang to the question. He just grinned.

"'Well, since you put it that way—you could stay a little longer if you wanted to. But on the other hand, you could come home just as soon as you felt like it after the trial was over. How about it?'

"Well, I sawed another steak, and then I wiped my hands on my apron.

"'Not to give you a short answer,' I said, 'I guess I'll stay here and testify.'

"That didn't set so well, so he mentioned something about not wanting to use force or anything of that kind, but that it might be best for me to take a little fishing trip, and that made me mad.

"'Now I tell you what,' I said. 'You know where my place of business is, and you know where my house is, and you know the time of day I leave this shop here and go home. So any time you want to hop on me you just hop; but I'm going to stay here and testify at that trial.' That's just what I said, and do you know, them fellows seemed halfway to like me for it. Seemed to sort of make a hit with 'em that I'd had enough spunk to say what I thought."

"But what about the trial?" I asked.

"Oh, the trial," chuckled Jack, as he tossed another flapjack into the air. "I was the only real witness there was, and I hadn't seen the actual shooting. Everybody else'd gone fishing—by request. So the lawyer told the jury what a fine man this fellow was, and how kind and goodhearted and everything he'd always tried to be, and the jury turned him loose."

Tender-Hearted Killers

There ever existed a sweetness of disposition in the heart of a bandit or a straight out-and-out killer—when he wasn't killing somebody. When one talks to oldtimers of the doings of the vigilantes, there is always a portion of the story that remains the same—the crowd that gathered in the darkness just outside the trial place, bent on a rescue if possible, because the gentleman who was about to be kicked off a dry-goods box with a rope around his neck was always so good to his pals, to say nothing of his kindness to little children and dumb animals—that is, when he wasn't plying his trade.

One of the most tear-starting letters I ever read was one written by Bob Younger, of the Younger-James gang of bandits, when he was dying in prison; a letter beseeching permission to go back to Missouri and visit his dear old gray-haired mother. In fact, it seemed, to be a first-class outlaw, one simply had to have, tucked away beneath his rough exterior, a heart that was no harder than mush. Jesse James, for instance, and that other gentleman who formed:

The dir-r-r-r-r-ty little coward,
Who shot Mr. Howard,
Laid Jesse James in his grave.

The same being Mr. Robert Ford, who eradicated two birds with one stone, as the poem indicates—inasmuch as Mr. Howard and Jesse James were the same, the Howard part being his *nom de plume*, as, quiet and gentlemanly and serene, he lived in St. Joseph, Missouri, with his wife and family, while the rewards for his capture dead or alive mounted higher and higher, finally to the climax of ten thousand dollars—a sum of money which appealed mightily to Bob Ford, a high-powered go-getter.

So, neglecting to mention the fact of what he was about to do, he waited until Jesse James got up on a chair to straighten a picture, and while the latter was engaged in this pretty little family pose, he pulled the trigger of a .44 caliber on a fifty-one frame, thus thoroughly ruining Jesse. Following which he pleaded guilty to murder, was pardoned immediately, got his ten thousand dollars and went forth into the world, a young man with a lot of honor and a lot more egotism, because he was the man who had killed Jesse James. Thereupon various other egotistical gentlemen immediately became obsessed with a like desire to kill the man who'd killed the man who'd killed so many other men, and the game went merrily on. The queer part about it was that they were all such fine fellows! Jesse, for instance.

Jesse James, the Misunderstood

Sudden death and its various allies always have seemed to dog my tracks. A long time ago, when the spell of the circus faded for a time in the spell of newspaperdom—back in the days of brown derbys and pegleg pants—I got a job on the Kansas City Star. Whereupon, George Longan, the city editor, took one look and decided I'd make a wonderful person to spend the last nights with condemned men, and then, having properly ingratiated myself, walk with them to the scaffold. It went fine for thirteen hangings and a lynching, and then, rather apologetically, I asked if I couldn't have a change of duty. So he ruffled the pages of his assignment book, thought seriously and told me to go down to Excelsior Springs and see how Mrs. Samuels was getting along, Mrs. Samuels being the mother of Jesse James.

It was the beginning of a number of visits. A woman of determined, almost rugged features, with a stump of an arm where a bomb, thrown into the house by detectives in their efforts to uplift Jesse James, had exploded and hit her instead of her son, Mrs. Samuels lived in an ancient farmhouse a few miles from Excelsior Springs, with a sign, crudely lettered upon a weather-blackened fence. It read:

JESSE JAMES FARM
Admission, 25 cents

Which showed that Mrs. Samuels wasn't letting any opportunities go by. On Sundays, she'd sit upon the careening porch—it was one of those typical Missouri farmhouses of an older day, with a two-story affair in front, edging off into a log cabin which stretched far to the rear—and wait for trade, a little, one-armed woman in a white dress, ready and willing to tell her story, show the stump of her arm, tell exactly how the Yanks took her second husband, Doctor Samuels, and strung him up to an apple tree until his tongue stuck out, pose for her picture, weep over the grave of Jesse James—where Jesse, incidentally, was not buried—all for the trifling sum of twenty-five cents, a quarter of a dollar.

A great show for one who liked that sort of thing, with the result that Sunday afternoon often found Mrs. Samuels and myself sitting under the trees at the side of the house by Jesse's grave, where there was everything—the flowers, the headstone, the oblong mound—everything except Jesse, who happened to be buried somewhere else—talking over the life of the bandit in general. And it seemed that a great many persons had made a horrible mistake, because Jesse had always been a good boy, and wonderful to his mother. A man, for instance, who loved his home and home life, and who didn't really rob banks and railroads and fairgrounds, or kill people because he was a bandit. The truth was simply the fact that the Civil War, in which he had been a rather enthusiastic member of the Southern side, hadn't been correctly umpired and that Jesse resented the decision. That was all; he wasn't a bandit. He was still merely fighting the Lost Cause and causing the North as much trouble as possible. If it hadn't been for Lincoln, her good boy Jesse wouldn't have been forced to rob trains and that sort of thing; the war had rather made him a wanderer, she said.

Sure of Your Money's Worth

But when the conversation turned upon Bob Ford, there was no mincing of words. That fellow, it seemed, was a pretty bad egg; an ingrate, a coward, a murderer who would shoot a good man in the back, an animal with a very strong scent. It wasn't hard at all to tune Mrs. Samuels up on the subject of Bob Ford; merely mention the name and one was sure to get his twenty-five cents' worth.

Yet last summer there came a sequel to those visits of years ago. In the gathering night, Jack Nankervis and myself, walking that we might rest our weary horses, stamped through the red-gullied lane which once had formed the main street of the now deserted, ramshackle, ghostly town of Bachelor, Colorado. Far away, lights twinkled in the valley; soft clustering lights, growing slowly closer. An hour passed. The moon rose, and we found ourselves upon a ridge above those twinkling, peaceful lights.

No sound of traffic came from below. No noise of hurly-burly such as once existed. For those lights were the street illuminations of that place about which Cy Warman once wrote:

Oh, it's day all day in the daytime,
And there is no night in Creede.

Now, however, it was night there in the nighttime, just as with any other peaceful, quiet town. Something stirred in my memory.

"Jack," I asked, "isn't this where Bob Ford came after he killed Jesse James?"

"Yeh," said my partner, then suddenly looked about him. "He's buried right over here."

The Lady Who Slapped Bob Ford

So, in the moonlight, we went to Bob Ford's grave, set apart from the regular burying ground, merely a ramshackle oblong with high-grown weeds, and the careening fence reeling drunkenly in the moonlight. Having properly worshiped at the shrine, as one would say, we dropped down into town by the simple expedient of wandering through the yards of unoccupied houses; and upon the main street, where once the throngs were so great that vehicles could not be used at night and the gamblers set up their games of chance in the open that the turn-away crowds from the regular emporiums might have a chance, we found three men under an arc light.

No, there was no place to eat in this town at 8:30 o'clock at night, this place where once it had been "day all day in the daytime." But maybe Mrs. Zang would fix us something.

Mrs. Zang would, when at last we found her, in her white-painted cottage, a voluble little German woman who spoke with a bit of a whistle, and who informed us that she'd been the first white woman in the far-famed town of Creede. Naturally, with that grave in our memory, we asked her if she'd known Bob Ford.

"Ach," she said, as she put the steak on the table and sat down beside us, "he was a nice gentleman! You know," she added innocently, "I slap him once!"

"Indeed?"

"Ach, yes! You see, it was like this—efery night there was shootings. And the crowds! They was eferywhere, so thick you couldn't push through them. Und one night my husband und myself we was standing in the doorway of the hotel und this Bob Ford came along with a gun in his hand. Und he say yust like that: 'Where iss he, where iss he?' He was looking for somebody to shoot 'em, und then he saw my husband und he started to blame him for whoever it was getting away, und he started to hit him. Und I yust stepped forward und I slapped his wrist down, und I said, 'Don't you dare do that!' Yust like that, I said it.

"Und, you know what?" she beamed. "He yust stepped back und took off his hat. 'My,' he said, 'you're a lady!' Und I told him, 'Yes, und my husband iss a gentleman und don't you dare do that.'

"Well, you know, he apologized. Yes indeed he did. But yust the same, I didn't trust him. Oh, he had a bad reputation around the town! So finally he und my husband they went in the bar, und I went in the hotel and got the poker. Und then I hid in the doorway und yust stood there looking at the part in his hair. 'If he hits my husband,' I said to myself, 'I'll hit him with this poker, right down that crease in his hair!' But, you know, the first thing they was laughing, und finally I went in there, und do you know, he was so nice!"

There you are. If that isn't enough, let Bob Ford's last minute in life be called to the stand. A month or so later, Lute Johnson, pioneer newspaperman of Colorado,

Short Bull, Blamed in History for the Battle of Wounded Knee

and I were talking of Creede and—naturally—of Bob Ford.

"Funny thing about Bob," said Lute, who knew Creede when it was in its swaddling clothes; "he had a pretty big heart in him. You know, he'd been run out of Creede for some trouble there and gone over to Silverton. But he didn't like it, principally because his girl was still back in the other town. So he kept writing piteous letters that if they'd let him come back he'd be a good, law-abiding citizen, so finally they gave in. Well, Bob came back and opened up a dance hall, outside of town—or rather started to open it. Because when I met Bob Ford on the street that day he was wearing a mournful expression, and he announced that his dance-hall project was all up in the air because his principal dancing girl had shown no more consideration than to commit suicide. At least that's what he'd heard, and wanted me to go with him and verify it.

"So we went up to the girl's room. Sure enough, there she was, deader'n a doornail.

"'Well, she's dead,' said Bob.

"'She sure is,' I agreed.

"'Guess I'll have to get her buried,' he decided, as he started back to the dance hall.

"That afternoon he was standing by his bar, with a contribution list in his hand, collecting a dollar here and a dollar there to bury the dance-hall girl, and because he was so busy with that, he wasn't watching the door—the only time that I ever had known of Bob letting anybody come near him without surveying 'em first with his hand on his gun. But that girl's death seemed to be on his mind. He didn't even hear the sound of hoof beats as a fellow named Kelly rode up and stuck his head in the door.

"'Oh, Bob!' Kelly called. Bob Ford turned, and just as he did so, Kelly raised a shotgun and let him have it. Pretty near tore Bob's head off—caught him right in the neck with a full charge of shot—and Bob and the list to bury a dead dance-hall girl went to the floor together, while Kelly rode away to announce that he'd achieved his ambition: he'd killed the fellow that killed Jesse James."

"And what happened to Kelly?"

Shooting Starr

"Kelly? Oh, he got pardoned after while and then went down into Oklahoma. His reputation weighed on him pretty heavy, though, and he got to be a bit of a pest. So he was finally killed by a peace officer, who then became known as the man who'd killed the man who'd killed the man who'd killed Jesse James."

Thus it goes—and it depends largely upon the viewpoint as to just what kind of persons these bad men really were, except, of course, the fact that they were always good-hearted. Like Henry Starr, who was not only of a sweet disposition but heroic as well. I've a bit of personal interest in Henry Starr. His estate, if there is any such thing, owes me a derby hat and a pair of peg-leg pants—those wide ones, with a two-inch cuff. But then, on the other hand, he gave me an opportunity to see how a quiet, inoffensive bandit is looked upon in his own country, so perhaps that evens the score.

In case you don't know, Henry Starr stood pretty high in the batting average of outlaws. A sort of perpetual bad man, as it were, having started back in the palmy days of Oklahoma banditry, along in the '90's, and kept right at his trade—except, of course, when he took a slight vacation in a cell block. A persistent bad man, with a good many years of knowing how—it was along about 1908 when he crossed my path, and by that time he'd earned for himself the reputation of being the champion free-for-all single-handed lone-wolf bandit then out of captivity. Just to show how good he was, he had walked into Coffeyville, Kansas, where years before the Dalton boys had got themselves thoroughly shot up, and with one free-hand swoop had held up a bank.

The year 1908 was getting a bit late for bad men. So numerous posses started forth, included in one of which was an energetic reporter with that aforementioned derby. We had an inside tip, together with rifles, six-guns, shotguns and other impedimenta. With great caution and much scouting, we headed forth to Wolf Creek. We took our positions. There in the valley, two hundred and fifty yards away, was a little cabin; and just as our informant had told us, a dead horse lying at one side, while within were Henry Starr and some companions, all dead drunk, as a result of a spree following the robbery.

Capturing bandits is a particular business. After I'd been yanked from behind the sheltering barricade of a six-inch blackjack oak and the sheriff had cussed the day that he'd ever been forced to bring a blankety blanked-blue-black-blankety-blanked reporter on a dangerous expedition like this, and every man of the posse was flat on his stomach behind a rise in the hill, we got our instructions—to start shooting and keep on shooting until we'd riddled that house with bullets and killed everybody in it. Then he gave the order to fire.

A Bad Man's Little Joke

All of us had nerves like steel. We did wonderful shooting. We hit the horse and the chicken house and the ground ten feet from the house; we knocked off the tin chimney and punctured the well bucket. Now and then we accidentally hit the cabin, and when the windows had finally been splintered by bullets, the sheriff ordered a pause so that Henry Starr, who certainly should be awake by this time, could come out and do a little shooting himself.

But no Henry Starr, no spurt of fire from behind the concealment of that blank-faced cabin; only the dead horse, well punctured now with bullets. So the sheriff turned us loose again, and for a half hour or so we consumed cartridges right merrily. Following which there was a conference and the decision that by this time Henry Starr was thoroughly dead. Then it was decided to draw straws to determine who should ride down to the cabin and see how dead he was.

Having an article to do for my paper, I naturally ignored this proceeding—in spite of the fact that I was invited, even urged by the sheriff to take part. Finally the matter was adjusted and a lank Oklahoman, riding loose, slumped over the hill, while a dozen rifles, all held true as steel, covered the cabin—in fact covered everything for a radius of some two hundred yards, while the volunteer gazed at those gun barrels rather remorsefully, certain that if he didn't get shot from in front, he was sure to get it from behind. But on he went, halfway, three-quarters—all the way, without an interruption. He dismounted and walked into the cabin. He walked out again. He rode loosely back to the posse.

"Only one trouble," he said—"there ain't nobody there!"

Following which, the posse went back to town, where it learned that Henry Starr, humorist that he was, had himself sent forth the report of his presence in that cabin, and then, to make the joke good, had held up another posse, hamstrung its horses, taken its guns and made the members walk back to town.

Enough to anger anybody, and the posses started out with new vigor—only to learn that Henry Starr wasn't a bandit at all. Once back in the hills, where Henry Starr was really known, they began to find out his real, his magnanimous nature. Here a child to whom he had given five dollars. Here a family that he'd helped with its scraggly crop. Here a man who would sit for hours telling what a fine fellow Henry Starr was and how kind he was to his wife. Information? It was the last thing in the world that a posse could get—there were a hundred nooks and corners in which he might hide. Because Henry Starr—when he wasn't robbing banks, of course—certainly was a fine fellow, and it was too bad that he had to do such things to make a living. Two weeks later, bedraggled and saddle worn, I roamed into Pawhuska and got into a game of pool with a blanket Indian. After he'd won six dollars and fifty cents and the game was over, he asked me where I'd been.

"Chasing Henry Starr," I told him.

"Yeh!" And he grinned widely. "Henry Stahh! Him fine fella."

That isn't all. Henry showed the world how fine he was—in a penitentiary too. For one night, in Fort Smith, while serving one of his sentences for withdrawing deposits from banks, Cherokee Bill, another prisoner, got hold of a gun and proceeded to use it. Over the dead and wounded leaped Henry Starr, prisoner. He forced his way into the cell of Cherokee Bill and, quarter-breed against half-breed, the battle was on—a battle that was not concluded until Henry Starr had wrenched the gun from the other prisoner's hand and submitted him to recapture by the prison authorities.

The old streak of goodness had come out at last. Henry Starr was a hero. He was promptly pardoned, and as promptly told the world that henceforth he would lead an upright life, that banditry did not pay and that, in those days in the penitentiary, he had learned the folly of being a bad man anyway. There was something in his nature, he said, that had always called him to the side of the righteous and the good and that henceforth he was going to obey it.

So he went out and got himself killed while holding up another bank!

But even a bad man can sometimes go too far. There was Texas Charlie, for instance, who held forth in the old days over by Hot Sulphur Springs, Colorado, and who didn't know when to stop. After he'd done considerable shooting, the populace began to think that maybe it wasn't right. So they sent the sheriff up to a sawmill in the mountains where Charlie was working, and the sheriff handed him a warrant. Texas Charlie read it with a due spirit of humility. Then he handed it back to the sheriff and at the same time stuck a revolver in the officer's chest.

"Eat that!" he commanded. "Every bit of it!"

There wasn't anything else for the sheriff to do, so he ate the warrant and went back to town and Texas Charlie went on working at the sawmill. Then he came into town and did more shooting, and went back to the sawmill. But the end was bound to come. Texas Charlie simply had too great a sense of humor.

Dime-Novel History

One day he was walking along the planked sidewalks of the little town. Before him was a prominent citizen whose legs were described as being utterly incapable of stopping a pig in an alley. It was too much for Texas Charlie. He drew his gun and amused himself for the next block by sending bullets between those bowed legs, and yowling with delight as they kicked up the splinters in the sidewalk. That was the last straw.

A short time later, Texas Charlie was inveigled into town. As he walked down the street, windows opened on every side. From every window was poked a gun. When the smoke had cleared away, the coroner's jury debated seriously, and finally reported that after due deliberation it had found that the deceased had come to his death from gunshot wounds at the hand of a person or persons unknown—from which it might be inferred that the jury had a sense of humor itself.

In fact a sense of humor is sometimes necessary when one reads the glamorous things which thirty or forty years attach to various persons connected with the West. Not so long ago I was attracted by the cover of a dime novel. I read it excitedly, for there were facts that I'd never known: the description of a gun battle in which Major G. W. Lillie—Pawnee Bill—had got his man and in which Buffalo Bill had turned thundering from the bar in the wild days of Salina and promptly shot the daylights out of a thug who was about to end his life. The only trouble being that Pawnee Bill is a placid, quiet man who spends his life counting bonds down in Oklahoma or visiting circuses—he was a showman for years—who never had a gun fight in the true sense of the word, and who got his name because he had been a teacher in the Pawnee Indian schools. While Buffalo Bill ——

Back in the days when I was Colonel Cody's press agent, we were accustomed to ride often in the afternoon, following the matinée, in his spider trap. A tired man, a lonely man, financially embarrassed by his generosity and his blind belief in anyone who happened to come to him with any sort of plausible scheme, from gold mines to irrigation projects. A man beset by debts, by creditors hounding the ticket wagon on pay day, that they might seize a portion of his salary before he himself could lay his hands on it. A man who felt keenly the reverses which had come to him; he was at the low ebb of his estate of showmanship; ofttimes a circus can be cruel in its feverish desire to give the public exactly what the public wants. Buffalo Bill had been making his daily appearance for years. The public had seen him time and time again, and no matter how grateful that public may have been to him for his work in the building of the West—a gratitude becoming more pronounced as the years roll by—the American show-going populace goes to an entertainment to be amused and to see new things. The result was that Colonel Cody had ceased to be the tremendous drawing card which once he had been, and there were those around the show lot who were unkind enough to remind him of the fact; a thing that hurt—hurt deeply. But it couldn't kill his sense of humor.

Buffalo Bill in Real Life

Incidentally, it was that amiability in the old days which kept Colonel Cody out of the ranks of the gunmen, no matter what dime novels and builders of fairy stories regarding the doings of the past may have to say about it. For the Old Man, as we knew him, to my knowledge, never had a gun fight, in the real sense of the word. He scouted, rode Pony Express, fought Indians, guided expeditions and killed buffalo, but he didn't engage in saloon brawls.

"It wasn't necessary," he often told me. "Those fellows mostly fought among themselves. Besides, when somebody was spoiling for a fight, he usually had to have somebody else to fight with. So all that a fellow had to do was to keep his temper and not give cause for a quarrel, and laugh off trouble, and he generally came out of trouble all right—unless, of course, he'd run out to see what was happening every time a gun popped, and got shot as an innocent bystander."

And according to his friends of the old days, Mike Russell, General Frank Baldwin and others, it was Cody's laugh that kept him out of trouble more than once. An infectious laugh, a booming laugh, with a twinkling of the eyes that made it sincere; or a laugh that shook his frame without ever passing his lips.

Such as one night in Houston, when, after a long ride, we went to a hotel for dinner. The dining room was crowded, and as the colonel entered, there began a pattering of handclapping as he was recognized, rising to a thunder of applause. Buffalo Bill grinned and turned to me.

"Who's that for, Badlands," he asked—"you or me?"

"Can't prove it by me," I joked. "Let's both take the bow."

So, side by side, we went down the long row of tables, the colonel bowing on his side, I bowing gravely on mine. At last we passed a table where sat the Lady Who Knows Everything.

"That bald-headed young man;" she said to her companions, "is Buffalo Bill's son."

(Continued on Page 36)

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LAURA LA PLANTE and PAT O'MALLEY in "THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

While naturally I am prejudiced in favor of my own pictures, I don't think I have lost the power to distinguish between the good and the poor. We *have* made pictures which I have not mentioned in this column because I was somewhat in doubt of their worth while they were being made. Later on they were shelved. I want this column to be an index of *good* pictures so that you can always follow my recommendations with confidence.

Sometimes it happens that we butcher a good story in production. The first reel or two may be excellent, yet for some reason it loses out in subsequent reels and becomes a potpourri. If such pictures were recommended in advance, I'd have a lot of crow to eat, and I don't like crow. For this reason I have fallen into the habit of judging pictures reel by reel, so that when I tell you a picture is good, I *know* it is.

On this basis I am cordially recommending ***"The Midnight Sun,"*** another Universal spectacle laid in the gorgeous atmosphere of the former Imperial Court of Russia. It is a beautiful romance dressed in glittering uniforms, magnificent settings, intense drama and excellent comedy.

Briefly the story involves a beautiful dancer (LAURA LA PLANTE) who is loved by three men—a young officer in the army (RAYMOND KEANE), a Grand Duke (PAT O'MALLEY), and the leading Russian banker (GEORGE SEIGMAN). She is in love with the young officer and is obliged to use all her wits and beauty to save him from the wiles and relentless power of the other suitors.

Direction is by a Russian— Dimitri Buchowetski, who is thoroly familiar with the former royal household. He is regarded as one of the foremost directors of the day. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre to play this picture, and be on the lookout for it. You will enjoy every minute of it.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Make sure you get your copy of "Universal Picture News," issued monthly—it's free for the asking.

You can also have autographed photograph of Laura La Plante for 10 cents in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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Then it was that the laughter surged in the Old Man, raising his shoulders in a series of inner convulsions—but the face remained grave.

"Anyway," he said *solto voce*, as we went on, "you're my right bower."

And this for Buffalo Bill—he was one of the few old-time professional Westerners whom I ever met who couldn't be kidded into really believing he had actually done the thousand and one things with which imaginative chroniclers of the West accredited him. Time after time, in the years in which I was closely associated with him, I would recall various wild and thrilling things which I had read of him in childhood days, and ask for the story from his own lips. If it was a true happening, such as the killing of Yellowhand, or the rescue at the Battle of the Warbonnet, or any of the other affairs of the West in which he had truly participated, Colonel Cody would tell the story as he remembered it, enthusiastically, and with all the necessary trimmings to make it a good, thrilling tale. But if it had not been an actual occurrence, there would be merely a fillip of the reins, a clucking to his Arabian horses and then a chuckle, followed by:

"Oh, that was just one of Ned Buntline's lies. You see, after I began to get a pretty good reputation as an Injun fighter, Ned Buntline—he was a famous writer then—came out to see me and told me he wanted to write a lot of stories about me for a New York paper. Well, it was all right with me, and so he just started writing. And some of the things he wrote!"

The Battle of Wounded Knee

And far be it from one to be prejudiced, but I've met a few other Injun fighters in my day who not only would admit any heroic deed that anybody's imagination could fasten on them, but spent a good deal of their time inventing others, just to keep their reputation in form. Strangely enough, a great many of these were men who threw mental convulsions at the name of Buffalo Bill, then spent the rest of the evening in announcing him to be nothing but a white-haired old fraud, a four-flusher and a person who never did anything more for America than to shoot glass balls from the back of a horse in a Wild West show. The queer thing was that, for some unaccountable reason, nine-tenths of those defamers wore long hair and a goatee and a certain type of big hat, and did their darnedest to look like Buffalo Bill. Perhaps that's why the colonel's sense of humor rose so easily when they would assail him.

For if there was any doubt about Buffalo Bill's prowess, one needed but to go to the one place where that prowess could be established—to the Indians themselves. To them, Pahaska—the Long-Haired Man—was little less than a god. And a good thing for a bunch of motion-picture men, soldiers, press agents, spectators and Indians themselves that he was!

It was back in 1913, and Buffalo Bill, with Pawnee Bill, had closed his Wild West show. There was the urge to do something, and there came a great idea in the filming of the life of Buffalo Bill upon the very ground where a number of his adventures had happened, among them the Battle of Wounded Knee, upon Wounded Knee battlefield, with as many of the survivors, both white and Indian, as could be procured. The preparations were made. Colonel Cody went to Washington and came back with an order for the Twelfth United States Cavalry to proceed to Wounded Knee Creek on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, as well as permission to use as many Oglala and Brûlé Sioux Indians as would answer his call. So he sent forth word, into the vast stretches of the Reservation, that Pahaska needed his old enemies.

They came by wagon. They came in rickety cars, running as stages. They came by trail, on horseback and on foot—Woman Dress, who had saved the life of General Sheridan, Old Flatiron, then more than a hundred years old, No Neck and Ben American Horse and the descendants of Rain-in-the-Face. Even Short Bull, who is blamed in history for the last Sioux rebellion and the Battle of Wounded Knee, was there, weeping in quite un-Indian fashion in his tepee, while his squaw moaned a doleful accompaniment as he told the story of an ancient piece of Indian politics and announced that it was all a put-up job and that a bunch of Indian bosses had framed him; that he had wanted the Indians to live in peace with the whites, but that the wily chieftains who had used him for a pawn had garbled his message and caused a war. Squaws were there by the score, many of them with worn moccasins, resultant from a foot journey often as high as fifty miles, that their papooses might shake the hand of Pahaska, their enemy and their friend.

All along Wounded Knee Creek, where, in years gone by, the Seventh Cavalry had slaughtered the members of Big Foot's band of Indian warriors, the tepees were pitched; often upon the same spot where the tepees of those same Indians had been placed on the day of the actual battle. At night, a full moon shone through the October haze upon vaguely moving forms, while the tom-toms beat in slow precision as blanketed, befeathered Sioux went through the figures of their death dances—in mourning for those who lay buried in the trench at the top of the hill. And for those who didn't care for that amusement, an enterprising merry-go-round owner had carted his carrousel forty miles overland upon wagons and set it up within hailing distance of the burying ground, while stolid Indian bucks and grinning squaws rode and rode and rode to the accompaniment of the squealing organ, and the camp crier added to the general din by his ceaseless announcements—in Sioux, of course—to which nobody seemed to pay any attention.

But with all the excitement, there was an undercurrent of the latent savagery of the Sioux. Old memories had been revived. Ancient bucks who had been in that battle gathered about them younger braves and told of what had been to them a wanton massacre. There were wailings within the tepees. And then ——

It was the night before the battle that we heard it. Buffalo Bill and the army generals who had come from various parts of the United States to participate—even Gen. Nelson A. Miles was there—were twenty miles away at the Pine Ridge Agency. The camp was sleeping. Then, to Johnny Baker, Buffalo Bill's foster son, Ted Wharton, the motion-picture director, and myself came a bit of exciting news. Some enterprising young buck had got a great idea. On the morrow would be that motion-picture battle, with eight hundred Sioux Indians on one side and a regiment of United States cavalry, dressed in the old-fashioned blues, on the other. And wouldn't it be a fine revenge for the Battle of Wounded Knee if the Sioux used real cartridges instead of blanks!

Disarming the Indians

After our teeth had ceased chattering, we raced for a little white Indian schoolhouse a mile or so away. A telephone was there, and over the static-filled line we told the Old Man. A grumble from the other end of the wire. Then—"Guess I'd better come out."

Out he came, a square-shouldered, towering figure in the moonlight. He shouted for Woman Dress, for Flatiron, for No Neck and his scouts and enemies of other days. Then they all went into a tepee. Now and then Buffalo Bill's voice boomed over the guttural tones of the Indians. Then the chieftains came forth to summon lesser chiefs and to give their commands. Immediately there leaped into action an espionage system that was almost unbelievable in its swiftness and surety. An hour passed, and with it the announcement that the culprit had been found, shown the error of his ways, the baby plot frustrated and that all was safe. The next day the battle was held—but only blanks were used.

All of which naturally is beside the point of the gentleness of bad men, except as regards the license which has been taken with the activities of anyone widely known in the old West—that and the justification which always existed.

Some years ago, in Colorado, there was a bit of a character in the person of Henry Lehman, who lived on the South Fork of the Grand River in what is known as Middle Park. When Henry, for instance, went to his corral one evening and found a bear eating a calf, he didn't return to the house for his gun. He merely cut a club of quaking asp, and then when the bear attempted to crawl over the corral fence in an effort at escape, beat it to death. With this disposition, Henry Lehman walked into Central City one afternoon in the roaring, blustery days of the '90's and turned inquiringly to a group as he noticed a man walking down the middle of the street and at the same time reloading a six-shooter.

"Something happened?" he asked.

"Yeh"—the awed group was in a doorway—"he's just shot some people."

"What for?"

"Why, he owed a doctor bill and the doctor turned it over to some lawyers. So they garnisheed this fellow's wages and that made him mad. So he shot one of the lawyers and the marshal and a fellow who happened to be coming in the building."

How Henry Got in Wrong

"Humph!" Lehman eyed the man, still walking, unmolested, down the center of the street, at last to reach a wagon, climb into it and drive out of town. "Seems to me something ought to be done about it. Why doesn't somebody go after him?"

That brought the matter to an exact point, so the question was answered.

"Well, you see, he's a crack shot and everybody figures that it might be a trifle dangerous. Now, of course, if a good man with a gun like you'd go after him ——"

Lehman thought that over. Going after a murderer in those days, it seemed, was an affair for calm deliberation. Finally—"Well, I guess I could spare the time—except I haven't got any authority."

That was another question to dispose of, so the sheriff was consulted. Yes, he'd give Lehman the authority.

"Now if I had a gun ——" he said.

So they thought that over too. At last the matter was decided, and they went to a clothing store where rested the kind of rifle that Lehman liked best. Henry sighted it carefully.

"Guess it'll do," he said. "Where's the cartridges?"

Well, now that was something that the clothing-store man hadn't thought about. He wasn't quite sure that he had any cartridges. But he'd look around. So the search went on, in boxes, in drawers and under the counter.

"How many would you need?" came at last.

"Oh, one or two."

"Well, there ain't any more than that." And the supply was handed forth; to be followed by a new difficulty—a method of pursuit. This was finally decided by volunteers with a wagon. Out of town they went, the wagon, the volunteer drivers and Henry Lehman with his borrowed rifle and his two cartridges—at last to overtake the murderer and at a hundred yards to shout:

"Throw up those hands!"

There was only the reply of a swiftly turning figure, a raised arm, the smoke of a revolver shot—mingled with the cracking of Henry Lehman's rifle, as the murderer fell dead, thus ending the problem of what should be done about the shooting of three people.

"But do you know," said Jack Nankervis, as he told me the story one night in camp, "there was some mighty hard feeling toward Henry over that. A lot of people in Central figured that any man that'd garnishee a fellow's wages ought to get shot!"

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MAN ALONE

(Continued from Page 21)

He had never gone back to Hensbarrow Hill. Here he was, staring at a hollow in the turf and wondering dumbly how the thread of life could be cut with shears and yet go on. His eyes were still streaked with blood. Today the sea was not gray, nor was the tumbling village of Polruan, or the waving line of the houses of Fowey; they were all tinged as if seen through a red veil—the torn veil of the Rag at St. Austell where Maida Rashfell had gone out of life through the Rag.

He looked at his legs and tried to think how it would feel if they, too, were cut off. Thongs were tied about them just above the calf, navvy fashion, to give his knees freer action; now he took them off, stood up and gazed at the ships anchored in the harbor. Money or no money, he would go home. He threw away his billycock hat, stuffed his smock inside his corduroy trousers, tightened his belt and started down the hill.

Three weeks later, from the waist of the Saracen Prince, he was trying to make out Salem and Penn's Grove through the murk of a rainy morning. He had gone away as cabin boy on a windjammer and come back as a stoker on a steamer.

VI

THE train from Camden to Hopetown, even though it had suffered several changes, among them the discarding of gig and gigman, carried him back in more senses than one. While still on shipboard he had been linked to the strange land of his sojourn, gentle to look at, hard to the touch; but now, quite suddenly, a vast curtain of sea and fog seemed to descend between him and the five years of his absence. It did not wipe them out; it set them aside. Just as a pear-shaped blob of molten glass stood for his own childhood and that of the Pine Tree Glassworks, so did granite colored houses against the rounded cliffs of Cornwall merge into a single door, locked upon a finished chapter of the past.

When one awakes from a dream one steps back to where that dream began. It was so with Torquay; he was a child again. He heard himself shout "Ed! Ed!" and watched the amazing confusion resulting from his cry. He saw a look fixed like a straight bar between two people; at one end, himself; at the other, Mega, the dark woman. Looking upon her inscrutable face, his mouth watered with anticipation of delectable food. Lastly he saw himself in the glassworks, half naked, in the glow of the furnace door, or standing in file, waiting for his weekly pay and the hire of his team—a huge sum!

He sank deeper into memory until he became merged with the throbbing dry-lipped moment that stood like a black period at the very end of his hours in the lonely house above the flats. Now he was sitting across the table from his father, whispering the fatal question. Utterly absorbed, drugged with recollection, he felt his chin itch as on that night. He touched his lip with his fingers and looked at them. He was amazed to find them dry; he could not go on with the picture because there was no blood to wipe off and no tablecloth to wipe it on. That lack waked him to the present and to the fact that he was now fully grown and afraid of no man's work.

The thought of the wages he had had from his father, with never a word as to what he should do with the money, made him wince. What a waste the five years of absence had been! It shamed him to think he was going back a pauper. If the newborn Pine Tree plant could pay so generously, what of the great Hetney works which already had endured through three generations? He made up his mind as the train rolled into Glassboro to try there first for a job.

Within an hour he had wormed his way into the holy of holies of the huge shed which sheltered the furnaces. Immediately he was at home, and yet not at home. The methods of the men with the molten glass were practically unchanged, but his eye quickly grasped innovations in other things. Coal as a fuel had been substituted for wood, and the pots which had necessitated alternate spells of furious work and wasteful loafing had given way to the continuous tank. At one end of the tank was the dog house, where the batch was shoveled in; at the other was the glory hole, where it was taken out, melted, without a single interruption from Monday morning to Friday night.

The blowing of bottles differed very little from the turning out of the hollow cylinders intended for sheet glass. He had never made a bottle, but he had often been in the Damon Glassworks, and now he noticed two slight improvements over the ancient practice. In the old days the finishing touch had been to shear the neck while the base of the bottle was still glued to the end of the pontil. Now the bottle was held in a snap while a molded band was added to the neck, and a smooth hollow base had taken the place of the scar caused by the breaking away of the pontil. His hands itched as he watched; the years fell away. What these men were doing he had done and could do again. He filled his lungs with the burnt air; it was as though he had been drowned for a long time and had now come up where he could breathe.

A foreman approached and stood beside him for a moment before he asked, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Torquay Strayton. I don't want anything."

"Turnkey Strayton, eh?"

"Not Turnkey—Torquay."

"Any kin to Thomas at Hopetown?" continued the foreman, his eyes narrowing.

"He's my father, but I haven't seen him for five years."

"What are you?"

It was the question Torquay had been waiting for.

"Glass blower," he answered promptly.

"The hell you are!"

"It's easy enough to find out. Give me a blowing iron and I'll show you."

He displaced one of the men at the furnace; at a wink from the foreman, the gatherer gave the rod an extra twirl.

"Go to hell," said Torquay, pushing him aside. "What do you think I am?"

His lips curved to a smile of scorn. The gatherer had purposely bungled his job and by so doing had given him a chance to start with what he knew best of all. He dripped some of the glass from the iron, rolled the mass deftly on the marver to harden it, thrust it through the glory hole for an added layer, shaped it with a preliminary breath through the blowing iron, and then cast a look at the gatherer.

"Now I hands it to me from you," he sneered.

His hour of watching stood him in good stead; his movements were only imitation, but imitation tuned accurately by a master craftsman to whom molten glass was friend as well as slave. Twirling the mass, he let it lop, looking for impurities on the thinned side, and with his pincers snatched a bit of scum from its incandescent depths. Then he gathered it, expanded it with a breath, set it in the mold, blew it to shape, kicked the release and passed the blowing iron with the bottle attached to the wetter-off.

"I guess you won't learn nothing here that will hurt us much," said the foreman. "You can start with the night shift."

In those days bottles were used almost exclusively for only two things—patent medicines and hard liquor. The medicine flasks took on weird shapes, but none that amused Torquay as much as the quart-size whisky bottles made in the shape of a log cabin, and first put on the market to further the presidential campaigns of William Henry Harrison. The neck stood for a chimney; on the face were molded three windows and a door, and on the steep roof and side were stamped the words, "E. C. Booz's Old Cabin Whisky." So well had the brand been established that the bottles were still being turned out to meet the frequent declaration, "I'll take some Booz."

He was fascinated by the variety of other molds as well; they gave an individuality to glass which windowpanes could never attain. He remembered his father had once hinted at going in for bottles and wondered if the change had yet been made.

The foreman who had given him a job had taken a fancy to him and he was assured of steady work and a rising wage; but without thinking things out, he knew that sooner or later he would go back to the Pine Tree plant. Meanwhile he hung around in off hours, watching the preparation of the batch without seeming to watch, chatting with the test crew, and frequently entering the mold room, where he was occasionally permitted to lend a hand.

But he always drifted back to where the rough stuff was being mixed. The men all liked him, and gradually forgot that he was Thomas Strayton's son. Even if they had remembered it, they would have told him the proportions just the same, for two centuries had passed since certain youths of Strasburg had found it necessary to hide on the roofs of the glassworks of Murano, staking their lives against discovery, in order to steal the secrets by which Venice had held her long monopoly in fancy mirrors. Now every detail of the composition of glass was public property, everything was known that was worth knowing save the undiscovered formula which would make it unbreakable.

"What are you snoopin' around for, Torque?" said the works manager. "Ask me and I'll tell you."

"There's nothing I don't want to know."

"That sounds like a tall order, but in this business it ain't so big as you might think. Glass is seven-tenths silica; you know that much. You mix the sand with soda and lime for window and plate glass; add oxide of lead for crystal; swap your oxide of lead for oxide of tin and you get enamel. When it comes to bottles, it is oxide of iron that does the trick. The cleaner your sand, the better the mix; and the slower the annealing leer, the stronger the glass. It won't stand to be hurried; remember that. When a bottle crushes in your hand, sort of blows up, the glass was cooled outside first and inside last."

"What would make it so it would bend?"

"Bend?" exclaimed the manager with a wide stare.

"Ye-ah. What would make it so you could hit it with a hammer and it wouldn't break?"

"Heat, you fool! Two thousand degrees of heat, and nothin' else!"

Torquay was unabashed; he scuffed his toe into a heap of cullet.

"Some day they'll make it so it won't break."

"Don't get me wrong," said the manager with gentle irony. "I ain't looking to stop anyone from turning their hand to a miracle. But folks has been making glass just like we do for four thousand years or more. Half the world could even forget how to make it any way at all for a thousand years. Then they learned all over again, but nothing that somebody hadn't known before. Think that out."

VII

IN THE old days, from the first of June to the last day in August, the glasshouses used to shut down. But the continuous tank had done away with that. A few weeks later Torquay was on the train again, bound for Hopetown with a full purse. He overheard two fellow passengers talking, but paid no attention to what they were saying until suddenly he realized that the conversation revolved around his father and Mr. Damon.

"The way it ended," one was saying, "Burk let him have the whip, and Tom took hold on the buggy wheel and ripped it off. It fell to pieces, with the spokes rattling to the ground, and the horses took fright and run across the flats. Burk slid out, but he wouldn't leave go the lines, and that's how his face come to get all cut up on the dried sedge. Tom never laid hands on him."

When the train slowed up for the opening of the switch, Torquay dropped off and started toward the house, but a glance at the works brought him to a full stop. The pine tree and the oyster-shell mound were still recognizable, but the old shed had shrunk so that it seemed impossible its roof could ever have bridged the spaces where men whirled huge cylinders of glass at full arms' length. The shed was dwarfed partly by the years that stood between him and his childhood, and partly by the ramshackle additions which made it look like a hub in a wheel.

It was mid-September. The tulip poplars around the house were in black-green leaf and the leprous white scalings on the sycamores shone in the shadows like silver plaques. Sunlight drenched the flats, throwing into dark relief the tumbled mass of sheds and smokestacks clustered around the pine. The submerged river appeared as a narrow gleam, thin as a knife edge, the dividing line between ugliness and beauty. On this side, rutted, stubbled mud; on the other, drooping willows, standing like showers of green water at the edge of the lawns which sloped upward to the back of the Damon house. The house itself was out of sight, masked by century-old trees. Far to the right appeared the cap of a high brick chimney, cut off by a rounded knoll and hanging against the sky as if to mark the hidden location of the Damon Glassworks.

Torquay struck across the flats through an oven of heat. He knew what the plant must be like on such a day, but at least the low eaves promised shade. He passed beneath them and wandered here and there, gradually linking the new to the old. Nobody paid any attention to him. Every man and boy in the place was hollow-eyed and intent only on individual automatic movements. He did not see his father, nor did he ask for him, for already he was absorbed in the discovery that bottles of a most commonplace shape were being blown of molten glass drawn from a continuous tank. He watched the men for a few moments. Presently a blower staggered to one side and leaned against a pillar while he swept the sweat from his face and hair. Torquay, stripped to the waist, stepped forward and took the man's iron.

"It's all right, Ed. Go take a rest."

The man stared at him. His face twitched in the impulse to show amazement, but its muscles were too tired. It was fully a minute before his lips murmured, "Hello, Torque"; and by that time Torquay had taken his place at the glory hole. He caught the rhythm so quickly that the blower's helpers were scarcely aware of a break. Once his swaying limbs had seized the pace, time ceased. He could think of anything he liked; he could plan, and even dream. Half an hour later, two hours later—he could not have told which—he was aware of the presence of his father, standing by as he had stood years ago, waiting this time for the whistle which would blow for the six-o'clock shift.

Although a new vigor crept into his blood, Torquay did not turn his head or change the tempo of his motion. For a moment he stood outside himself, so that it seemed he could look on his own broadened shoulders—all muscle, bone and weight—flexing under the steadily descending glistening film of sweat. He could see how the bare flesh stopped at the waist below the bridging arch of his strong ribs, pinched in by his tightly drawn belt. He could see and

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feel the pillars of his legs, half straddled, holding him firmly in a pose of defiance within the glare of the ring hole.

"He'll never hit me again!" he was thinking. "Let him look—look! He'll never hit me again!"

The whistle blew. He and his father were walking side by side and in silence across the flats. They came into the wide-flung shade of the first sycamore.

"Well, Torque," said his father, straining awkwardly to cloak admiration with a thin veil of humor, "I guess I won't be knocking of you around no more."

"I guess you won't," said Torquay. "I guess I can say what I damn please from now on. I guess I can ask about her that was my mother, Maida, or anyone——"

He reeled from a jolting half blow to his throat that changed speech into a squawk. He whirled. He was facing his father's bloodshot eyes and driving his fist at his father's hairy face. The blood was pounding in his veins, singing a song that lifted, higher and higher. Now they would have it out, here under the tree. Never again! He'd show him! He couldn't hit him any more! Nobody could hit Torquay Strayton! His fingers caught and closed in his father's beard. That was it—hold him with one hand and hit him with the other. Pull, swing and hit!

His wrist was seized in the hot clamp of a merciless grip. He struck with his free fist, and that, too, was caught and held with the downward twist of a giant thumb. He was imprisoned. For an instant he stared into his father's face and was amazed to find it calm—as calm as a huge comber of the sea. Then something happened to his feet. The earth swirled from under them. He was in the air; the weight of his solid body came to nothing. He was a child again—no, a cylinder of glass, whirling in a wide circle at the end of a blowing iron. What if his father's hold should slip? Crash! He struck the ground and bounced like a ball; his head clicked sharply against the bole of the sycamore. The huge comber had broken and he was drowned.

When he came to, the sun was just setting and he was alone with a splitting pain. He put his fingers automatically to his lower lip and then looked at them. They were dry. He passed his hand slowly over his head and stopped it with a wince against a great egg-shaped bump. He raised himself and sat on the ground with his back to the tree for a long time. Presently the light came back into his eyes and his lips began slowly to curve into a smile. He had known strong men all his days, but none the equal of his father. Like a cylinder of glass, whirling in mid-air at the end of a blowing iron, and then—crash!

He got up and went into the house. His father was already seated at the table, but Mega was only now bringing in the supper. She stopped in her stride as she saw the stranger—a great boy with black hair, matted and curled with sweat; dark eyes, alive with fire; swarthy cheeks as smooth as the skin of an olive, but glowing beneath with the red of health and youth. A smudge of black hung on his upper lip and a lighter growth shadowed the oval of his chin. For a moment she stood frowning, then her brows cleared as she regained her habitual poise.

"Good evening, Master Torquay. I'll bring your supper directly."

As she went out to the kitchen, Torquay took his place at the table—the same place where he had been sitting when childhood had come to a sudden end.

"I guess I was wrong," he said pleasantly.

His father nodded. "It never hurts nobody to think they can lick twice their weight and size, no matter how wrong they are," he said after a pause. "Trying's the only way you'll ever find out when you're right."

There was another pause while Mega brought in extra plates and food. Torquay caught her eyes upon him as she stood back from the table, and hungry as he was, he forgot to eat. She appeared not to have aged a day; everything was the same about her. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbows over arms as muscular as a man's. She still wore the same old threadbare cloak of humility over pride of lineage, and the mantle of aloofness still hung like a veil before her eyes. He stared at her, determined to pierce it now or never, adding all the weight of knowledge to the blind insolence of his youth. A moment later he knew he had been beaten again; he dropped his eyes to his plate and began to eat.

"You're a clean bottle blower, Torque, and a fast one. Where did you learn it?"

"I'll tell you if you'll tell me where you got that calabash mold. Don't you know those bottles ain't being made any more?"

"Yes, I know. That's why I could buy the set down at Salem so cheap."

"If they didn't pay you for carrying them away, they weren't cheap."

Thomas waited a long time before answering. His hands, feet and even his head were built heavy; but for upward of fifteen years he had trained his tongue. Looking at his boy, he almost forgot what he wanted to say. Fires were burning inside him that had been banked for many a day—the fires of a concentrated affection. He could slave for his glassworks as no man under the lash had ever pulled at a galley oar; but if there was such a thing as love in the world, he could place it nowhere save on this bear cub of a boy whom he had half killed for a welcome home.

"I know there ain't much of a market for those bottles, and what there is, is dying fast. But I ain't been making them to sell: I been making 'em to learn how."

"Your glass is cleaner than up at the Hetney works," said Torquay quickly, "and they think they make the cleanest glass in West Jersey."

His father nodded again, half in reply to Torquay's words, half in acknowledgment of the information as to where he had acquired his skill.

"Yes," he said, "our glass is clean, and that ain't all. Nothing we've got has cost us a cent. What I mean, Torque, is this: Everything we have—this house here, and the flats and the works and the sand washes—has paid for itself. I mean there isn't anything we couldn't sell for more than I give for it. Even those bottles you think so light of, they come inside the line too. Every one on 'em sells for more than it costs to make it."

Torquay's eyes began to glow. They were not fixed on his father, but were staring through the walls toward the works. The coolness of the house at night, the food, and now his tacit inclusion in the ownership of hard-earned possessions, gave him such a feeling of home-coming as no superficial welcome could have induced. In a moment his father had become more than a huge man of strength; vaguely he seemed to have widened out into a broad hearth with ingle seats, where they could sit and talk.

Grouped around them like blobs of unworked glass were the patched-up works, the primitive sand washes, the rotting house and the ugly flats, all waiting for the blowers' breath and hand.

"Never mind," said Torquay presently. "Whenever you're ready, bring me a sample bottle and I'll make the mold to fit it. We won't ever have to buy no more second-hand molds."

There followed another comfortable silence, and then his father said, "Burk Damon hit me with a whip the other day."

"I know. I heard two men talking on the train."

"What did they say?"

"They told how you ripped the wheel off his buggy, and when he slid out, the sedge stalks cut up his face without your touching him."

"His son, Jake, the boy you had the fight with, is married. It was foolish for him to marry so young."

"Why?"

"Because the Damon Glassworks is built on sand, and we own the sand."

Nothing startling in the way of sudden revolution followed this evening's talk; all the movements of the glassworker are slow; only their results are swift. Torquay went back to his station at the ring hole, choosing the morning shift, from four o'clock to midday. After a long rest at the lunch hour, he would return to the works on his own hook and disappear into a small shed which he had chosen to be the mold room. He acquired a bench and all the necessary tools and set about designing a bottle which should take the place of the old-fashioned trade shape they were then using. Into the wet sand, after many attempts, he traced a fair representation of the tree which in after years was to be known the country over as the emblem of the Pine Tree Glassworks.

Little as he or his father realized it at the time, the first bottle cast in the new mold marked the turning point between manufacturing for a small margin above cost and manufacturing for revenue. The new form did not sell any better than the old, but it drew and held the attention of every buyer who happened upon it. Up to the time of the Civil War, bottles had been largely restricted to two shapes—the flattened oval flask and the calabash, all made of amber or green shades of glass of poor clarity, and most of them sheared at the neck and scarred at the bottom. Into Torquay's bottle went what he had learned at the Hetney plant, added to all his father had worked out for himself through years of experiment in turning out windowpanes without a bubble. The result was a straight-sided transparent container with smoothly molded neck and a pushed-up bottom. What the buyers thought who saw it was that whoever made that bottle could make any other.

Samples began to come in with requests for improvement and estimates on steady shipments. Thomas Strayton was pleased but not stampeded. During years of close contact he had come to know almost as much about the marketing methods of the Damon Glassworks as Burk Damon himself. He knew, among other things, that a variety of customers was of no advantage to a manufacturer. He had formed a shrewd opinion of his own that diversity rather than vainglory had been at the root of William Henry Stiegel's crash almost a century before. Baron Stiegel, they had called him, because of his three cannons, fired to announce his passage from one of his glassworks to another. When Thomas Strayton heard the story it made him spit. He was glad Stiegel had died a pauper.

Things had indeed changed. Better far a few accounts with those who used largely of a single model than many with those who used little or who split their orders into so much of this and so much of that. Every change of molds would stand for a dead loss of time, to say nothing of the greater gaps in profit caused by making up batches to suit individual requirements in color.

Torquay chafed under the restraint; he could not understand the workings of his father's mind, and Thomas Strayton had never been the kind to explain himself easily in words, for the greatest dreamers are those who hide their dreams even from themselves. A silence fell between them as request after request was ignored. Even when the boy had been to the trouble to turn out a mold on the chance that, once it was done, his father could not refuse an out-and-out order, Thomas stood fast against the rage of his son and the pressure of the bewildered prospective purchaser.

"You don't want to do it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

A shrug.

"Name a price, man. You can do that, can't you?"

"I'll name a price for ten thousand gross when you can give the order and back it with cash."

VIII

THAT answer might have meant a lot to Torquay had it not sounded as outrageous to his ears as it did to those of the buyer. He abandoned the mold room in a sulk and went back to the automatic labor of the blowing iron, where weeks spread into months so smoothly that a year divided itself into two equal parts—winter and summer.

He welcomed interruptions which once would have galled him, and smiled on the parties that occasionally came to the works, perhaps after having exhausted the mysteries of the Damon plant. As for the children of the locality, including himself in what seemed now a far-off day, there was scarcely one of them who had not some friend among the blowers willing to steal a moment to make those two great prizes, glass balls and flip-flaps.

The balls were merely spheres, as iridescent, thin and fragile as a soap bubble, something to be borne with many tremors on the palm of an outstretched hand in the hope, which was generally vain, that it might be carried home intact. The flip-flaps were still more to be desired. They consisted of a hollow stem attached to a globe of glass so thin that its bottom could be made to flip in and out by just the right quantity of breath, producing a lugubrious sound. Torquay descended so far as sometimes to waste a moment in the making of these toys. But a day came when his father called him aside, handed him a sample bottle and asked him to design a mold.

"Somebody that wants ten thousand gross?" asked Torquay.

"No," said Thomas; "not yet."

Then Torquay looked at the bottle.

"Why, that's Damon glass!"

"Yes; it's Damon glass right enough. They crowded him out on an order. They don't know he's going to need three times as much in a month as he ever bought in a year."

It was the entering wedge. Inside six months the flames of competition, which had been smoldering in unseen depths ever since Burk Damon had paid his first visit to the oyster-shell mound, were to flare high in the sky, open to anybody's view, between the lone pine tree and the great chimney stack of the Damon Glassworks. To look at Strayton's ramshackle sheds, and then to cross the river, climb the knoll and gaze down on the imposing Damon plant, was to jeer at the thought that such a David could make mock of so established a Goliath; but there were two men who knew the truth.

For years Thomas Strayton had possessed the sling which could have laid Burk Damon low, and for years he had withheld his hand. He had not spared his enemy through any impulse of generosity or even of fair play, but through a shrewdness colossal in its patience. The selling of sand was a profitable business and Damon his best customer. It would not have paid him any sooner to raise his prices or cut down deliveries, for had he forced his rival to the wall he would have imperiled the very foundations of his own enterprise. But now things were different. The railways had made it possible to reach two or three other factories and his own works were prepared to use an increased amount of sand.

The pits he owned became a great forceps wherewith he might squeeze one customer at a time out of the Damon following and yet let the Damon works live on a profitable though steadily declining basis. That they could so live only by buying such sand as Strayton was willing to supply was gall and wormwood to Burk Damon, but there was no way out. He had to keep going. Just as long as he could get enough sand to meet his orders without going into bankruptcy, he had to run his works even though he knew he was walking the path of a slow death with torture.

He began to spend money lavishly on borings on every bit of unencumbered land that showed the slightest traces of silica. He supplied the funds for more than one farmer to attack Strayton's titles in the courts. He bribed another to sell him rights which had already been disposed of, set his own gangs to work and took out sand in

(Continued on Page 43)

So the public may know

There are two kinds of automobile bodies. One is a wooden framework covered by a shell of metal. The other is a single unit of solid steel. A few years ago wood served the purpose well. Cars were fewer then. So were accidents. Today 19,000,000 cars crowd the roads. Today the automobile must do more than shelter its occupants from the weather. It must guard their lives in case of accident. Only the strength of all-steel can give this kind of protection.

Put the strength of all-steel between you and the risks of the road

EVERY MOTORIST should recognize this fact—he may never have an accident, he may have one tomorrow. If an accident happens, it is his right to have the protection of the all-steel body—the greatest protection ever devised for those who ride in motor cars.

Outwardly, both types of bodies in use today appear to be metal. Many a buyer, therefore, thinks he is getting an all-steel body when really he is getting a body of wood covered by a metal shell.

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A Budd Body is lighter, stronger and slower to depreciate. It is more beautiful both in the gracefulness of its lines and in its finish—whether paint, lacquer or enamel is used. It is the modern body for the modern motor car—made from the modern metal, steel. See that your next car brings you and yours all-steel protection. Demand it! It is your right.

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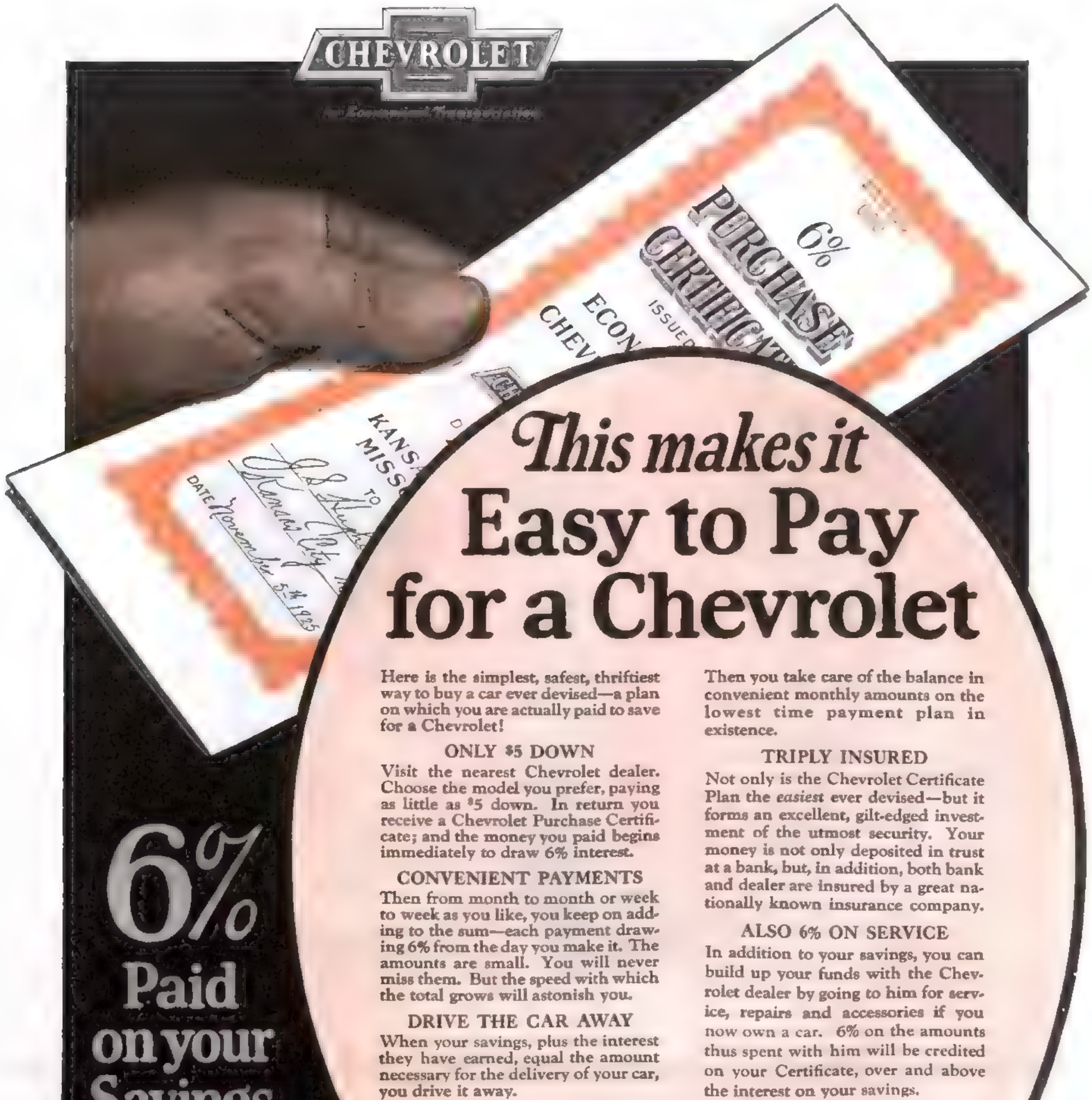

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Visit the nearest Chevrolet dealer. Choose the model you prefer, paying as little as $5 down. In return you receive a Chevrolet Purchase Certificate; and the money you paid begins immediately to draw 6% interest.

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Then from month to month or week to week as you like, you keep on adding to the sum—each payment drawing 6% from the day you make it. The amounts are small. You will never miss them. But the speed with which the total grows will astonish you.

DRIVE THE CAR AWAY

When your savings, plus the interest they have earned, equal the amount necessary for the delivery of your car, you drive it away.

Then you take care of the balance in convenient monthly amounts on the lowest time payment plan in existence.

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Not only is the Chevrolet Certificate Plan the *easiest* ever devised—but it forms an excellent, gilt-edged investment of the utmost security. Your money is not only deposited in trust at a bank, but, in addition, both bank and dealer are insured by a great nationally known insurance company.

ALSO 6% ON SERVICE

In addition to your savings, you can build up your funds with the Chevrolet dealer by going to him for service, repairs and accessories if you now own a car. 6% on the amounts thus spent with him will be credited on your Certificate, over and above the interest on your savings.

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Thousands of people have bought Chevrolets on the Certificate Plan. Thousands more want the quality features which Chevrolet offers—its modern chassis, roomy streamline bodies in colorful lasting Duco finish, its ample power, its certainty and economy of operation.

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Roadster	525	Commercial Chassis	425
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ALL PRICES F. O. B. FLINT, MICHIGAN

QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 40)

the face of injunctions and a suit for damages. That was his greatest coup, for Strayton could recover only the market price of the sand added to the costs of the action. At last he discovered a sand bank of excellent quality and promptly committed the great error of his life. He broke openly and finally with Thomas Strayton.

The aristocratic portion of the community applauded, seeing only his present victory, and never scenting ultimate defeat. For three years it had watched the battle rage with steadily ascending interest. The Damons stood for everything that was best and most cultured in Hopetown, while Strayton was worse than an upstart. He had come from nowhere, carrying a child who must have had the most temporary of mothers. He was an Ishmaelite, a scoffer and a slave driver. His whole establishment was a blot on the landscape and he was credited with living with a colored woman popularly supposed to be possessed of the evil eye and certainly as vicious a creature as the local housewives had ever attempted in vain to subdue.

To gather all the implications of this picture one should catch at least a glimpse of the background against which it was projected. Well over two hundred years before, the Hooker Company had come to New England, and some of its members, finding the climate too rigorous, had scattered. Many migrated to what is now known as Southern New Jersey and founded the ancient hamlet of Deerfield Street. A far smaller and wiser number had settled in Hopetown, destined in the course of time to become a city. This parent stock was still in the ascendancy when the shadow of Thomas Strayton first fell across Burk Damon's path, and never did hierarchy reign with a heavier hand.

Its men were as stalwart a combination of virtues and vices as ever graced an urban setting. They not only founded churches but went to them with the regularity of the calendar—and paid their midwives with twelve bushels of corn to every gallon of rum. They built lovely homes and met for games of hazard in places of far less attraction. They counted it a sin to eat hot food or even to take a walk on Sunday, but swore like troopers and drank like the sands of the desert during the rest of the week. Greatest of all their feats, they fooled their wives through generations into thinking they led immaculate lives. Incidentally, they established schools of such excellence that at certain seasons the steamboats from Philadelphia and the stagecoaches that plied down the Burlington Pike, or dragged their way up the Babylon road from Salem, were laden with young ladies bearing introductions which would admit them to the first families and give them a chance to partake of the exceptional schooling.

Even after the Civil War, and coincident with Torquay's return, there was such a cleavage between those who considered themselves to the manner born and lesser folk that shopkeepers, menials and laborers were as subservient as the bootlicking counter jumpers of the Old World, and bowed blindly to the domineering ways of their self-constituted betters. It was easy to be a pariah in such a community, and as a matter of fact, the pariahs were rapidly becoming an overwhelming majority, with Thomas Strayton as their uncrowned king.

As a consequence, it was scarcely strange that Torquay should have grown to be twenty-three without ever suspecting he was an outcast. He knew that the well-dressed sight-seers who came to his father's works were as one to a hundred who visited the Damon plant; but he thought it only natural, because the Pine Tree Glassworks were altogether such a scurvy-looking affair. Also it so chanced he had lived his whole life within the element that met him on equal terms; and if on his rare visits to the shopping district of the town, he noticed at all the beruffled and hoity-toity misses or the more severe ladies of the elect, it was merely to reflect that they were nothing but women and uniformly black inside.

Only twice during the years since his return had he come face to face with the younger Damon. On the first of these occasions he had said, "Hello, Jake," and received a level stare for his pains. On the second, in Striker's drug and cigar store, which the war had democratized into a general meeting place, he had spit in such a way as to force Jake to move his foot very suddenly. Torquay did not connect these skirmishes with social complications. He had spoken to Jake in a friendly manner and Jake had preferred to perpetuate their boyhood quarrel. When he spit at Jake's foot he was only serving notice that the challenge was accepted. There were loafers who might have enlightened him as to his relative position in the regard of the dominant public, but fortunately Torquay had little time for loitering or loiterers.

Root, branch and tendril, he was absorbed in the Pine Tree plant. So genuine was his devotion to the manipulation of glass that it set him definitely apart from those who make things only for money, and gave him the stamp as well as the unconscious dignity of the artisan. And yet his nature had no room for even a touch of the æsthetic. He cared for thoroughness, not for beauty; and valued an ounce of utility against a pound of art for art's sake. Inside him was a dream that he might some day discover the formula for unbreakable glass. This inner vision was his heel of Achilles, his one soft spot; but it was buried in his own soul and protected under a surface as tight and hard as the bark on a young hickory. For his age, he was exceptionally cool, level-headed and farseeing. His father never hesitated to give him free rein in any trade; but when Torquay protested bitterly against the cheap patchwork of the sheds which were going up to take care of the constantly increasing flow of orders, Thomas stepped out for a moment from the shadow of his habitual silence.

"Why, Torque, we ain't going to be here always."

"What do you mean? We've been here always already."

"What I mean," explained his father darkly, "is that it's better to have money in the bank than in bricks and mortar you can't move. Never you mind about these sheds. They'll serve out their turn and more."

The discovery of a sand wash by the Damons had brought about more than a lull in the war between the two glassworks; it had severed them completely. No longer did Strayton's wagons converge on the bridge from three directions, cross it and wind around the hill to deposit their sand in the bins beneath the distant chimney stack. Instead they stopped at the railway station, or came on to heap their loads on the Pine Tree pile, or even stayed at home, releasing their crews for more urgent duties at the works.

With the Damon people limited to the sand they could mine themselves, and forced to stint their clients, Strayton stood on velvet. For every dollar he was losing from the stoppage of his old trade, five would come in as long as his restricted equipment could take care of the customers he chose to accept.

To all outward appearance, there was peace in Hopetown; but in reality it was the tense quiet of a death struggle. Men laughed, joked and went about their affairs as usual only because they could not make themselves believe that the one industrial giant and pride of the town was tottering to a crash. There were a few who knew, and who had gone to the verge of straining their own financial backs in order to save Damon. They had even gone so far as to attempt to dicker with Strayton's skilled and unskilled labor, and there they had come up against a force so new in their experience that it had no name.

Strayton's workmen did not love him; they even suspected that his triumph would mean harder conditions in many ways for themselves; and yet they stuck to him and to one another like leeches. They made more than a mock of the efforts to dislodge them. Far from yielding, they worked as never before in their lives. Victory for the long-despised Pine Tree Glassworks hung on stretching its ramshackle resources to far beyond their normal capacity, and they bent their backs to do it. Gatherer, blower, wetter-off and taker-in not only smelled out the crux of the struggle, but for some obscure reason each promptly adopted the battle as his own, and when men forget the love of pay and work for the love of fighting, God help the big battalions.

To Torquay, swaying rhythmically hour after hour in the glare of the ring hole, the days seemed to flow into the molten glass of the continuous tanks with the evenness of a tideless river. One year swallowed another, for the monotony of idleness is a sloth while the monotony of action is swift as the hunting leopard. His muscles, settling into the strength of full-blown manhood, never faltered; but there were times when his mind toyed with revolt. While he was standing with feet anchored, the days were flowing away. Where were they going? How far behind were they leaving him? If he should run around to the dog house and dive into the other end of the tank, he could be blown into bottles and shipped away by train; but he would never catch up with even the most laggard of these passing days!

Turning from fancy, he looked up and saw a vision of another sort. Two children were standing entranced, staring at his naked torso and his heaving ribs. One was a girl of five with fluffed-out skirts and a blue sash; the other was a boy a year or two younger in velvet pants and a white shirt waist. There was something familiar to Torquay in his eyes and in the formation of his chin. Between the children was a nursemaid, holding a hand of each. Torquay glanced up at her. He forgot the plastic glass at the end of his blowing iron. It flopped to one side, then downward; gathered weight, and presently shot to the floor with a wet thud instantly followed by the tiny cracklings of burning dust. The children cried out with delight and jumped up and down. His own crew gaped at him, amazed, while a neighboring blower, casting a look over his shoulder, laughed derisively.

"Oh, go to hell," retorted Torquay to the jeering laugh.

The nursemaid had started to lead the children away; now she turned swiftly and stood transfixed, staring at him intently. She had pale yellow hair done in small braids and wound about her head in such a manner as to show beneath the rim of her bonnet. Her eyes were deep blue, and just now absurdly round and wide, two dark pits in the vacant pallor of her face. It was a queer face to look at; not ugly, but pinched and small, as if childhood had been too suddenly snatched away, leaving some of itself behind. Her mouth hung half open, then suddenly closed with a click of even teeth. She swallowed nervously, and Torquay could see the ripple pass down her white throat like a falling shadow. Her lips moved as if they were about to speak, but he forestalled her.

"Yes," he said, with an impudent grin, "that's what I said to your mother."

Her face flushed red for an instant and then broke into a shower of smiles, only to clear and settle down to gravity before she murmured rapidly, "I thought it was you, and then I thought it wasn't; but when you said that, of course I knew."

"Ask him for a flip-flap, Janie," cried the little girl in a loud whisper, and her brother added his demand, "Make him give me a flip-flap, Janie."

Torquay, looking boldly at Janie, paid no attention to the children; but she dared not ignore them.

"It was they made me come here," she explained. "They're tired of their gran'-daddy's works and I guess his place is tired of them. Could you make them a flip-flap? If you don't they'll yell."

(Continued on Page 45)

The old-fashioned flavor

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LINOLEUM AND FLOORTEX (FELT BASE) IN ROLLS AND RUGS
OILCLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS AND BUILDING BLOCKS

(Continued from Page 43)

Torquay continued his bold stare until her face flamed again as red as the ring hole; then he said shortly, "Let 'em yell their heads off."

There was an instant of incredulous silence before two shrill shrieks pierced the air:

"I want a flip-flap!"

"Me too!"

Janie's face grew as old as her years, and thoroughly efficient. She stooped swiftly, gathered one child under each arm and carried them, squalling and kicking, out of the shed and away. Torquay turned back to his work, his jaws set, his brows gathered in a frown. There were ribald cries of "Who's the lady, Torque? Who's the mother of your kids?" He paid no heed except to curse his helpers into swifter action, striving to regain the automatic rhythm that would let him think at his ease.

IX

SOMEHOW, in a moment, the days had stopped streaming past him; and instead they were banking up, flowing backward with a rush to the sources of time.

The great brick house at Babylon rose before his eyes, not deserted as he had last seen it, but with a woman looking out from the kitchen door, children gathered about her, and this same Janie clinging to her skirts. He could hear the woman's voice floating on the still morning air: "You're a bad man—an evil man. You have sold your child to the devil."

There followed the memory of his father and the apples, quite suddenly, as if his father had found the apples while still in sight of the house. He saw him break one in two, black at the core; crush another, a bright red shell around a mass of rotten pulp; smash still another on the top rail of the fence with his fist, but that one had broken into glittering bits of clear white flesh. He could see even now the dark stain its juices had made on the dry gray wood.

"You never can tell till you've busted 'em, mashed 'em up into little pieces."

Before he knew it, the whistle was blowing for the midday shift. After his dinner he tried to sleep and then to read, but in vain. A fever was in his blood. The printed words would not stay on the page; the more he looked at them, the more they ran off to reappear on the gummy pages of the primers and readers of a dozen musty country schools. He saw whole sentences he had long since forgotten, and heard over and over again a cry just out of the reach of recollection. He strained his ears to catch its phrases, but only when he abandoned the effort did they come to him quite suddenly. He could hear them now, and even see them:

"Oh! Oh! I know who you are! You said that to my mother!"

He got up from the bed, where he had been lying on his back, staring at the ceiling, and paced up and down the small room. Presently he went idly to the open window and looked out. He drew himself quickly to one side and stood listening intently. His father and Burk Damon were walking about under the poplars behind the house. He could not quite make out what they were saying; but he had seen a queer slump to Mr. Damon's shoulders and had caught a note in his voice that trembled between desperation and anger, as if he were barely controlling his temper, guiding it along a knife-edge ridge, destruction on either side.

Then, quite sharply: "I tell you it's robbery! It's been highway robbery from the start!"

"If that was so," rumbled his father, "you could take it to the courts. Much luck you've had of 'em! It's not been robbery. It's been work and common sense; that's what it's been. You owned a sand wash forty years ago and ran it down to water. Did that teach you to go out and buy? No, it didn't. You were too lazy; you turned the wrong way and took to contracting. And when you struck a rotten little bank along two years ago you were so dumb blind you thought it was going to last forever. No; I should say I don't want a partnership. Torque is all the partner I need. If you can find any fool big enough to buy without seeing me first, go to it. If you can't, take my price or leave it."

"Mr. Strayton"—that name rang strangely in Torquay's ears; he had scarcely ever heard it before—"Mr. Strayton, I've got a wife and a son and two grandchildren ——"

"Yes, you've got all that," interrupted Thomas quickly, "and book learning and fancy blood and the respect of the town and shut-in pews and friends that spit inside their brains when they see the likes of Torque and me and my workmen walk by. You've got all that, and what have we got? I'll tell you: We've got the dirty end of every stick but one, and its name is the Pine Tree Glassworks."

"Tom—Mr. Strayton ——"

"I'm through with talking."

The voices passed out of hearing. Torquay waited, but they did not come back. He leaned out of the window, looked around, and then crossed to the other side of the house. He saw his father and Mr. Damon already far down the railway track, walking toward the town. That evening he ate his supper alone, sat around for a while and then went down to the works. He passed from one shed to another, staring around, and thinking back to the day when his father had said, "Never you mind about these sheds; they'll serve out their turn, and more." He went into the mold room and looked at an uncompleted bit of work, but was too restless to set his hand to finishing it. The blowing iron was the thing. He took off his coat and spelled one of the men at the ring hole. He caught the rhythm and held it for an hour; then a strange thing happened. The rhythm fitted itself to a song:

"I thought it was you, and then I thought it wasn't; but when you said that, of course I knew."

He left the iron standing upright from a mold, picked up his coat, stepped out under the starlit sky, stood for a moment and then started for the house.

When he was scarcely halfway across the flats, something in the pit of blackness beneath the sycamores caught his eye. It was like a huge white moth. It fluttered toward the house as if drawn by the light shining from the dining-room window, and then fluttered back again, to sink with folded wings beside the tree trunk against which he had all but cracked his skull on the day he had thought himself a match for his father's strength.

He quickened his pace until he came near to the tree; then slowed down and approached cautiously. The white object had not moved again, and it was so slumped into itself that it had no distinguishable form. He drew closer still and stopped; he had made out a woman's flimsy summer dress. It was Janie, with her head hidden in her arms and her thin back shaking to dry sobs. His hands grew clammy and sweat sprang out on his forehead; but before he had time to name the fear that was in him he had called out sharply, "What are you doing here, and what are you crying about?"

She sprang to her feet and started to run; but he caught her arm and whirled her around.

"Let me go!"

"No, I'll not let you go. What are you crying about?"

"I'm—I'm not crying."

"You were. I heard you."

"I didn't know about them hating your father."

"What do you mean?" He shook her. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh, please, please don't shake me! I'll—I'll tell you everything. That's what I came for."

He let go her arm and stood beside her while she dried her eyes on a loose bit of her sleeve.

"Those were Jake Damon's children I had with me down at your works. They squalled all the way home because you wouldn't make them flip-flaps. They told where we'd been and about me talking to you. That's when I began to know something was the matter, because everybody shut up, even the children, and looked at me so funny. When Mr. Jake came in and heard about us coming down here, he turned as white as paper and said any nursemaid that was on speaking terms with Torque Strayton wasn't fit to wash dishes, let alone children. Are you Torquay Strayton?"

"Yes. And who are you?"

"I'm Janie Tilwell. I started to tell them I'd known you since you were a little boy, ever since you came into our kitchen at Babylon to get washed and fed, and how we'd been to school together—only for one day, but we'd been to school together—and then I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because I remembered about mother and how she said your father was a bad man, an evil man, and had sold his child to the devil."

"She lied. I guess my father's as good a man as they make and a damn sight better than any black-hearted woman."

"Oh!"

Janie drew back and turned her head as if planning vaguely to escape.

"Aw, go on," said Torquay. "I didn't mean nothing, only you leave my father alone."

"I guess that's right. You wouldn't be good for much if you didn't stick up for your own father."

"What did they do to you?"

"Mr. Jake pushed me out of the door, and when I tried to run back to get my things, he slammed it shut and locked it."

"Why didn't you go home and tell your folks?"

"It's a long way for me to go home."

"Further than Babylon?"

"Oh, yes; much, much further. My father had the Babylon farm on shares; he never owned it, and he never took any good out of it, not even enough to feed and clothe us. They've all gone away, somewhere I've never been. They left me behind because I had the promise of a place at the Damons'."

Torquay's eyes had grown so accustomed to the dark that he could see her face quite clearly. He remembered how that morning it had broken into a shower of smiles and he thought now that it could surely never do that again, it looked so drawn into a tight knot. They were standing close together as they talked. When she paused it was not that she had no more to say but because her eyes had filled suddenly to the thought that his face was the most beautiful she had ever seen. Not soft beauty like the pink that goes with babies, but the beauty of a rock with dark shadows lying on it. It was hard and it frightened her; if it should come alive there was nothing it might not do to her. Now she knew she must run, no matter where. She drew a deep breath and took a step backward, but Torquay's hands shot out and caught her wrists. They were so thin that by tightening his fingers he could have broken them.

"Well," he asked quietly, "why did you come here?"

The level tone of his voice reassured her, even though she thought she could feel the blood beating quickly in his hands; but perhaps that was only her own racing pulse. She hesitated for a moment just the same before she whispered, "Because if you'd only made the flip-flaps it would never have happened. The children knew well enough they were doing wrong to go to your works, but I didn't. If they'd got what they wanted they'd never have opened their mouths."

"I see. So it was me lost you your job?"

"Oh, no, no! Don't say it like that! I just had to tell someone. I was frightened. I didn't know where to go or what to do. I didn't know anybody in this place—only out in the country, and it was already dark. Even coming here I was afraid. I would never have called you out. If you hadn't come I would have lain under the tree until the morning and then I'd have gone away."

His brows drew into a knot and his eyes began to smolder as if the slow fires inside him were about to burst into flame. Unconsciously he tightened his hold on her wrists.

"Let me go!" she whispered, panic-stricken, struggling to free her hands.

He released her so suddenly that freedom stunned her, and she stood looking at him stupidly, too dazed to run.

"You got no call to be afraid of me," he sneered.

"Don't be angry," she begged. She came close to him and laid her hand hesitatingly on his arm. "You see, I'm not afraid, only please don't hold me."

"Come with me," he said, shaking off her hand and starting toward the house.

She followed slowly, but stopped at the foot of the steps.

"Where are you going? What do you want me to do?"

He turned and looked down at her.

"I'm going to give you a room to sleep. In the morning leave it to me to get your things and any pay that's coming to you."

"Oh, Torque, I don't dare! My knees are beating against each other so I can hardly walk."

"All right then, go to hell."

He started on and threw open the door.

"Torque!" she gasped. "Please!"

He waited for her and they entered the house together. A beam of light struck into the hall from the dining room, and at its other end he could see his father's broad back, bent over the table. He started up the stairs noisily.

"Is that you, Torque?"

"Yes," he called back.

"Come here. I got something to tell you."

"In a minute," he answered, keeping on. Janie followed him as silent as a shadow. He glanced over his shoulder and asked loudly, "What are you keeping so quiet for?"

"What's that?" called his father. "I didn't hear it. You come here."

Janie sank against the wall, one hand at her breast, and looked up pleadingly at Torquay. Her eyes had grown enormous, lighting up her face and giving it an unexpected beauty. Her full lips were parted and trembled with tiny vibrations as if they were terrified lest they utter a cry. He shrugged his shoulders and walked on.

It was an old house. At the top of the first flight of stairs there was a platform leading off on the right to his father's room. Beyond the platform there were four steep steps and a door which opened on a narrow hall, with his own bedroom just within it. He went in, lit the lamp and opened the window at the top. When he turned he saw Janie had followed and was standing in the

narrow hall, watching him. He took the key from the bedroom door and handed it to her.

"Go in," he said, "and lock the door after you."

"All right," she whispered.

"I'll wait here till I hear you lock it, and mind you don't open it before morning."

"Why?" she stammered. She was trembling violently; tears welled over her eyelids and splashed down her cheeks. "Torque, if it was just you, I wouldn't be afraid—really I wouldn't."

He pushed her into the room and listened until he heard the key turn; then he went down to his father. Thomas was standing by the table, staring toward the hall.

"Who were you talking to? Who's that you've got up in your room?"

"The Damons' nursemaid."

Clouds swept across Thomas Strayton's face. His bushy eyebrows twitched as if someone were pulling the individual hairs. Sparks seemed to snap in his deep-set eyes and his beard moved forward in a mass with the thrust of his lower jaw. Then his whole aspect changed, crumbling into a vacuous expression under the impact of the colossal coolness of his son.

"Your face looks funny," said Torquay, moving toward the table. "What was it you wanted to tell me?"

Thomas put up his hand and pushed the mat of tangled hair from his forehead.

"Oh, nothing much," he said with a short laugh, "coming after your bit of news. I've bought the Damon Glassworks—that's all."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ENGLAND SEES DAYLIGHT

(Continued from Page 5)

New York, Berlin and Paris, which were not laboring under a similar handicap.

The return to the gold standard and the restoration of the pound to parity—it was a case of the sovereign come home from war—caused a bitter controversy. The opponents of restoration maintained that it brought about deflation of wages and prices; that it made the bank rate too high and penalized trade. Its supporters contended that prosperity can only be permanent with a fixed money and that while it put a premium on exports it was an aid to imports.

So much for the general picture. You will get a more intimate insight into the England that has been passing through the valley of near-despondency now when we analyze the major activities in detail. Most of them vitally affect our interests, because, whether it is coal, steel, machinery, oil or merchandise, the British commodity is in competition with ours somewhere in the world.

We shall begin with coal, Britain's foremost natural product and the backbone of her one-time economic might at home and abroad. Today it is literally the blackest spot in the whole industrial picture. All England agrees that this vital national asset has become a distinct liability, because it is the plaything of politics, the target of incessant attack, and, in the light of recent events, the one certain source of unrest and loss. Here is a state of affairs with which we can readily sympathize, because we are not without coal troubles of our own.

It is almost a waste of time and space to explain at this late day why coal occupies such a premier and strategic position in England. One detail will suffice, because it bears directly upon the situation. For decades British ships went out loaded with coal and came back with their holds filled with raw material. They had a cargo both ways.

A Stepping-Stone for the Radicals

Prior to the World War, coal, as a disturber of social, industrial and political traffic, was negligible, although as far back as 1912 the first abortive effort was made to wrest the industry from private enterprise. At the high tide of hostilities the South Wales miners went on strike because the owners refused an increase in wages, and the government took over the mines. Now commenced the expensive partnership between the national treasury and the coal worker that has gone on intermittently ever since and which culminated in the huge subsidy of last summer.

With decontrol began the succession of events which have played havoc with the industry and brought it to its present unhappy plight. Two distinct factors contributed. One has been the fact that the radical elements have come to regard coal as the first stepping-stone to power. They look upon it as a social and not an economic problem—the usual error into which most ignorant and misguided uplifters fall. They believe that nationalization of the mines is the one and only panacea, with the result that every miner who loses his job for some legitimate reason becomes a willing recruit to the red cause. Coal is therefore the battleground of the class war

But this purely political aspect is the least of the complications, once you get down to brass tacks. Analyze the economics of the industry and you uncover a maze of antiquated method, cross purpose, duplication of effort, lack of coördination, high cost of production, and—what is most important of all—a tremendous decline both in output and in business. If ever an industry got into the dumps, it is British coal. The reasons for this condition are not difficult to discover.

King Coal's Dilemma

In the first place the superseding of coal by oil for fuel on land and sea put the first dent into the industry. Hydro-electric power, or white coal, especially on the European Continent, gave it another jolt. Reparation coal, which became a drug on the market in France, also aided in the decline of British prestige. There remained England's markets in Scandinavia, Spain and South America, but these also have declined, as the immense slump in export shows.

Here are the figures: In 1923 England shipped out 79,500,000 long tons, while in 1924 these exports had shrunk to 61,651,000 tons. On the basis of the business done during three-fourths of 1925, the exports for the year have declined to nearly half of normal. Moreover the price of exported coal has gone from twenty-five shillings fourpence a ton in 1923 to twenty shillings fivepence a ton in 1925.

Ever since 1920, when depression gripped British heavy industry, only a succession of fortuitous circumstances has staved off disaster for coal.

After the strike in 1921, industry had to renew its depleted stocks. During the following year our coal strike was the ill wind that blew good for the British coal owner. Then came the French occupation of the Ruhr, which gave still another lease on life. It was not until the first six months of 1925 that the true position of the industry was revealed.

The trouble lies mainly with the worker. In 1913 the output per person employed in the mines was 260 tons. In 1924, with 250,000 more men employed than before the war, it had fallen to 220 tons, and this ratio still obtains.

On the cost side you have a corresponding expansion of wages. To illustrate: Wage costs average more than 72 per cent of the price of producing a ton of coal, while wages generally are 94 per cent higher than those paid in 1913. Other costs of production, principally taxes and social service, as well as royalties, have doubled.

Observe German coal mining for a moment and you discover that wage costs on a ton of coal are about 50 per cent of the cost of a ton of production. Germany is England's principal competitor. In this discrepancy between costs you readily understand why England's export trade is slipping.

The high cost of production, with a lowered output, is bad enough, but a seven-hour day is also in operation. This means an average of only five and a half hours of work at the coal vein. Various British coal-mine owners told me that the seven-hour day has increased rather than decreased the cost of output. They maintain that with a return to the eight-hour day a saving of approximately two shillings a ton—fifty cents—will be achieved. This would enable them to meet Continental competition successfully.

All the fault is not with the workers, although they have labored overtime—it represents their chief effort—to complicate the industry. For one thing, the industry is too widespread. Britain's 3000 coal mines are mostly scattered. Many of the fields practically have been worked out. This adds to operating costs. Other mines have almost inaccessible veins. One big defect in the entire industry is that operation is archaic. Only 19 per cent of British coal is cut by machinery, which is much less than in Germany, where the latest mechanical devices are employed. You will later on discover that this same situation exists to a lesser extent in British industry as well.

One obstacle to the standardization of coal is the lack of coördination. There are too many owners. The 3000 mines are owned by something more than 1000 companies or individuals. Many of the latter operate on a royalty basis, which means that each mine must be operated independently and often when the demand scarcely justifies it. Tremendous economies could be wrought both in production and distribution through the grouping of collieries and the limitation of output. The trouble is that many of the proprietors who inherited their properties are convinced that the good old way suffices. Hence they stand pat against the very agencies that would help them. To sum up, the British coal industry has practically gone back to where it was twenty years ago.

The National Pocketbook

This state of affairs became gradually worse as the year 1925 sped along. Exports continued to shrink, and home consumption declined, while output kept on until nearly 10,000,000 tons of coal piled up at the pit head. The market was glutted. During the twelve months ending with last June the operators were barely able to meet production costs. Whereas 85 per cent of the owners showed credit balances in May, 1924, a year later considerably more than half of them, producing 60 per cent of the total output, had balances on the wrong side of the ledger. The situation reached the point where most of the tonnage was produced at a loss.

The owners decided that the only agency that could save the industry was a reduced production cost. A wage cut was the first step, and the announcement brought about a new crisis in coal.

To get at the basic facts we must go back a little. In June, 1924, the operators and workers entered into an agreement that, to quote the official British statement, "wages in each district should be determined by the assignment to wages of approximately 87 per cent of the proceeds of the industry in that district after deduction of costs other than wages." The operation of this principle was to be subject to the provision that in no circumstances were wages to be reduced below a level represented by current

(Continued on Page 48)

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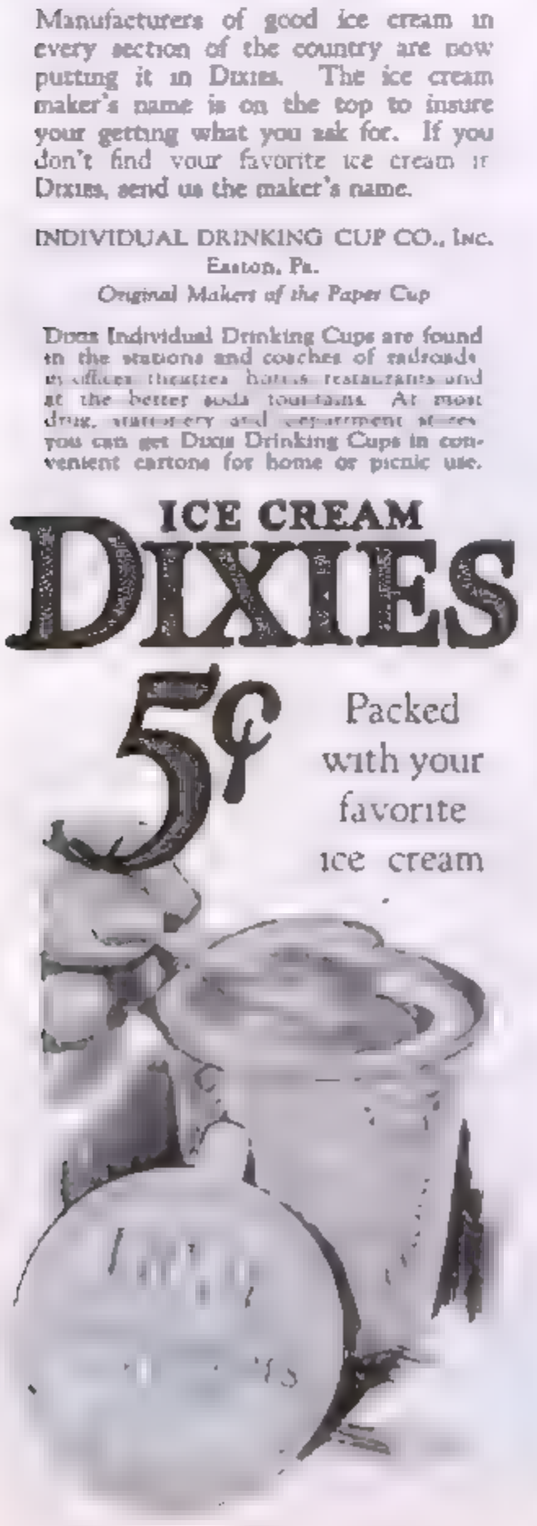

A NEW YEAR'S TIP

For a pleasant, smooth and
non-stop journey through 1926,
drive an **OLDSMOBILE**
SIX

(Continued from Page 46)

basic rates, plus the percentage additions to basic rates that were in operation in the several districts in July, 1914, plus an addition of 33⅓ per cent to the total. This rate of wages is called the minimum. In all instances this established a wage from 80 to 94 per cent higher than the rate received before the war.

The coal business was so bad that wages in every district were on the minimum. On June thirtieth last stagnation became so fixed that the mine owners gave notice that on July first they would abrogate their agreement and make new proposals. In these they refused to pay the minimum and announced that henceforth the scale must be fixed by districts and depend upon the varying economic circumstances. They also intimated that if the seven-hour day could be abrogated more satisfactory wage terms might be offered.

At once the Miners' Federation was up in arms, and likewise their comrades in all the other important productive activities. The proposed wage cut was the first of a series to reduce production costs in the key industries throughout Great Britain. The miners' organization is part of the so-called big three, which also includes the transport and the dock workers' unions. For years they have acted as a unit. By consolidating their interests they are capable of bringing about a general strike that would paralyze the whole country. This was the threat that they now held over the head of England. Consternation, not unmixed with panic, reigned.

Though the great mass of the population outside of the big three had no sympathy with this kind of strong-arm procedure, especially at a time when the country was struggling hard to lift itself out of depression, it was generally felt that if the coal miners provoked a general strike a great disaster was at hand. Pressure was at once brought to bear upon the government to find some avenue out. In such instances there seems to be only one way, and that through the agency of the national pocketbook. This means that eventually the taxpayer foots the bill.

A Subsidy to Avert a Strike

In consequence the government decided to subsidize the coal industry with a sum not to exceed £24,000,000, of which £10,000,000 was to be available from the beginning of the agreement. This money is being used to fill the gap between the level of wages provided by the minimum provisions of the national wage agreement of 1924 and the lower level which would result from the colliery owners' proposals of July first. In other words, England has obligated herself to pay approximately $120,000,000 to stave off a general strike.

In addition to the subsidy, the government has undertaken an exhaustive coal inquiry through a royal commission, of which the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel, former high commissioner in Palestine, is chairman. It includes Sir William H. Beveridge, a well-known authority on labor; Gen. Sir Herbert Lawrence, a distinguished soldier-banker; and Kenneth Lee, who is an eminent cotton authority. This commission is now engaged in taking testimony on every phase of the industry. It is expected that its deliberations will have been completed and a final report made by May 1, 1926, when the subsidy ends.

Though the subsidy has been generally denounced as a piece of blackmail on the part of the miners and their allies, there is no doubt that had the strike taken its course a national catastrophe, with far-reaching economic and political consequences, would have been the result. In justifying his procedure, Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister, said, "They put a pistol to my head and I had to sign."

British opinion on the subsidy is in the main adverse because it is construed as a triumph for intimidation. Economically, as we all know, a subsidy is never a solution. The one justification, aside from the fact that it prevented a costly strike, is that it will be worth the price morally and financially if a permanent and fundamental reorganization of the industry is the outcome. At first glance it may be construed as a precedent for other industries. This is hardly likely because of the wide and unfavorable popular reaction. The next industry that seeks a subsidy will take out accident insurance first: likewise the Premier who happens to be on the job in Downing Street.

The step from coal to heavy industry is logical because iron and steel hold the key position to the stability of fuel. Two tons of coal go into every ton of pig iron, and two more to a ton of finished steel. With the production of pig, ingots and castings hundreds of thousands of tons below normal, you can readily see why coal is depressed.

Low Production and High Wages

Probe into the causes of the industrial slump and once more the now familiar story of low production is revealed. In British industry generally the average wage increase is more than 75 per cent. In shipbuilding, men get from 50 to 70 per cent more than in 1914, and the same ratio applies to the engineering trades. In building, the painters earn 100 per cent more, while the increase with unskilled laborers is 110 per cent. The rates for dock laborers range from 80 to 140 per cent higher, while in the nontrading services and in gas and electricity the worker's pay envelope is exactly double that of prewar. Whether the employe works with his hands, runs a tram or collects tickets on a railway, the general advance in his compensation is not less than 100 per cent.

No one ever objects to high wages. We have proved in our mass production that the laborer is worth any hire so long as he delivers the goods. The exact reverse is true in England, where a constantly inflated wage has not been followed by a corresponding stability or volume of output.

Turn to iron and steel exports and it is disclosed that the exports for 1924 totaled £74,548,000, which was about half the total of the product of the industry. For 1925 the value will be considerably less. Of the 267,000 workers, precisely 24 per cent were unemployed at the end of last September. Another side light on the iron and steel collapse is shown in the fact that, whereas the total consumption of coal in the industry during 1924 was 24,574,000 tons, the maximum coal consumption in 1913 was 31,000,000 tons. At full capacity, British industry consumes 37,000,000 tons a year.

Naturally this depression is not only visible in exports but on the stock markets. Shares which a comparatively few years ago brought three pounds are worth only a few shillings now. Another illuminating disclosure is that the price of iron and steel goods is about 40 per cent above the prewar level, which means that its increase is only about half the average in other commodities. The fault seems to lie in the quality of output and in the inadequacy of the selling service.

One of the best comments on the industrial situation was made in a letter to the Times, of London, by W. Howard Hazell, president of the Federation of Master Printers of Great Britain and Ireland. It gets at the root of the whole matter. In analyzing the causes of depression he said:

"The impoverishment of many of the nations that were our best customers and the increased competition from countries with a depreciated currency are entirely beyond our control. Apart from these two serious factors, the chief cause of our unemployment is the high cost of the goods we produce and the services we render.

"The workers think only of their wages in terms of money, when what they really desire is greater purchasing power for the money they receive. Higher efficiency would lower the cost of the goods they purchase, and they would thus attain their desire for a better standard of living. The employers would benefit by securing more trade and better profits. The community would gain by lessened unemployment and a general revival of trade. All would benefit and none would lose if employers and employes would realize that the total cost of production is of supreme importance to all concerned, and that wage rates are of less importance than the total cost.

"It is not only in the exporting and unsheltered trades that a strenuous campaign for lower costs should be waged. The cost of the product of most industries affects the price of others. Coal and transport, building and engineering, clothing, printing and many other commodities and services affect the final cost of all trades or the standard of living of the workers. When the workers realize that high costs are as harmful to them as to the capitalist, and must cause unemployment and tend to lower wages, their attitude and outlook will be changed."

There is still another factor which was pointed out to me by a shrewd observer. He said:

"Though high wages and the lack of a corresponding efficiency and volume of output are fundamentally responsible for our industrial troubles, there is a further source. It lies in the fact that much of the machinery in our mills and factories is so good that it has outlasted its usefulness. Equipment in some of the industrial establishments belongs to the age of our fathers. In one respect the war was a godsend to industrial France, because the destruction of factories by shellfire or the sacking of them by the German invader brought about a new era of mechanical equipment. What we need is labor-saving machinery, which is precisely what the unions do not want."

It is on the shipbuilding side that industrial England has had perhaps its hardest jolt. Thirty years ago Britain built 82 per cent of the world's tonnage, while in 1924 she constructed a bare 50 per cent. The tremendous decline in shipbuilding was emphasized by Lloyd's return for the quarter ending September thirtieth last. It showed that the industry has reached the lowest ebb since December, 1909, when the country underwent the worst industrial depression since the beginning of the century. Of the whole world tonnage under construction it aggregated 2,206,905 tons—Britain's share was 45 per cent as compared with 66 per cent before the war.

Trade-Union Restrictions

There are two basic reasons for this shrinkage. One is the increase in shipbuilding in other countries, which is from two to six times the former construction. Italy has six times her output of thirty years ago, Germany four times, Japan three times, France and Denmark five times. Since 1914, 15,000,000 tons have been added to the world tonnage, of which 10,000,000 were built in the United States. Our shipping has advanced from 4 to 20 per cent of the total tonnage. Of the balance built since the war, less than 100,000 tons was added to British shipping, the remainder having augmented the merchant marine of England's trade rivals. I was told in England that even Greece has added more to her shipping than Great Britain.

The other basic cause lies in that chronic obstacle to the British economic comeback which is trade-union domination. No industry is more hampered by absurd supervision than shipbuilding. Shipbuilders realize that they are doomed unless relaxation of trade-union restrictions with regard to subdivision of work, and the introduction of a system to save the large margin of time now lost during working hours, are brought about.

Trade is on the same low level with coal and industry. Here pride as well as the pocketbook is pricked. Due to the adverse balance, England has been forced to live on her capital to provide for her dietary and industrial needs. This was especially true during the first six months of 1925.

In England the relation between foreign trade and national prosperity is intimate. The reasons were best set forth in a report on the stagnation by the Federation of British Industries as follows:

"Firstly, British industry, owing to its early development relative to that of other countries, and to the influences which have affected its growth for many years, is dependent for its prosperity upon an exceptionally high ratio of export trade to total trade.

"Secondly, that in the prewar period a high level of export trade depended on heavy and progressively increasing investment of British capital abroad, especially in the development of new countries; on rising world prices, and on the expanding world trade which resulted from these two causes.

"Turning to the postwar period, we find every evidence that this process has been reversed. Import and home trade appear to have been stimulated, export trade checked, world trade is stagnant, and we notice that the factors suggested as the cause of prewar trade prosperity have disappeared, and that certain other factors generally supposed to encourage home trade and discourage export trade are present."

Export Trade Diminished

So much for the fundamentals. A more detailed review of the situation is essential to any comprehension of the new deal. Following the great depression of the early '20's, British trade made an improvement of 7 per cent in 1923 over the preceding year. This was followed up with a 9 per cent advance in 1924. It was expected that 1925 would turn the dark corner. Imports of raw material had been heavy. A Conservative government had succeeded the Labor régime, which meant the scrapping of the loan to Soviet Russia and the removal of the threat of a capital levy. The Wembley Empire Exhibition was expected to strengthen the imperial trade bonds. Finally, exchange was rising, and, as I have pointed out, the gold standard was restored and the pound went to par. This made it easier to buy raw commodities and to pay the American debt installments. In January therefore the outlook was encouraging in every way.

These optimistic prospects were not realized. Stocks piled up because exchange depreciation on the Continent, particularly in France, enabled trade rivals to undersell the British product. As orders remained stationary, unemployment naturally increased, which made the dole burden on the government greater. The failure to arrive at a satisfactory debt settlement with France was another factor. Wembley did little more than sink the £2,000,000 guaranty fund, since the British, unlike the French, seem to lack the art of making an international exposition attractive. All the while coal and heavy industry were on the downgrade.

Throughout the world England was losing out in what were formerly her most strongly intrenched trade centers. Few things in my South American economic survey impressed me as much as the decline of British commercial prestige in Argentina and Brazil. In the first-named country we are running England a close second, while in the latter we have wrested first place from her. The Germans also are strong competitors. England expected a big boom in soviet orders last spring—Russia had been one of her big markets—but it failed to materialize. China, another stronghold, practically put a boycott on John Bull's wares. The embargo on foreign loans also aided in forcing down exports. Two of the largest industrialists in the Ruhr were able to finance a big machinery campaign in South America with the proceeds of American loans, which displaced not only American but English machinery and rails as well.

When, at the worst stage of the depression, the Safeguarding of Industries measure was framed and the imposition of duties impended as a desperate aid to conserve trade, violent opposition arose. The Board of Trade began an investigation of the

(Continued on Page 51)

"Best in the Long Run"

The NEW YEAR! Ride out your hopes for continuous motoring pleasure on the super-quality and comfort of

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The Wanderer

The Eternal Story of the Wandering Son

You see him leave home. You spend a fortune with him. Beautiful Greta Nissen, and Ernest Torrence as a shark of ancient days, take him, and you, to Babylon, and open the town with his fortune like an oyster.

Temptations no human being could resist, you see him fall for, and you hardly know whether to blame or envy, so nearly is the game worth the candle—until the dreadful bill of reckoning is presented, and then anyone can be wise—and you relax the dramatic spell thrown over you by the play, and tell yourself it is only a motion picture! But it is not, it is more, *and there are wanderers of 1926 who will see this* and have their eyes opened!

The scenes of life in ancient Babylon are as convincing as a certified check, and when the storm and the earthquake and the wrath of God flash upon the city you realize that none but an organization with resources as great as Paramount's could construct and destroy a city before your eyes for the simple betterment of one part of one plot of one Paramount Picture.

* * *

Great as this picture is in its spectacular sweep across your vision and imagination, and great as The Vanishing American, The Ten Commandments, A Kiss for Cinderella, and other Paramount Pictures are, not one of them, nor all of them together, are as great as the name that stands behind them, which is the sign of the organization steadily blazing the way to better and better pictures.

Personalities of Paramount and their Paramount Pictures

Ernest Torrence

—whose performance in The Covered Wagon as a Western Bad Man is excelled only by his Eastern Bad Man in The Wanderer, has a rare talent for rôles of sardonic villainy. Other Paramount Pictures showing his art are: Night Life of New York and The Pony Express.

Raoul Walsh

—is the director of The Wanderer. He also made The Thief of Bagdad. These two pictures are a story of marvellous art in themselves, spectacles literally unique of their kind. Mr. Walsh's next Paramount Picture will be: The Lucky Lady.

Greta Nissen

—is a new star of extraordinary charm. See her as Tisha the siren, in The Wanderer, and you will realize that this enchantress has an art all her own. Her other Paramount Pictures are: Lost—A Wife, The King on Main Street, and The Lucky Lady.

Wm. Collier Jr.

—is The Wanderer. He shows you the innocent and his money and their early parting. Many a mother's heart will beat quicker for her son because of the way this character is played. See William Collier, Jr., in The Devil's Cargo, Eve's Secret and The Lucky Lady.

Esther Ralston

—is a rising favorite. She made a great impression as Wendy's mother in Peter Pan, and as the innocent cause of family dissension in The Trouble with Wives. Her other Paramount Pictures are: The Lucky Devil, Womanhandled, and The American Venus.

Bebe Daniels

—is admired by a host of fans for the sunny happiness she brings to the screen, seeming not to act but simply to live the stories. Paramount Pictures starring her are: Wild, Wild Susan, Lovers in Quarantine, and Miss Brewster's Millions.

Produced by
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
New York City

Paramount Pictures

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town"

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causes of this opposition and discovered that the consuming elements of the country wanted no tariff on the ground that they could buy better and cheaper foreign-made goods than could be produced at home. This applied peculiarly to gloves, wrapping paper, laces and automobiles. The salient facts brought out in each case investigated show that the principal obstacles in the way of the British manufacturer of the commodities involved were antiquated machinery and methods, lack of business acumen, low output by labor and a total absence of mass production as the term is understood in the United States and to a lesser extent in Germany.

The net result of all the troubles that I have just enumerated is that British foreign trade is exactly 75 per cent of the prewar volume. Bulk statistics mean very little. What concerns us most is the discrepancy between imports and exports, and this difference continues large. For September last, imports exceeded exports by £26,500,000. This, however, is less than for the corresponding period of 1924, when the difference was £28,000,000. For the first nine months of 1925 imports aggregated £965,477,025, an increase of £56,207,797 on the first nine months of 1924, while exports for the same period amounted to £579,258,406, a decrease of a little more than £10,000,000. Now you can see why John Bull has been forced to live on his capital.

The one sign of improvement in the whole trade situation lies with reëxports, which have materially increased. Rubber is almost entirely responsible for it. This, however, is a fictitious prosperity, because it has been due to the operation of the Stevenson Act, which fixes a quota for the amount of rubber which England is willing to sell. Through the operation of this act England has been penny wise and pound foolish. The extortion—for such it has been—which put the price of rubber beyond the dollar mark will eventually prove to be a boomerang, and for two reasons.

The moment you make the price of an essential commodity like rubber prohibitive, you not only create ill will, which is always bad in business, but force the victim—in this case it is the American who is by far the greatest consumer—to seek new sources of supply.

That is precisely what will be the result of the British rubber-restriction policy. Well-known American tire manufacturers are planning to invest huge sums on rubber cultivation in Liberia, the Philippines and Indo-China. When these cultivated rubber plantations are bearing fruit, England will realize the folly of her corner on the product.

The Passing of the Crape Hanger

Such are the high spots—in reality they are very low—of British business. Late last autumn the turn came. It is difficult to put your finger on the direct cause. With nations, as with individuals, there arrives a time when things seem so bad that apparently they cannot get worse. In this dark hour something usually happens and the pessimistic attitude undergoes a change.

This is what developed in England. The transition was as psychological as otherwise. It may have been one of those well-known triumphs of mind over matter, although it is difficult to change a shattered trade balance with good intentions. Be that as it may, the mood of the country shifted from calamity howling to a near-optimism.

The newspapers were partly responsible. Just as soon as reëxports increased in volume most of the London dailies used the fact as a text from which to preach courage and prosperity. The chronic crape hangers were denounced, and before long people began to talk improvement, even if they did not see it.

There was another factor of supreme importance. The government took firm steps to put the reds out of commission and to exclude undesirable aliens. The communist menace, aided by wild revolution talk, had contributed considerably to the mental depression. The radicals, financed by Moscow, were getting away with everything but murder. When Scotland Yard started to raid red headquarters and put the agitators behind the bars, everybody breathed more freely and a new confidence was born.

This confidence, however, was based on sterner stuff than mere optimistic feeling. The first real life-saver thrown out was the removal of the embargo on foreign and colonial loans, which came early in November. It put fresh life and vitality into the London money market, reduced the money rate and meant that hereafter we shall feel increasingly the British competition in both lending and selling. One distinct national asset embodied in British foreign loans is that usually part of the proceeds must be expended on British goods and machinery.

Protecting the Key Industries

The second came with the reassembling of Parliament on November sixteenth, when Stanley Baldwin announced that legislation would be introduced for further protection of British products. This was in response to appeals from various lines which are suffering from unfair competition due to depreciated foreign currency, debased foreign standards of living resulting in low wages, and dumping. Among the industries that have applied for duties are pottery, gas mantles, fabric gloves, cutlery, aluminum hollow ware, worsted, wrapping and packing paper, brushes, chemical fertilizers, carpets and lace. So far lace is the only commodity which has been granted the duty. There is also a tariff on silk, but this is a luxury tax and was instituted to encourage economy.

Thus the safeguarding of British industries is becoming more than a phrase. One of the most important—dyes—is protected to the point of absolute prohibition of import. The Dyestuffs Act of 1920, which is still in effect, prohibits "the importation into the United Kingdom of all synthetic organic dyestuffs, colours and colouring matter, and all organic intermediate products used in the manufacture of any such dyestuffs, colours or colouring matters."

Other commodities are included under the Key Industries Act, their protection taking the form of substantial duties rather than absolute prohibition. They include optical glasses and elements, optical instruments, scientific glassware and instruments, laboratory porcelain, gauges; and precision instruments, magnetos, vacuum tubes, arc-lamp carbons, and manufactured products of tungsten. These are mainly products which the British found they were not producing when the World War broke and for which they had to depend on the United States and countries other than Germany until they could manufacture them at home.

I have already told how the McKenna duties on automobiles, motorcycles, clocks, watches, films and musical instruments were reinstated under the new budget, which gave a great stimulus to the motor output. Just how industry and labor are affected by the relaxation of tariffs was shown when the Ramsay MacDonald government abrogated them. Within a month 40,000 men were thrown out of work in the automobile factories.

Other reasons for some degree of optimism are not lacking. The inevitable return to normalcy in overseas trade due to the revocation of the embargo on foreign loans will be reënforced by a world-wide publicity campaign based on the slogan, Buy British Goods. The government has appropriated £1,000,000 for advertising and general exploitation purposes. This crusade will attempt to do what Wembley failed to achieve.

Imperial preference based on preferential tariffs granted to the dominions, especially on foodstuffs, also will play a part in the remaking of the British economic structure. While I was in London, L. C. M. Amery, Secretary of State for the Colonies, made this announcement:

"Our hope lies in the development of the unlimited resources of the British Empire, and in giving a direction to our trade that will enable those resources to be more fully developed. Trade returns show that one Australian or New Zealander is worth to Britain as a purchaser of our manufactures six hundred times as much as a Russian, one hundred times as much as a Chinaman, twenty times as much as an American, and many times more than the citizen of any European nation. Our empire trade is worth five times as much as our European trade."

The government has set up an Imperial Economic Committee to improve the marketing of empire food products and has appropriated a considerable fund to aid its work. The resolutions passed at the Imperial Economic Conference in 1923, involving reduction of duties on dried and preserved fruits produced within the empire, have been carried into effect and were included in the 1925 budget. Sugar, tobacco and heavy wines receive increased preference.

As a further impetus to the development of trade a British Industries Fair will be held from February 15 to February 26, 1926, coincidentally at London and Birmingham. At London the commodities used in the retail trades will be the feature, while at Birmingham heavier articles such as motors, machinery and agricultural implements will be displayed. The fair will be strictly a trade proposition, since it is being organized with the sole object of bringing producers and wholesale buyers together. It will be a sort of British counterpart of the famous Leipsic Fair in Germany.

While all these agencies for reconstruction were being launched the autumn revival in trade started. This was particularly noticeable in wool because of French and American purchases; in hosiery, hardware and cutlery. Even coal got a slight boost because of heavy buying from the United States due to the anthracite strike.

Industrial Housecleaning

In industry a new spirit is developing. It is largely the result of the exhaustive investigation made by the Government Committee on Industry and Trade, which went deeply into the causes of depression and has made recommendations for what will eventually mean an almost complete reorganization of British production. American simplification of output and elimination of waste are being closely followed. Mass production is being studied, although it can be applied only in a modified way to British conditions. Cost accounting, of which there is woeful ignorance in England, is also among the reforms. The British principle of making a quality product for quality buyers is being subjected to a test as to whether such production methods are economically sound. A strong appeal for more publicity of statistics in separate industries is being made, again with the American principle in mind.

That eternal curse and cost of England—namely, long and complicated business litigation—is also coming in for scrutiny. A new code of company laws is being compiled in order to remove obstructions from the path of enterprise. Too many cases have gone to the courts and through long delays have tied up capital and output. There is a growing feeling that our business arbitration system is the only solution.

Under the auspices of the Federation of British Industries strong pressure is being brought to bear upon the government for reduction both in national expenditure and in taxation. On the subject of national expenditure the federation memorandum made this statement:

"While government expenditure has apparently fallen by some 30 per cent since 1920—£1,195,428,000 for 1920-1921 against £799,400,000, estimated, for 1925-1926—this reduction is largely, if not entirely, illusory, since the purchasing power of the pound sterling, as measured by either retail or wholesale prices, has increased by approximately 30 to 31 per cent during the same period. Actually, therefore, the government expenditure for 1925-1926 is approximately the same in real values as that for 1920-1921."

There remains the unemployment problem, which is apparently as difficult of solution as ever. An increase of foreign trade will have the effect of reducing the roster of the idle—that is, those who really want to work. The new idle are so infected with the nonwork germ as to be almost hopeless.

The most tangible remedy to be applied lies in what is termed Works in Aid. This consists of offering guaranties of principal and interest on remunerative projects at home and abroad that promise to bring orders for British goods and thus reduce unemployment. Then, too, there is what is termed Anticipation of Improvement Works. Here the railways are urged to start at once all possible work to maintain way and equipment. Municipalities also are asked to do the same thing. A further effort to find places for the unemployed is in a fostered emigration to Canada. One fundamental trouble with all British emigration schemes is that the unemployed do not want to leave England. They would rather loaf on the dole at home than help develop the resources of the empire abroad.

The Sell-and-Save Slogan

Some of the expedients that I have just enumerated may possibly be academic or superficial. They indicate, however, that England has reached the point where she is determined to try every agency to lift herself out of the rut. Deep down, the main trouble is the slow operation of the business cycle. Trade cannot improve until more people buy and until consumers begin to consume. By the time all these changes are under way the business cycle will have revolved until a more favorable stage is reached. Meanwhile industry will have had such a housecleaning that it will be able to meet the new conditions with increased facilities and perhaps a stronger sense of coöperation between capital and labor.

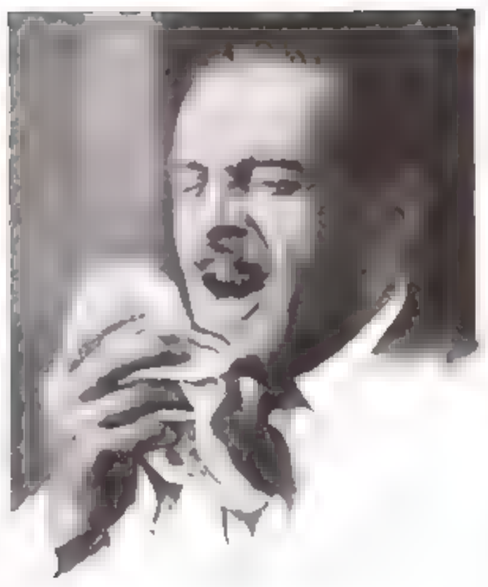
One other factor is bound to aid in this rebirth of British economic life. The European skies are clearing. Just as the Dawes Plan stabilized the reparations problem, and through it the general Continental economic situation, so will the Locarno Pact harmonize the long-existing political differences. Nothing is so destructive to business as doubt, suspicion and hostility, and they have worked overtime since the Armistice. You can now go to Europe and realize for the first time since 1918 that the war is over. With the new political accord will come a natural expansion of trade.

I know of no better way of concluding this article than to reproduce what Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, president of the Board of Trade, said to me in London. It expresses the spirit animating the England emerging from the depths. Here it is:

"The Great War showed us that it is as true today as it was in the past that the sterling character of our people shows itself at its best when things are at their worst. I am confident that our manufacturers and merchants will rise out of the present depression no less triumphantly than did their predecessors from the difficult times which followed the Napoleonic Wars.

"Our first step must be to put our house in order. We must make our organizations on the manufacturing and selling sides more perfect, and above all eliminate waste, reduce our costs and get our prices on a competitive level. It is well to remember that the more you sell, the more you can save; and the more you can save, the more you can invest in new markets. This is precisely what we are doing. In this new slogan Sell and Save will lie the economic salvation of the country."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of European articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next will be devoted to the Franco-German economic entente.



Two minutes a day keeps a cold away

A-CHOO-O!

This is Nature's warning that a cold is on the way.

That sneeze tells you that you have been neglecting a very important duty the regular, systematic care of nose, mouth and throat.

Glyco-Thymoline, used morning and evening in an atomizer, nasal douche, or as a gargle, strengthens the delicate lining of your nose, mouth and throat. It washes the membrane clear of dust and irritants that form weak spots in the tissue. It is chiefly at these irritated places that the germs of cold and sore throat make their attack.

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Glyco-Thymoline is not merely an antiseptic. It is an *alkaline* antiseptic, the ideal kind for counteracting acid irritations of the mucous membrane. Any doctor will tell you that the most effective healing agents for infections of the mucous membrane are *alkaline*.

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And, what is most important, it keeps the membrane of nose, mouth and throat in sound, vigorous condition.

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Send me free of charge a trial bottle of Glyco-Thymoline.

Name

Address

NERVES

(Continued from Page 9)

climbed it and descended again, and that, at least, was done.

"Is Little Bear as bad?" I asked Dane. He shook his head.

"Not so high," he told me. "We'll do it before noon." And he added incautiously, "We won't meet so many people from now on. Not so many come this way."

Pellet instantly took alarm.

"Maybe we'd better not go this way," he suggested. "Too far from civilization."

"There's nothing to bring Hostler up here," Dane urged. "He'd stay in the farming country, anyway. He'd have to, to get food—vegetables in the gardens and so on."

"There were some supplies in the shelter last night," Pellet reminded him. "He might live on those. There's a shelter up here, you know."

I said bitterly, "If he's climbing these mountains when he doesn't have to, he can put up insanity as a defense. I'm going into a padded cell when I get home." Dane chuckled.

"Come along," he directed. "Time to move. Pellet, cut it out. You'll be getting the jumps the first thing you know."

So we took up our burdens again, and struck over a low ridge and down through a cedar swamp toward the base of the actual climb. As usual, I fell into the rear; and from this position I could watch Pellet, could see the alert glances which he turned this way and that, could see him pause and listen now and then for sounds within the wood. A little way from the brook we crossed a trickle of water from some marshy spring; and he paused there and called to Dane in a low, warning tone, so that the other turned around and came back as I came up to him.

"Look at that," Pellet insisted. "A man's track there."

It was plain enough; the track of a stout shoe in the soft black mud. I confess to a momentary qualm.

But Dane said impatiently, "Man, man, people go up this trail every day or two!"

"That's fresh this morning," Pellet declared.

"Someone's gone up ahead of us, then," Dane assured him. He hitched up his pack. "Don't be an ass, son."

Pellet looked at me for comfort or support, but I gave him neither. Dane dominated us both; he had the advantage of knowing his own mind, while Pellet and I were torn between our reluctance to go on and our unwillingness to turn back. So we took up the climb. A little farther along, in a patch of wet trail, Pellet pointed out the footprints to me once more; but Dane was ahead, and the little man did not call to him. I was beginning to be indifferent to footprints; the climb itself engaged me to the full.

That bitter ascent remains somewhat cloudy in my memory. I know that it seemed interminably long and cruelly steep; and that my muscles, racked by the torture of coming down White Peak, now screamed at every upward step I took. I remember plodding through hardwood thickets where the air lay hot and humid; I remember slipping backward at every stride on some of the harsher grades; I remember barking my fingers as I scrambled up steep ledges here and there; and I remember the almost insufferable relief when we topped a last rise and found the ground flattening before us and Dane called back that we were near the top. We were at the moment in a growth of sapling spruce twelve or fifteen feet tall, and the trail wound through them, marked by yellow-painted blazes here and there, the color streaked by the exuding sap of the trees; till Dane swung aside at last upon another trail and brought us after a rod or two to Old Bear camp.

He had promised us a water here, and I was sick with thirst. So when our packs tumbled to the ground I looked for the spring, found it at the end of a footway of corduroy construction across the surface of a little bog. At either side of the footway some low bush grew thickly, waist high. The spring itself was no more than a pool in the bog, ten or twelve feet long and two or three across, and the water had a brownish tinge not at all attractive. Nevertheless we drank, and deeply.

"It's all right," Dane assured us. "Looks bad, but the water won't hurt you."

"Too late to draw back now," I agreed, and gulped another cupful.

The camp and the bog lay in a little pocket with a ledge at one side, ten or twelve feet high, and higher ground on the other; and in this depression the air was heavy as a wet blanket, and mosquitoes and black flies had gathered to welcome us. I sprawled on the ground opposite the fireplace, easing my aching muscles. Pellet I could see looking alertly here and there, wandering about the camp ground. Dane called to me.

"We'll leave our packs here," he suggested. "Let's go up on the ledges before we eat."

"I stay right here," I told him, "till we eat and afterward. I aim to sleep about sixteen hours on end."

"I'm going up," Dane told me. "Stay if you like. I won't be long. Coming, Pellet?"

Pellet looked from one of us to the other in some indecision.

"I'll come along," he decided at last. "I'll come with you, Dane."

He found in me, perhaps, little promise of energy in an emergency. I heard them depart along the trail, and Pellet's shrill tones came back to me for a while as they went off upward through the wood. I must have slept for a space, for when I woke it was to find them back beside me.

"Forget it, son," Dane was saying. "Probably someone needed them and took them. That's what they were there for."

"What?" I asked. And Pellet, looking over his shoulder into the thicket behind the camp, told me.

"The matches were gone," he explained in a whisper; "out of the cylinder in the cairn."

"What matches?" I insisted, and Dane answered.

"They leave them in a copper cylinder, water-tight, in a cairn on the ledges," he said, "so that anyone in trouble can count on finding them there. Someone had taken them. But that's what they were there for."

"The last names on the register were three days ago," Pellet argued. "It didn't rain that day."

"May have rained up here," Dane reminded him. And when Pellet stubbornly shook his head Dane said with faint impatience, "You're growing tiresome, son. Get this obsession out of your head. It's time to eat."

I could see the reluctance in Pellet's eyes; nevertheless he permitted himself to be silenced. Dane was starting the fire, splitting kindling with an ancient ax which he had found in the shelter. Someone as clumsy as I had splintered this instrument's handle; but it had been bound with wire, served well enough now.

Pellet rummaged a pail from the litter of smoke-blackened cooking dishes in the camp; and he called to us once, "There's a can of condensed milk here that's freshly opened." Dane paid him no attention, but I went to see the can which Pellet held. Its end had been split with the ax, and it was quite empty and clean inside, as though it had been rinsed with water. "That was opened today," Pellet told me insistently. "Yesterday at the earliest. And if a camper had done it, he'd have buried the can so as not to draw flies."

"Some people forget that," Dane reminded him, over one shoulder; and I drew away from Pellet as though the little man had the plague. His nervousness was infectious. I began to think he might be right, after all; but Dane's confidence presently reassured me.

Dane cooked oatmeal and fried bacon and boiled coffee, and we made a meal. Our bacon was in a slab; and heretofore Pellet, slicing it, had left the rind attached to the main piece. Now he cut off a part of this rind and laid it on a log beside the fire. I remembered the incident later—had reason to remember it. It was still there, forgotten, when we had washed dishes; still there when Dane proposed we go exploring.

"There's a brook that rises east of the true summit," he explained. "And a waterfall about half a mile down. Couple of hundred feet high. I'd like to try to find that."

I preferred to stay here and sleep; but Dane warned me that to do so meant another sleepless night, so I reluctantly followed them as they climbed to the upper ledges again. The summit lay to the north of us and we struck that way and found something like a path, freshly blazed. So came to a trickle of water which Dane thought might be the brook we sought, and followed it downward. After a scramble through a thicket it led us into level, boggy ground where grass of a tropical green grew on the quaking sod. The wind had quickened and there was rain in it, and I suggested this to them.

But Dane said, "It won't hurt us. Our stuff in the shelter is dry."

Then Pellet beckoned to us from a point a little at one side.

"Someone's been here," he said, and when I came to where he was I could see the depressions in the soft surface of the bog. The heels could be distinguished.

"He came this way," I pointed out. "Went toward the summit."

"Someone else hunting for the fall," Dane said indifferently, and Pellet looked at me for support and got none. So we went on.

It was Pellet who first spied the camp ahead of us. Even Dane was surprised at that. We saw it dimly, through the forest; and at first we could not be sure what it was, and Pellet stopped in dismay while we went forward, then came trotting at our heels.

We had, it proved, made a circle, come back thus to our starting point. The incident was fortunate, since as we reached the camp it began to rain with a certain gusto; and even Dane was willing to take shelter and sit it out, our pipes going. Dane and I lay at length, but Pellet's restlessness persisted. Then thunder began, and we saw an occasional far flash of lightning; and Dane got his rain shirt from his pack.

"I'm going up on the ledges," he explained; "watch this storm. It ought to be a sight worth seeing."

My weariness was passing; I decided to go with him, and Pellet had no thought of staying behind. Yet half an hour later, while we huddled in the lee of a great rock looking out across the valley where the lightning played, I thought we might have been wiser to stay under shelter. The rain beat on us fiercely. The water streaming down our faces was warm and pleasant to the taste, but that which found its way down our necks was not so pleasing.

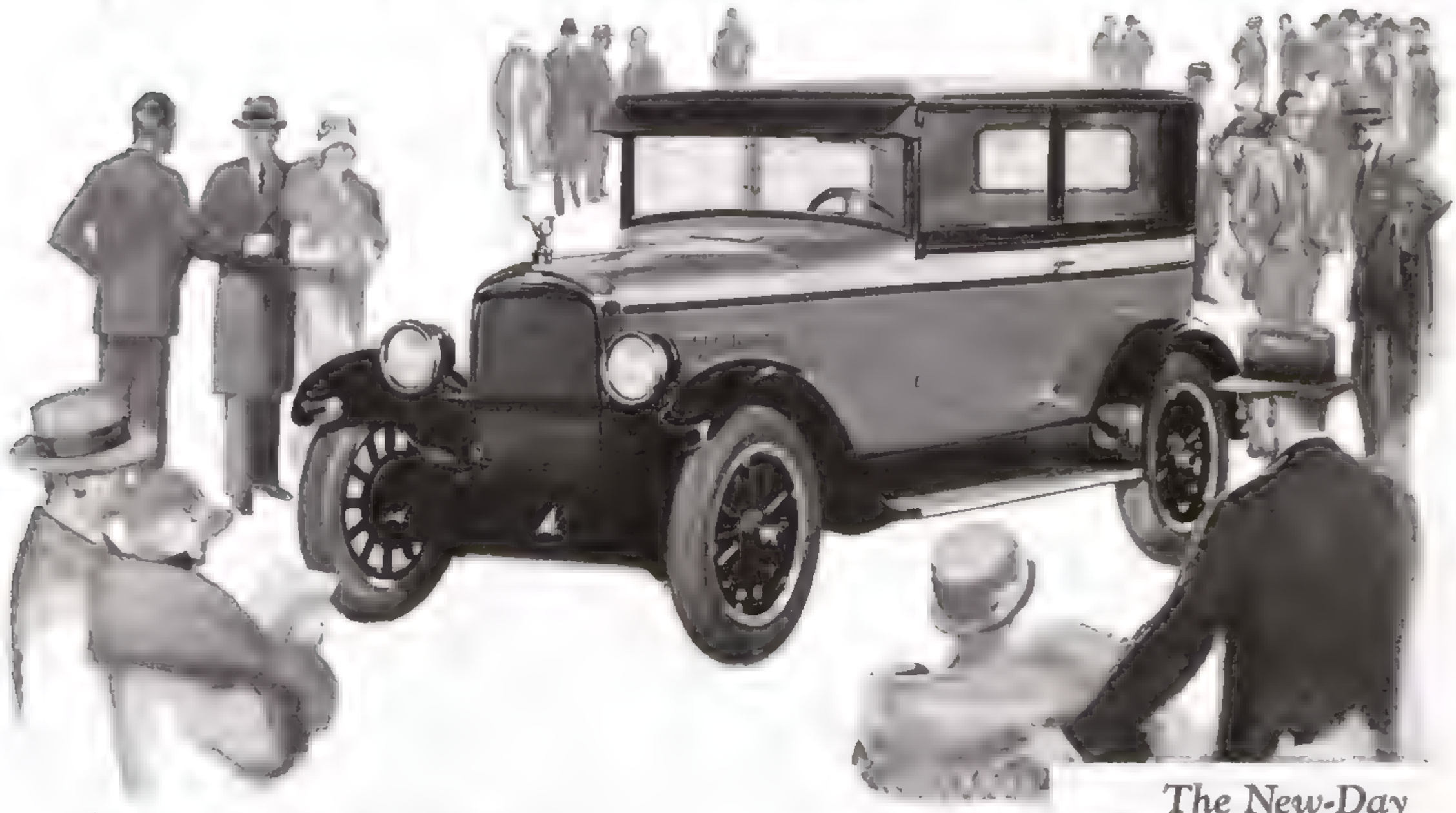
The shower passed on and the rain slackened to a spit and ceased, and wind came behind it. The terraced bulk of Old Bald revealed itself, hung with ragged clouds at every angle; and below us where ledges showed through the trees which clothed their face another skein of cloud hung lazily. To the north the steep faces of the nearer mountains revealed themselves blackly through the gray mists, and once or twice the sun touched a distant slope and turned it green.

I remember it was Pellet who suggested that we go on; that we descend the western flank of Little Bear and camp at the Outlook for this coming night. Dane opposed the plan.

"Better take it easy today," he advised. "We're out for fun, not for work."

(Continued on Page 54)

By Tens and Hundreds of Thousands



. . they come to view this long-awaited New-Day Car

A TRIUMPH—sweeping and complete—is being scored by The New-Day Jewett. In east, west, north and south—over the entire continent—this car has already been sought out and inspected by untold thousands.

The triumphant advent of The New-Day Jewett is a vastly greater, more significant success than could possibly be scored by any ordinary "new model". It is evidence that Paige engineers, looking ahead and working for years to develop and perfect this car, built to supply a need that all America recognizes as vital!

A need for a more nimble car, better able to make time through today's crowded streets and highways. A car swift and smooth on the get-away as a sprinter leaving the mark—and equally quick to come to cushioned rest.

Driving convenience and ease carried to new perfection—in easy clutch and brake action, in steering that answers to a finger-touch, in well-placed controls and shortened gear-throw.

A closed car, of course, where new-day body design has achieved the amazing result of roominess equal to many 120 inch wheelbase sedans plus compactness that gets it through traffic and into parking places where few other automobiles would even try. A car of new-day economy—in first cost, upkeep and operation. Clear vision such as even open car drivers seldom enjoy.

Just such a car, in short, as has been made necessary by the new-day conditions of road and traffic with which every motorist is familiar. And a Jewett through and through—in beauty, sturdiness, performance and substantial worth!

It is not enough to see The New-Day Jewett, favorable as your first impression is sure to be. You must drive it yourself, for it is on the street and the open road—and not in the show room—that this car will most fully reveal the qualities which mark the coming of a new era of motoring ease and enjoyment.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, U. S. A.

The New-Day
Jewett Sedan
$995
f. o. b. Detroit—tax extra

Typical Jewett Performance
- *20% Greater Operating Economy Real Sedan Construction
- *Paige-Hydraulic 4-wheel Brakes
- *Jewett's Lowest Closed Car Price Amazing Roominess
- *Double Tone Lacquer Finish
- *Clearest Vision of Any Closed Car
- *Steel Body

*The public recognized a Jewett without these features as a real buy at $1285.

(714)

The New-Day
JEWETT SIX

(Continued from Page 52)

"That's my notion," I agreed. "What's the hurry anyway?"

"I don't like Old Bear camp," Pellet protested. "It's dirty, down in that bog. Mosquitoes'll be bad tonight, and flies. Let's get where it's clean. And it will give us a good start on tomorrow." He added eagerly, "We can go down till we hit a brook. Have a bath tonight, and sleep there. I'd rather camp by a brook, wouldn't you?"

The idea of a bath appealed to me, and I shared Pellet's distaste for the flies and the mosquitoes about the shelter.

"How far would we have to travel?" I asked.

"A mile and a half," Pellet promised. "No more."

"It's a tough trail," Dane urged. "Hard work going down."

I protested that I was fit for any effort.

"This brook talk hits me," I said. "It sounds good."

The end of it was that Dane at last consented to Pellet's plan, and the little man's relief was enormous. When we dropped back down into the forest again and came to the shelter, I confess that I was pleased to see the last of it. Not that Pellet's nervousness had seriously moved me; but there could be no doubt that the flies were bad, and I have always despised the mosquito. At about half after four in the afternoon we were on our way again.

If I had known that trail I should have sided with Dane. There were moments when it seemed to me I would rather have stayed at Old Bear camp forever. For rods the way fell at the slope of sliding gravel; and I slid with it, the pack straps biting at my shoulders, my shoes gnawing at my blistered toes. The trail went down, as it seemed to me, interminably; and to add to our discomfort it began to rain, modestly at first, and diffidently, as though uncertain of its powers. But by the time we came to the foot of the first pitch the rain was steady and drenching. Our rain shirts were packed; to put them on would be merely to ruin them under the chafing strain of the pack straps. So we pushed on, crossed a little spring brook and climbed a hundred feet or so of slippery going where wet rocks waited to betray us. Then down once more, and more steeply than before, while lofty cliffs overhung us on the right hand and threatened at every moment to descend upon our heads. And the rain fell harder, till even Dane, coming at last to an uncertain shelter under a jutting ledge, stopped and waited for us to join him there.

We were wet to the skin, sick and sore; yet Dane and I could not help grinning at our own discomforts.

"If you ask me," Dane said, "we're blasted fools, and I'm a coward besides."

"Why?" Pellet asked.

"I thought it was going to rain and didn't say so," Dane explained. "We'll be wet all night now! And we could have stayed dry and comfortable if I'd insisted."

"Isn't there a camp down here somewhere?" I asked. Dane shook his head.

"Not for five miles. Uphill. We can't do it tonight."

"We'll be all right," Pellet urged. "We'll dry out by bedtime."

"I'll never be dry again," I predicted. "I'm wet in a most thoroughgoing way."

"You know," Dane said slowly, "if we're wise we'll go back up to Old Bear, right now, and start fresh and dry tomorrow."

"Listen, man," I told him. "I'll go on, but I won't go back."

"It's the sensible thing to do," he insisted.

"Pellet and I are going to stay here," I retorted; "sit right here all night, if we have to. Aren't we, kid?"

"I'd rather not sleep up there," Pellet confessed nervously. But Dane appealed to him.

"You know it's the sensible thing," he urged. "You'd go back if you weren't seeing things, imagining things. You know mighty well you would."

I felt desperately that the tide was turning against me, but in the end there was nothing I could do. And the prospect of being dry again had even for me something appealing in it. There was justice in what Dane said, and there was a certain satisfaction in affecting superiority to Pellet's fears.

"If Hostler's there," I announced as we started to retrace our way, "I hope he'll have a fire going to welcome us."

Pellet shuddered; I could see his shoulders twitch. But he only said, "I remembered a while ago—I left that bacon rind on the log. I ought to have buried it. It will draw flies if it stays there. I can get rid of it now."

"You going back up that precipice to bury a bacon rind?" I demanded bitterly.

"I meant to do it before we left," he confessed. "But I forgot it at the time."

Then the grade stiffened and I had no more breath for words.

There is a point beyond which a man no longer suffers. I must have reached that point at the beginning of this climb, for I remember it seemed not half so steep as it had when we descended. It was late afternoon; there was a suggestion of coming dusk in the clouds above us. The rain had slackened, as though relenting; and we pushed up the trail at a slower gait, but more steadily. My sensibilities were dulled, and I was poisoned and stupid with fatigue, too weary to suffer. My legs moved automatically and without direction, lifting me upward with heavy strivings. But when at last the grade relaxed and we began to have easier going, consciousness returned; I began to recognize landmarks, and we came out abruptly on the ledges at the outlook on the southern summit. The shelter, I knew, lay only a little way below us now.

The rain, perversely, had stopped; and behind us in the west there was color, predicting decent weather for the next day. The sun had not yet set, but it was still obscured; and when we dipped down into the spruces again it was already dusk among them.

So we came into the little clearing where the shelter was, and I slid out of my straps and cried aloud, "Well, I'm through for the day."

Dane, looking toward the fireplace, said half to himself, "Hello, we didn't get the fire clear out. There's smoke in those coals."

And I saw Pellet clutch at his elbow, and I heard him cry, "Dane—Dane, the bacon rind is gone!"

We had a distressing half hour, Dane and I, before we could reassure Pellet after that discovery. He was perfectly certain that Hostler had made his way into this territory, that he had come up the trail ahead of us and eaten a can of condensed milk left behind by some overstocked tramper and stolen the matches from the cylinder in the cairn. He was equally sure that after our departure the murderer had come into the camp and built a fire and eaten that rind of bacon. The footprints on the trail, the missing matches, the smoldering coals and the missing bacon rind made, he insisted, a perfect case; and he crouched in the shelter, seeming to find reassurance in the stout logs on three sides of him, and argued it with us at the utmost length.

We used at first logic and then derision. The footprints, Dane reminded him, meant nothing. Other people besides Hostler left footprints. The matches in the cylinder had fulfilled their appointed use. The smoldering fire was, Dane confessed, his own fault.

"I thought the rain would put it out," he said. "I wasn't as careful as I should have been."

"You always put your fires out," Pellet cried desperately. "You always do, Dane."

"I didn't this time," Dane insisted. "I was careless for once, son." And the bacon rind, he reminded Pellet, must have been taken by a porcupine. He pointed out that porcupines had gnawed the inside of the shelter in which we were, that there must be many of them about. "Nothing they like better than bacon," he averred.

But reason had little effect upon Pellet. Only when we laughed at him did he weaken, and only when Dane pointed out that he was ruining our pleasure in this trip did he fight his way back to sanity again. I had a good deal of respect for Pellet when he came out at last and stood beside the fire. It took courage, and a vast amount of it. For the little man was frightfully afraid, and he came out in spite of his fear. I remember putting my hand on his shoulder as some sort of silent testimony to my feeling, and I felt him shaking and twitching under my hand in an appalling fashion.

But he stood his ground, stood beside the fire; and Dane did the cooking, while I found wood and bungled it into usable fragments with the broken ax or brought water from the spring. We let Pellet alone, made no call upon him; but he seemed to feel that he was failing to do his part, for he went into the shelter at last and laid our beds out there. I remember that on one occasion, coming back from the spring, I saw his white face fixed and rigid as he watched my approach. Even with the firelight at his back, I could see the glint of light on the whites of his eyes.

"What's the matter, kid?" I asked. He hesitated, shook his head.

"Nothing," he replied.

It occurred to me that he might have expected me to encounter Hostler at the spring, and I felt a curious tremor at the thought. That uncertain footway which led to the water's edge was flanked on both sides by low, thick bushes; they brushed against my thighs as I went to and fro. A dozen men might well have been hidden among them; might have sprung upon me with no least warning. That, I guessed, was what Pellet had been watching for; and I found myself imagining what a scream must have burst from his taut lips if he had seen what he expected to see. The very thought of that scream made me shudder; and when I presently went down to the spring again for fresh water with which to settle the coffee I found myself walking gingerly, on tiptoe, holding my breath, with every sense alert; and when I bent to dip the water I looked backward over my shoulder. But nothing happened, I saw nothing, heard nothing; and I returned to the camp fire again with a certain elation singing in my veins. There is an intoxication in braving a danger, even when it does not exist. I felt myself on a par with Pellet, as brave a coward as he.

By the time supper was done it was dark in that low nook among the woods. We sat for a while contentedly, the dishes simmering in boiling water above the fire, our pipes singing quietly, the flames dancing softly before our eyes. I remember that behind the fireplace a rocky ledge rose a dozen or perhaps a score of feet almost perpendicularly; and shadows played across it as the flames sputtered; and the heat from the fire came back to us from it in faint waves, scarce perceptible. Atop the ledge tall spruces lifted till they disappeared in the darkness, their tops obscured while their trunks were all illumined. The low, wide mouth of the log shelter was at our left and a little below where we sat, and behind me lay the bog and the spring. And all about, the thick growth of young spruce hemmed us in.

We were none of us much inclined to talk. Dane smoked, watching the fire, speaking now and then to Pellet in a steady and assuring tone. I was tired and sleepy, half my thoughts concerned with Pellet and his fears, the other half already submitting to the drowsy spell laid upon them by my long fatigue. Pellet was between us—we sat on an old log all pitted and scarred by ax strokes where others before us had used it as a chopping block—and I was conscious now and then that the little man was trembling. And once he spoke in a sharp whisper:

"What was that?"

"What was what?" I echoed; and he declared in a shrill undertone that he had heard some sound in the bog behind the shelter. But Dane and I heard nothing. And again a pebble rolled down from the top of the ledge beyond the fire, and Pellet came to his feet with a taut spring; and Dane said impatiently, "Sit down, son. Sit down."

"What knocked that down?" Pellet pleaded. "What made that fall down?"

"The rain," Dane reminded him. "Something loosened it. The way a dead tree falls on the stillest night."

"Something started it," Pellet insisted. And Dane said reproachfully, "You're making a pest of yourself, son."

Pellet held himself in check, forced himself to be still. But when by and by it began to rain again and we had hurriedly washed the dishes and taken shelter within the camp, he said doubtfully, "Are we going to bed now?"

"I am," Dane told him.

"I—think I'll stay awake, for a while," Pellet suggested. "Keep a watch out. That won't bother you."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Dane told him angrily. "You get into your blankets and I'll tuck you in, and you stay there—understand?"

Pellet said piteously, "But, Dane, he's around here. I know he is. I can feel it."

"You'll feel the toe of my boot in a minute," Dane told him with friendly truculence. "I'm about sick of this, little man."

"I don't want to make a nuisance of myself," Pellet confessed.

"You're doing it," Dane assured him.

I ventured to take Pellet's part.

"I don't mind his standing sentry go," I suggested. "Take more than that to keep me awake tonight. And by your performance last night, Dane, you can sleep through anything."

Dane said cheerfully, "Shut up, Fat. Pellet's got to get some sleep or he'll be no good tomorrow. I'll dope him if I have to."

Pellet shook his head.

"No, no," he protested. "I'll go to bed. I'll be quiet; not bother either of you."

I was already in my blankets; and Dane said, "Roll in, then."

"I've got to brush my teeth," Pellet reminded him. "Aren't you fellows going to do yours?"

"I wouldn't get up to work for any dentist," I retorted, and Dane said, "Did mine a while ago."

Pellet rummaged his toothbrush and tube of paste from his pack and went out toward the dying fire.

"We've got to put the fire out too," he called; "unless you'd like me to keep it going."

"Pour the dishwater on it," Dane directed, busy with his blankets, and we heard Pellet doing so. Then he came back for a flashlight.

"I can't find any fresh water," he explained. And he added with a curious catch in his breath, "I'll have to go to the spring."

I remember thinking it would be decent to go in his place, but indolence kept me where I was; nor did Dane make the offer. Pellet stood a moment waiting, as though he hoped one of us would go with him. But when neither of us moved he turned away; and I heard his feet on the sticks of the little footway as he went haltingly toward the spring below the camp. Then his footsteps ceased, and a moment later he was back in the open end of the shelter; and he had come at such leaping speed that I sat up in my blankets and Dane asked sharply, "What's the matter now?"

"There's someone there—in the bushes, by the spring," Pellet whispered.

Dane said wearily, "Oh, rats!"

"See anyone?" I asked, more practically, trying to steady my tones, unconsciously lowering my voice. Pellet shook his head.

"No," he confessed. "But there's someone there."

"What makes you think so?"

(Continued on Page 59)

Ladies WE APOLOGIZE

Please be patient just a little longer. The thousands of Fuller Men *are doing their very best, but there now are* 10,000,000 *housewives who want Fuller Service 2 or 3 times a year.*

WE know that the Fuller Man hasn't called upon many of you as often as you would like Judging from your letters, some of you are quite vexed about it. We believe you will accept our apology when you know all the circumstances.

The facts are these. Ten million housekeepers want Fuller Service two or three times a year. That means twenty to thirty million calls a year—1,666,666 to 2,500,000 calls a month—from 384,615 to 576,923 calls a week.

Demand for Fuller Service is growing so fast that we are adding new men as rapidly as possible. But it isn't every man who can sign the Fuller Pledge and satisfactorily serve Fuller customers.

Fuller Men are chosen with the greatest care. They are not asked to be just salesmen. We employ only men whom we can train as experts in homecleaning methods. Then they must act as local representatives of the largest institution of its kind in the world.

To the men we choose we offer unusual opportunities—the opportunity to secure invaluable training—the opportunity to engage in a dignified, permanent, profitable business. We open for these men, the road to larger income and increased responsibility.

If you know of a man who you believe could help us in serving ten million housewives oftener and better, write his name on the coupon below and mail it to The Fuller Brush Co., 1060 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Do this and you will have been of service to us, to the man you name and to ten million housewives. We thank you now.

Fill out and send this COUPON

If you will permit us to use YOUR name in writing to this man, write YOUR name here

_____

To The Fuller Brush Co., 1060 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn.

His name _____

Street Address _____

City and State _____

Natural Loveliness

Is ever the reward of sensible skin care—to safeguard your children's complexions and your own, just follow this simple daily rule

NATURAL beauty, simple and alluring, is the beauty standard of today.

The modern mother starts early with protective skin care for her children . . . and preserves her own youthful freshness in precisely the same way. That is, by the exclusion of artificial methods, often so hazardous to the skin.

Skin beauty starts with skin cleanliness; with pores kept healthfully clean with the softening lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive. World's leading specialists on skin care agree to this.

Nature's simple rule to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. Let the final rinsing be with cold water. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

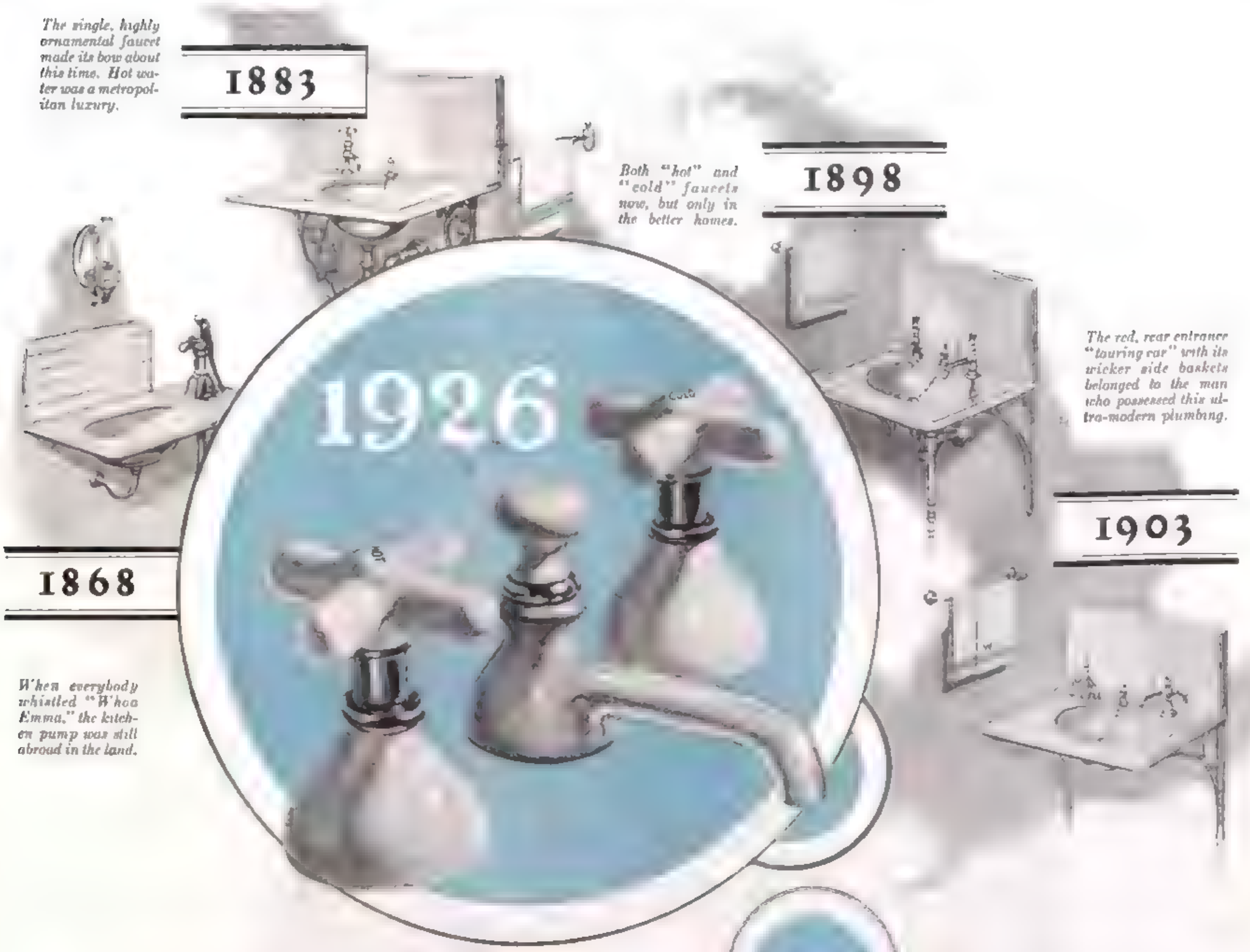
Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Palmolive is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Blended of cosmetic oils, famous since the days of Cleopatra, Palmolive is made to be used freely; for toilet and bath.

Remember those facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.


1883
The single, highly ornamental faucet made its bow about this time. Hot water was a metropolitan luxury.
1898
Both "hot" and "cold" faucets now, but only in the better homes.
1926
1868
When everybody whistled "Whoa Emma," the kitchen pump was still abroad in the land.
1903
The red, rear entrance "touring car" with its wicker side baskets belonged to the man who possessed this ultra-modern plumbing.

Pictured above are a few of the many milestones in a great development. Not because faucets are great things in themselves, but because the history of their development is also the story of world-wide awakening to higher and higher standards of health and sanitation. In 1857, when Hieronymus Mueller first began the manufacture of brass goods, faucets were simple faucets. And for years they continued to be the slighted element of plumbing, although from the outset the Mueller organization regarded them as the vital spots of plumbing. Experience gradually forced recognition of the Mueller conception. And it was this wide acceptance that caused the little 20 x 40 shop of 1857 to grow into the big, modern factory of today that covers five city blocks and has branched out into two other large plants.

And this year the Vital Spots *will command still more respect*

If the faucets in your home or building have not kept step with progress it will pay you in convenience and reduced repairs to have them replaced with Mueller Faucets. There is a type for every need. For the lavatory, modern single-spout combinations, including the handsome design shown above; for the tub, equally beautiful combinations; for the kitchen sink, modern combination faucets with the convenient swinging spouts and the handy hose spray for rinsing dishes, preparing vegetables and many other uses.

You will find that the established *merchant* plumber in your community is glad to recommend and install Mueller Faucets because, as a skilled craftsman, he is fully in accord with the Mueller conception of uncompromising quality. If your plumber does not carry Mueller Faucets he can quickly get them, for there is a Mueller jobber located in every important distributing center of the United States.

MUELLER CO. (ESTABLISHED 1857) *Factories:* Decatur, Ill., Port Huron, Mich.
Canadian Factory: MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia *Branches:* New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles

MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

(Continued from Page 54)

"I could feel it—I could feel it," he declared. Dane reached for him.

"Here, kid," he said harshly, "roll in and quiet down."

"I want to brush my teeth," Pellet protested in a tone like a low wail.

"Then go do it," Dane told him.

"Get a little water for me, will you, Dane?" he begged, and Dane said in a sudden burst of irritation, "No, I won't. I'm not going to dry-nurse you, kid. I've had about enough of this."

Pellet drew back silently, and I could feel his tremors even in the darkness. I watched him through the open end of the shelter, and I saw him look uncertainly around, then lift the ax from where I had dropped it. With this in one hand, flashlight, toothbrush and tooth paste in the other, he turned uncertainly down the path toward the spring.

I got out of my blankets, called to him, "Here, I'll go with you." But he must not have heard me, for he did not wait. When I got out of the shelter, standing in stockinged feet on the wet ground, I saw him halfway to the spring, almost shoulder deep in the wet bushes. Dane, behind me, grunted some scornful word.

Then Pellet stopped and stood for a moment rigid, in a dreadful attention. And I saw him swing the ax high and fling it from him toward a thicker clump of brush a little to one side. And while it was still in the air he screamed. The appalling cry was so like what I had imagined that my first sense was one of familiarity; and before I could move, the little man was upon me, fighting past me, so that we fell in a heap together within the shelter; and he cried in a strangling whisper, "He was there! He was there! He was there!"

Dane disentangled us, and by the chattering of Pellet's teeth in the darkness I knew he was shaking the little man. I found a match and lighted it, and saw that Pellet still clutched the flashlight in his hand, along with toothbrush and tube. I got it away from him—his fingers were clenched in a fearful grip—and Dane asked me, over his shoulder, "See anything, Hal?" I shook my head; and he said sharply to Pellet, "Now I've had enough. Shut up, before I choke you."

"He was there, Dane!" Pellet insisted.

"Did you see him? Hear him?"

"No, but I know he was there."

"He threw the ax at something," I reported.

"Go get it," Dane directed me. "Take the light. I'll take care of him."

This was a commission not at all to my liking. I had no faith in Pellet's fears. But—well, for one thing, I was in my stockings and the ground was sopping. Nevertheless, I was more inclined to avoid Dane's scorn than wet feet, so I went reluctantly to do as he directed. Stepped outside and moved a little way along the path toward the spring, and turned my light on that clump of bushes toward which the ax had gone. That was a wet business, wading waist deep through boughs laden with a thousand drops of water. But I pushed on with a certain show of bold resolution, playing the light ahead of me. I thought it might be difficult to find the ax; certainly expected to find nothing else at all. The thing was fundamentally improbable and beyond all reason; Pellet's fears were on the face of them no more than the imaginings of a nervous man.

Thus I felt as much surprise as horror at what I found. The ax could not have flown more truly if it had been a rifle ball, and Hostler had come a long and arduous way to receive his dues. He lay quite still, and there was a great red blotch across that patch of white hair on the side of his head.

I found the sequel, the reactions of these two men to my discovery, not the least astonishing aspect of this episode. My trade had taken me into dark places before this: I could look upon such ugly matters with some composure. But I should have expected Dane to accept the situation with philosophy, Pellet to be driven into outright hysteria by this confirmation of his fears.

The event was decidedly otherwise. Pellet and I had some difficulty with Dane that night. He repeated, over and over, "But just think what he'd have done to us after we were asleep! We wouldn't have had a chance in the world." He was as near panic as a sane man can be, and we had to fight to keep him from bolting down the mountain side.

Pellet, on the other hand, took it calmly.

"I knew he was there," he explained. "It doesn't bother me, because, you see, I knew he was there."

"He'd have butchered us in our sleep," Dane insisted, but at that Pellet shook his head.

"No," he replied; "no, there wasn't any chance of that. Because I shouldn't have slept at all. You see, I knew he was there. I was sure of it all the time."

SHEIK EXPLAINS

(Continued from Page 11)

reconciliation and thus help out my friend Harry. And that is why I told the messenger, yes, I would be there.

While on my way to the appointment I passed Bunk Berry and was surprised to notice that he had a black eye and did not seem to want to answer my friendly greeting of "Hello, Bunk, where did you get it?" But I did not let this weigh upon me, and walking up to the third floor of the Delray Apartments rang the bell of the Slomer flat.

III

IT WAS a great pleasure to me to notice that Mrs. Slomer seemed to be her old self again, jumping around and clapping her hands and laughing as before.

"Oh, I am so glad you came," were her first words, "because I want you to know how terribly I felt for having given way to my nerves as I did. Please sit down and take off your overcoat and answer me one question right off."

"What question is that?" I asked.

"Well, Mr. Byers—no, I am going to call you Benny, because you are Harry's best friend—how did you ever find out that I had been on the stage?"

I suppose I must have looked all confused, because she commenced jumping around again and clapping her hands and saying, "Oh, there is no use trying to deny it, because Mr. Berry called here and we had a nice friendly chat together. I don't know when anything made me feel so playful. But I'm sure you must be a fortune teller to find out secrets like that."

"No, I am no fortune teller," I replied, laughing a little and glad that things had turned out the way they had, "but I am a pretty good judge of character and I just figured it out for myself."

At this she laughed as if her head was coming off, and then, taking my overcoat, made me sit down by the tea table, where a kettle was boiling over an alcohol lamp.

Well, Ena, I am now coming to the second hard part of my story, and I will explain the best I can, though maybe you will not fully understand same, as on after reflection I do not altogether understand same myself.

While the tea was being got ready there was a great deal of conversation about the stage and how much Mrs. Slomer liked the stage and how she used to be a dancer in this line and did I like the stage and similar points. Finally this conversation wound up with the statement that she was thinking of getting into practice again and dancing for a week at the New Orpheus so as to surprise Harry and show him she could earn her own living, and would I be willing to help her by watching her practice and telling her frankly what I thought.

Not seeing any harm in this, I said, "Yes, I will do that with pleasure."

She now clapped her hands some more, and having made me drink a large cup of tea, went into the closet, and coming back with two small bundles began to talk so fast that I did not have any opportunity to interrupt or say aye, yes or no.

"It was a lucky day for me," she said, "when Harry introduced you, because I would never dare to do this if you were not Harry's best friend. Here is your costume and here is mine. Of course I don't expect you to dance—I will have to find a professional partner later—but you cannot imagine how much it will help me if you are simply present in costume. In fact otherwise I would not dare to attempt it. And I was so sure you would help me that I have already got permission to use the empty flat next door. Some people are moving in tomorrow, but this afternoon it is free. So all you have to do is to go into that flat with my partner's costume, and in about two minutes, when you have changed, I will be there with you and demonstrate the dance. But of course you must promise not to be shocked. Oh, I am afraid you will be shocked. I could never think of doing my dance unless I were sure you would understand. You see, though it is classic, if you were to be shocked I could not do it at all. Oh, I am so afraid you will be shocked."

Well, Ena, this kept up for a long time. First she would be willing to dance it, thinking that perhaps I wouldn't be shocked, and then she would say, "No, no, it is useless. I value your good opinion so highly that I cannot risk it." And the result was that instead of discussing the important question of what my feelings were in respect to dressing up myself, we spent the entire time discussing her case and whether she should or should not wear stockings. In fact it was only after I had got into the empty flat adjoining Mrs. Slomer's that I began to think serious of the entire situation.

I would not have cared so much if the costume had been a dress suit the same as worn by society dancers at the New Orpheus. But all it consisted of was sandals and a crown of roses and a kind of imitation leopard skin. And I give you my word, Ena, that I would never have dreamed of putting these on if Mrs. Slomer had not kept me all confused by the way she shouted back and forth from her own apartment, thus making me keep my mind on what I was saying instead of what I was doing.

"Oh, Benny, I am so afraid you will be shocked!"

"No, I will not be shocked."

"I should simply expire if you were. Benny, promise me that if you are shocked you will say so at once and then I will change back to my regular clothes."

"That is all right. I am not so easily shocked, and besides I would like to help you out."

"That is sweet of you, Benny. But I would simply die if I thought my dance would give you a bad impression of me."

"No, indeed; on the contrary."

And that was the way it went on until finally she rapped on the wall, saying, "Are you ready?"

"Yes," I replied, putting the crown of roses a little tighter on my head, "I am ready."

The next minute, after a preparatory knock, Mrs. Slomer entered.

I guess I do not have to describe my feelings to you, Ena, when I state that she looked just the same as when I had left, and as far as the naked eye could see had not changed her costume in the slightest.

"Oh, Mr. Byers—I mean, Benny," she began with a rush, "I had the strangest feeling when I was putting on my costume. I was afraid you would laugh at me, and so at the last minute I slipped on my dress and stockings over it. But now that I see you I am reassured, and I will go back and take them off at once." Here she stopped talking and began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked, a little short.

"Oh," she said, "I am just laughing at a thought I had, and that ought not to surprise you, because Harry has already explained how playful I am by nature. I hope you don't think I was laughing at you, because I have never seen anything so good-looking in my life. I do not see how anybody can say that long legs are not graceful and get away with it." Here she started to laugh again, merely stopping to remark, "Oh, I have just remembered something simply too killing. Please excuse me."

By this time I was getting a little sore, and I had just about made up my mind to speak freely, when a loud knock was heard. I looked down at the leopard skin I was wearing and winched

"How annoying!" said Mrs. Slomer in a whisper. "It is probably the janitor's wife, who wants to know if we have heat enough or something. Hide in that closet and I will get rid of her in a jiffy."

There did not seem to be much of anything else to do, so I followed directions, and from inside the closet observed by means of the keyhole.

"Good afternoon," said a lady's voice from without. "Am I making a mistake, or is this the flat that Mr. Hanscome and myself have rented?" And with this remark she entered. She was middle-aged and dressed in bright blue.

"Yes," said Mrs. Slomer, "this is probably your flat, but the janitor said I could have the use of it for the afternoon."

"I am so sorry," said the lady, "but Mr. Hanscome has changed his mind and we are moving in here directly. I do not wish to disturb you, but I am afraid I must."

"You are not disturbing me in the least," was Mrs. Slomer's reply. "I have simply been airing out my husband's clothes there on the radiator."

The lady in blue, winching visibly, put her hand over her heart.

"Please take them away," she said, "and at once. You can't imagine the trouble they would make for me if Mr. Hanscome should find them here."

"I hope he is not jealous," said Mrs. Slomer with a merry laugh.

"Jealous does not describe him, dearie," said the lady in blue. "No, there is not a word in the dictionary for it. I am sure I have never done anything to call down the least criticism on my head, and yet I cannot call my soul my own. I have to account to him for every breath I draw. Take them away, please, before he comes."

Mrs. Slomer now gathered up my clothes, which I had previously hung on the radiator, while the lady continued her explanations

"Oh, dearie, if your husband is kind and sympathetic and understands you, then you can call yourself blessed indeed. And Mr. Hanscome's suspicions are all so baseless. They started because I was once engaged to a young man who afterward went into the Russian ballet. Mr. Hanscome is a conservative business man, and ever since he discovered this fact about my early life he has suspected me of having an interest in circus riders, parachute jumpers and all sorts of impossible people."

Right then, Ena, was the time I [illegible] Mrs. Slomer to explain in a smooth way the entire circumstances of the case, [illegible] I fully expected her to do so. Instead of this she merely said, "Perhaps your husband has only a playful disposition."

"Oh, dearie," sighed the lady in blue, "if that was the fact of the case, I would be the happiest woman alive."

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"Well," said Mrs. Slomer, moving to the door and carrying with her all my clothing, shoes included, "then your husband is altogether different from me. Personally, I am full of fun and always playful. Playfulness, as you might say, is the keynote of my nature. In fact there are some persons who haven't the slightest idea how playful I can get when I try."

And with these words she passed out of the flat, closing the door behind her.

IV

FOR a minute I stood there hardly able to realize what had happened. And I was wondering what was the best way to break the news gently of my being in the closet, when, with a smash and a bang, a conservative business man entered the apartment.

"Oh, Charles, how you frightened me!" said the lady in blue, after a little scream. "You told me you would stay at the old flat and see that the things were put onto the truck carefully."

"Yes, that is what I told you," he said, with a rough laugh. "And the reason I told you that was because I wanted to see whether you would be here alone or with one of these parlor sheiks."

"Charles," said the lady in a trembling voice, "I don't understand you. I hope you don't suspect me of anything, because you know very well that my life is an open book."

"I have stopped suspecting," he said, "and am getting down to facts. I suppose when you picked out this flat you did not say to Mrs. McKean, 'Here is a good place to dance. Now we will not have to risk going to the Little Paree Tea Shop.'"

A gasp was the response. Then the lady replied in a weak voice, "Charles, I hope you do not suspect me of going to dancing places in the afternoon while you are slaving away in your office."

"I have stopped suspecting," he said, with another harsh laugh. "Where were you yesterday afternoon?"

"I told you I was calling on Mrs. McKean."

"Well, well, well," was the response; "this is the first time I knew Mrs. McKean lived at the Little Paree Tea Shop. And now I want to know the name of that lounge lizard you were dancing with."

"Oh, Charles, do not be so suspicious, I beg of you. If we went to the Little Paree Tea Shop it was because Mrs. McKean was answering their ad in yesterday's paper for a manager, and she did not know they wanted an expert bookkeeper. And if I danced twice when there it was merely because Mrs. McKean's second cousin had dropped in on his way to New York and I danced with him to oblige her."

The laugh greeting this remark was so savage that it made me winch internally.

"Oh, that sounds good, that does! I suppose this second cousin calls himself Prince Kuloffsky and sports a fake Russian accent. Well, my girl, I am of the opinion that your long-legged Russian friend and the two-spot you thought you were going to marry back in Sauk City are the same and identical party."

The lady in blue gave a little scream and said "Charles!" But it did not do any good, as he simply went on more excited than ever.

"Yes, when we married you said you wanted to live in a quiet way and make refined friends, and since then I have had to spend my time fighting off lion tamers, automobile racers, human flies, bare-legged dancers and all the freaks that ever graced a midway. A conservative business man is not good enough for you. Well, I have acted like a little lamb long enough. Do you see this?"

Here the lady gave a scream and I could make out that he had pulled a pistol from his pocket.

"And now," he said, "I am going to post myself outside the door of this flat, and if your dancing friend comes dancing up the stairs he will go dancing down them faster than he came up them." And laughing in the same horrible way as before, he went out, slamming the door behind him.

For a minute I stood there in the closet the same as if frozen and wondering what was going to happen next. I do not think I would have had the nerve to make a move if I had not noticed the lady in blue coming toward the closet. At this, being desperate, I opened the door myself.

Well, Ena, until you have been in a similar situation you can have no idea how hard it is to explain why you are there and what you are doing there and the reason for being there dressed in a leopard skin and a wreath of roses. I tried to explain the best I could, but seeing I was getting nowhere and that any minute the lady might scream or faint, I simply stopped explaining and said, "What had I ought to do?"

"Do not get back into the closet," she said in a trembling whisper. "That will be fatal. Hide somewhere else."

Well, Ena, I was willing to hide somewhere else or anywhere else, but a hasty look around the apartment showed that outside of the closet there was no chance for concealment.

"Think!" she said in a desperate way. "Think or there will be a tragedy!"

We now spent some time thinking; but being as there was no place to hide, our thinking did not get us anywhere. And it was only when Mr. Hanscome's steps resounded in the corridor that a solution was arrived at.

"Quick!" the lady in blue said. "Get out on that little balcony. I will pull the shade down inside and my husband will never suspect. Quick!"

Probably you will say, Ena, that at this point I ought to have reflected, but there was no time for reflection. I remember I said "All right," and the next minute I was out on the balcony with the window closed behind me and the shade pulled down. And I can say truthfully that for the moment I had forgotten all about the way I was dressed and that the balcony opened on Grand Avenue and that at this time of the P.M. there is always somebody passing below. In fact the first thought that came to me was, "It is a good thing there are parties in the street, because they will help me get away." And that is why I began yelling in a low voice, "Fetch a ladder! Fetch a ladder!"

In all my life, Ena, I have never seen people so dumb as the bunch that gathered under my balcony. Pretty soon there were about a hundred of them, with all hands making such remarks as, "He is advertising something. . . . No, he is a human fly. . . . Tell the cop to shoot him, because it looks to me like he is crazy and may hurt somebody." In fact the remarks got so personal that I would have gone back into the flat, come what might, if I had not suddenly found that the window had been locked behind me.

But right here let me state, Ena, and as emphatic as possible, that except for my name, photo and address, the account of this matter published in the Express was a black lie from beginning to end. I did not throw my clothes out of the window; it must have been Mrs. Slomer. And I did not take the crown of roses from my head and begin sprinkling the crowd with petals as described in Line 28. I removed same because disorderly characters in the crowd below kept yelling "Summer is over. . . . He thinks he is Los Angeles, California. . . . He was just a little rosebush and somebody watered him."

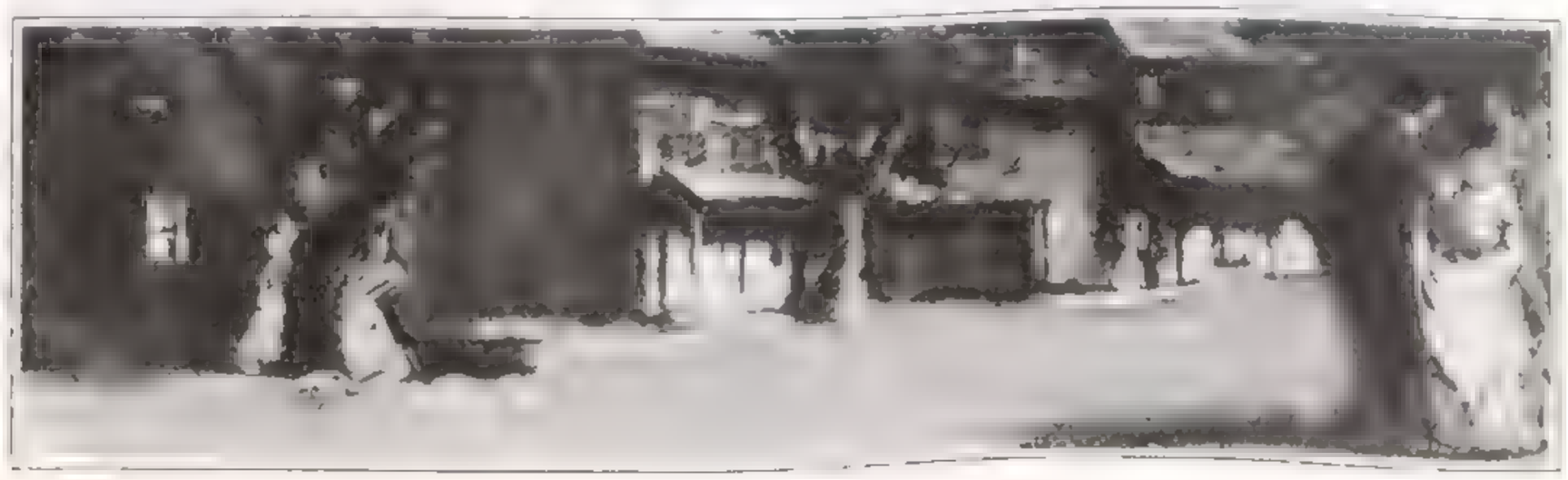
And the blackest lie of all begins in Line 48, where it reads, "When the fireman climbed up, Mr. Byers remarked, 'I am a sheik from Sheiksville and this is my night to howl.'" All I said to the fireman was, "I can explain everything." And all he said to me was, "Well, bub, you are going to have all the chance in the world to explain. Now come down quiet or we will turn the hose on you."

Well, Ena, considering the irrevocable decision you have just made about not uniting our destinies, probably you will be little interested in what remains to be told. So I will not bore you by repeating what I think of Mrs. Slomer, or explaining how I found out it was she herself who hid the key to the flat and then sent in a call to the fire department, and also hired the so-called Mr. and Mrs. Hanscome, who were merely actors from the New Orpheus.

And I don't suppose it would be worth your while, Ena, to note down that I am no longer keeping books for the Bonanza Installment Funeral Parlors, as somehow I do not any longer like this atmosphere And that is why, after buying a third interest, I have become manager of the Little Paree Tea Shop. The money with which I did this was the result of a libel suit against the Express as suggested by a public-spirited young lawyer of my acquaintance who just got out of law school last June. The suit was for twenty-five thousand dollars damages, but the Express settled with us out of court.

And it would certainly be wasting your valuable time, Ena, if I was to describe how that article in the Express has been copied all over the country and how up-to-date I have received one hundred and eighty-seven letters from girls unknown to me, including forty-seven with photographs and detailed statements of financial and social standing, and how about 25 per cent of these girls would like to marry me to reform me and the remaining 75 per cent would just simply like to marry me.

No, Ena, what must be, must be. You have made your decision and you state it is irrevocable; and if I am thus writing at length, it is merely to let you know in a friendly way that if, during the last twenty-four hours, you happen to have changed your mind about same, you can best avoid disappointments by telegraphing me right off and then taking the first train for Pearl City.



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OTHER MEN'S THUNDER

(Continued from Page 23)

only actors, playwrights, novelists, poets, composers and vaudevillians, but club women, high-school students, society folk, politicians, and other ordinarily well-meaning members of society.

The remark of a warden of a penitentiary probably reveals a common attitude all too significantly. A stolen story had been submitted to a magazine, therein printed and later, being recognized, turned over by the editor to the Authors' League, which for the sake of its membership follows up such cases, and subsequently was traced to the write-out. Promptly the warden acknowledged the plagiarism on the part of one of his flock.

"But," said he, "where's the harm? It keeps the boys busy, and the guy you say really wrote it is dead." Nevertheless, the money was refunded by weekly installments taken from No. ——'s pay for breaking stone or cobbling shoes.

But it isn't always petty crooks who try this game; often attempts are made on the part of the eminently respectable. In 1880, for instance, a poem, Love's Passing By, written by a Philadelphia physician, was issued in Scribner's. The verses had a pleasing optimistic note appealing to many, and were later syndicated in newspapers all over the land. Then, still later, they came back to their original home—under a different name. The editor, at once recognizing them, sent a representative to call at the sender's address. Nor was he, the investigator found, a mere underling, but actually an official of the firm, who, finding the waif in some old files, had decided to adopt it as his own. This, however, he would not admit; in fact, he indignantly denied it. As proof of his innocence he said he would submit the original manuscript—he could not produce it just then, but would mail it the following morning. It came, the verses exactly paralleling the original and his own versions with one slight exception—there was a new and extra stanza. But the little poem had a quality easily imitated, a trick of rhythm that could be readily caught. And this man, though not particularly original, was clever enough for that. As an alibi he had made up overnight that little extra stanza.

About twenty years ago there flourished a rather able though now defunct magazine. And in it appeared a story of the South which had considerable charm—but a charm, so another editor, Robert Bridges, thought, peculiar to one of his contributors, Thomas Nelson Page.

Testing the Editors

On looking back in his files he found this recollection confirmed. The new story followed Miss Goodwin's Inheritance comma for comma, word for word. Naturally disturbed, the editor of the magazine which had printed the steal started an investigation, only to find the offender, a man not of letters but a ticket agent at a little railroad station. He, too, like the warden, had thought it no harm; he had merely copied a story from an old magazine which he had found discarded in an outhouse—a circumstance hardly flattering to Mr. Page, but one at which he had the good humor and grace to smile.

A doctor in a neighboring city, by some odd coincidence the same that boasts the penitentiary before referred to, tried a similar stunt, though with different motives and, too, on a wholesale plan. He submitted to one editor five stories all at once, and similar batches to other editors. Right out of the box, one expert recognized the first tale as one of Hawthorne's, the second and third as other classics, and wrote the sender a letter of inquiry that was slightly ironical. But thus replied the engaging doctor: "You win—your score, three out of five, is fine! You get the blue ribbon!"

It was all a trick—very evidently as honest as such a trick could be; for he went on to explain that, believing that "editors didn't know good stuff when they saw it," he had contrived this stratagem to find out if they did. Not a single one of the expected victims swallowed the bait, and the good doctor was at last convinced that editors do know something.

And their task, it must be admitted, is hard, for though thousands of books each year swell the formidable legions of the past, the number of short stories is as the sands by the sea. Editors would indeed have to have prodigious memories to recognize each; so it would seem at first glance that in this field there is small chance of detection.

Relying on this fallibility, one bold freebooter, not many years back, actually submitted as his own a story of Frank Norris' to a magazine of great literary prestige. It was actually published, to arouse a storm of protest; the man was later caught and the money refunded. Still, it must not be thought that there are no checks that work beforehand. Authors and editors are banded together against all such operators. And, besides, if the memory of one fails, the staffs of the magazines are large and vigilant and the composite memory furnishes a pretty effective protection.

A Literary Kleptomaniac

There is, for instance, a chronic offender who submits all sorts of stories to all sorts of magazines, and who, to make recognition harder, adopts various aliases as he blithely skips from town to town. But there are always distinguishing characteristics in his communications. These brand him as clearly as birthmarks or scars brand the fugitive criminal whose pictures you see tacked up in our post offices and public buildings.

Even the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police has paused from tracking its wild and Western villains long enough to follow one of these thieves. He, too, was a chronic offender, and being caught with the goods by the alert Authors' League felt quite safe when he had skipped over the border. But the Canadian Authors' Society, when notified, called in the troopers. The fugitive was located and the report came back that he was a sort of literary kleptomaniac, obsessed with a fame complex and crazy to see his name in print. He was, however, sane enough to hurl over the border by mail this amusing defiance: "I'll beat you yet, for I'll change my name." If he tries it, ten to one he'll be recognized.

To tell all the checks at the editors' command would be to defeat their purpose. Still, it can do no harm to reprint the following letter, sent by a new contributor to whom an editor had held out as tempting bait the request for a little autobiographical sketch. And wrote he:

"*Dear Sir:* I am in receit of your letter of recent date as regards to the periodical I sent you some time since. The Burglar Detective noting the entrest you have shown, the story was wrote in the month of Oct last during the time I was devoting a good deal of time to writing, since that time I have been entrested in affairs and have not had time for doing but little towards writing, now the business is about off-hand and I will spend more time in the line of mss but do not contemplate doing much in that line for period of time yet while I now have out others which are thrills.

"I was reared in the little city of Council Bluff." Is the speling significant? "At age of sixteen years I went out on the prairie of Southwest, Texas, Oklahoma, Alabama, Colorado and New Jersey and after spending some time on the range as cowboy I then went for more adventure into the Central and South American republics from which I gathered some good data of real life full of adventure and many thrills which should be of entrest to the magazine readers."

Undoubtedly these should be—but they won't.

Perhaps the most amusing instance—that is, amusing in a way—occurred when a citizen of Pittsburgh sent in another man's story to a periodical devoted to detective and mystery tales. For this contribution he received seventy dollars and had the satisfaction to boot of seeing his name in print. However, he kept neither fee nor fame long. The magazine was not twenty-four hours out when the publisher of a very real and rather celebrated author called the editor on the phone.

He came right over, to be handed a little book, opened at a certain page. The story there started and the one he had issued were one and the same; with two slight and unsubstantial changes—in the title and the author's name. The editor pleaded ignorance, and honestly enough.

"But," pointed out the accuser, "look at this letter your contributor sent in. Does it seem likely that a man who writes like that would be capable of also writing this story? Post"—the real author—"is a fine craftsman; his style is staccato and easily distinguished. Didn't you stop to wonder how an unknown could write a story with such skill?"

The editor hadn't thought of that. It hadn't occurred to him to check up on the man, as older and astute editors usually do. However, he now did get busy and put one of the force on his contributor's trail. He was found in Pittsburgh, and the money, though only part of the rightful author's usual fee, was promptly refunded.

And the very fact that these pilferers show good judgment on at least one count is of great assistance to the editors. They—the thieves—usually select stories that are superior, those by which they have themselves been impressed. They offer not base metal but pure gold; which renders detection the easier.

A McCutcheon Book in Disguise

One would think that even people so thievishly disposed would scarce have the effrontery to try to lift a whole book, the chances of detection and the expense of the typing itself are so much greater. But such brigandage has been attempted, as the author of Graustark, George Barr McCutcheon, found out when a friend called the facts to his attention. The book selected in this case was The Sherrods, and only a few names, the title, dedication and first four pages of script had been altered. Indeed so slavish was the copy that when in his novel Mr. McCutcheon had indicated a break in action—a very seemly incident, be it said—by asterisks, the copyist took that for a chapter ending. He then started Chapter XI, but when he reached XVII he suddenly noticed that the model had it as XVI. So back he went to XVI without, though, changing the other headings. All through the copy were these typographical evidences of theft. To cap it all, the ambitious author had prefaced the whole with this delightful and wholly appropriate sentiment:

"To my mother, the faith of this book being hers."

Perhaps he had lifted that also and was no more guilty of irony than the chap who offered Under False Colors as his title for another stolen book.

An illustrator outside the ranks of the Authors' League was recently summoned to the office on complaint of a brother artist. When the original and copy were submitted as exhibits, it was found that the former had copied the latter's work stroke for stroke and line for line. When the culprit protested that he was only a beginner and didn't know that it was wrong, it was pointed out that such was hardly the case. Not only had he transgressed in three other instances but also—and this is quite the reverse of conditions in most of the cases cited—his workmanship was too fine. It was true that an idea like a plot could be coincident, but as two stories cannot in innocence parallel each other in treatment neither could a drawing innocently follow another exactly, stroke for stroke and line for line.

The whole problem, of course, is many-sided; and another illustrator of considerable note was once faced with another and quite different fact. A well-known concern contracted for his whole output for a certain period. He was to draw for no one but them, and he, knowing the great numbers of ads this firm put forth and figuring that the engagement would be quite lucrative, signed on the dotted line. Forthwith he created his Apollo—one of those blond, pink-complexioned young giants that so decoratively line our modern suits, shirts and collars. But immediately his clients employed a hack artist at a small salary to copy the original drawing each time the company changed its ads and the Adonis-like young man appeared in a new suit, tie or collar. So instead of several dozen fees a year the artist got but one, and he was hog-tied by his contract.

Rights of Playwrights

A lawyer was called in, read the agreement and gave this sage advice: "All right, we'll fix them. As long as they don't change anything, we'll have to stand pat. But just let them alter your drawing by one jot or tittle, change the part in his hair or let some dandruff drop on his collar and we'll sue."

Well, the hack artist slipped—whether with a hair comb or dandruff doesn't matter, since the artist sued and recovered.

Undoubtedly the greatest losses of money and the most poignant heartbreaks are to be found in the annals of the theater. Indeed, for a time it was a custom for some managers, playwrights and actor-managers of repute to adapt, without return to author or producer, any play they happened to like. But now copyright law is securer and injured authors more practical and businesslike. Where property has not been protected by copyright, a man may have a case under common law; and authors of today are usually quite ready to fight for their rights.

A producer for years made a practice of sending to each new play three stenographers, one to copy dialogue, the second the sets and the third to take notes of costumes and pieces of business. Thus he secured scripts which he could and did sell to stock companies at a handsome profit—always, of course, under changed titles.

During the war there were no less than twenty outlaw companies producing John E. Hazzard's and Winchell Smith's Turn to the Right without any consideration of or to the authors. Finally the Producing Managers' Association decided to stop or at least to curtail the practice. Theater owners were organized into a sort of vigilance committee by John Golden, the producer, and reports of infringements sent to headquarters. Finally a test case was decided on, an illegal production of Way Down East, and a lawyer dispatched to the scene of action. He saw the performance, testified to that effect, produced the original script and copyright and secured a conviction. The defendant was clapped in jail. Since then infringements have been less frequent.

A more romantic case is that of a play which set the fashion in dances and skirts a decade ago. This had been played for years in the big cities by the original company and in the smaller towns by many road companies before a woman brought suit. When she first submitted her script her boy was in kindergarten; when the case came to trial he was the lawyer that pleaded

(Continued on Page 65

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When the red ball goes up, get out your Handy Can with the Big Red "One."

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Ordinary oil will gum up the contact points of your Timer, sure as shootin'. To assure yourself a hot spark all the time, clean out the old oil and make a fresh start with 3-in-One

---

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An Illinois fire department writes: "3-in-One has been found to be the only oil our Fire Department can use on the automatic relief valve to keep it from sticking." A New York fire department says: "We use 3-in-One on our nickelplate and also on our alarm system."

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They had better up and wind them
Oil drops for the wheels of time

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Tremblingly the office boy applied 3-in-One to the chair's squeaking hinge and spring. The revolution quietly subsided.

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Now groaned and cracked
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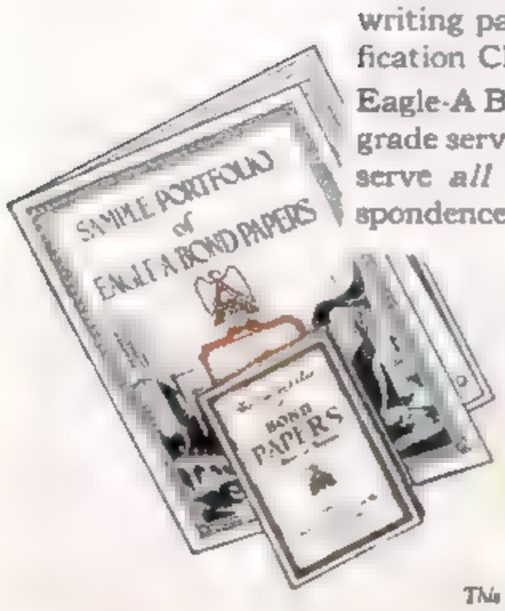

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EAGLE-A *Bond* PAPERS

(Continued from Page 62)

her case, won it and with it a large fortune for his mother—a pretty play within a play, and more dramatic than the one they fought over.

There is, however, another foot for the shoe. Every once in a while a producer or author is held up; and Channing Pollock, the author of The Fool, sums up his lawyers' fees paid for clearing his name as $25,000. No sooner does a man make a hit than some perhaps honest but misguided amateur cries "Thief!" This very morning, which succeeds a night of five fall openings of plays, exactly five people called up the secretary of the Authors' League, claiming a steal. Very often the similarity is superficial or vague, but there are lawyers who will take the case on contingency. The court, you see, might find for their client, through sympathy for a poor man suing a wealthier defendant. And it is claimed that the copyright offices at Washington are infested with copyright hounds who are there to run down cases for their employers, much as ambulance chasers make clients out of the victims of accidents. Some producers have actually had so much trouble that they refuse to read manuscripts from strangers. And David Belasco once had to defend himself in a suit in which he proved he had purloined nothing, except perhaps Gilbert and Sullivan's idea of Trial by Jury, by doing just that—producing a play before the jury. The result was laughable, the plaintiff's play being almost unactable. At one moment in the performance—a crisis at that—the heroine exclaimed "I must dress," then left the stage empty for ten minutes.

Plagiarism Among the Greeks

The warning, "Don't tell me; I might forget and use it later," is an arrow pointing at a very troublesome phase of the problem. Follow it and you come directly to unconscious plagiarism. One reads or hears a story and forgets it, but it lies conveniently pigeonholed in the subconscious, ready to spring out like a jack-in-the-box when such an idea is needed. And it is also possible for two men to think of the same idea at the same time and to work on it independently. But if one produces the idea and the other doesn't, moral innocence is not innocence in the eyes of the law. That is, possession is nine-tenths of the law; and if the first has a successful play or book properly protected by copyright, and which has established a value in the market, another man, even if he conceived the idea independently, cannot legally follow with a production or book actually paralleling the first.

Stories of such guiltless infringements are as old as the hills, and Major George H. Putnam, the father of copyright in this country, finds, way back in the B. C.s, a Greek Aretades writing a treatise on the similarity or identity of thought creations.

And Aristophanes in his play, The Frogs—hit of the season of 405 B.C.—not only uses as characters two of the great rival dramatists of the day, Euripides and Æschylus, but also makes Rip address Mr. Æschylus thus wise:

"When I first read over the tragedy you placed in my hands I found it difficult and bombastic. I at once made a severe condensation of the play from its weight of rubbish. I enlivened it with bright sayings, with philosophic subtleties and with an abundance of brilliant witticisms from other books."

Then he has Mr. A. get back at Rip. In this fun-provoking satire you therefore have one of the leading triumvirate of the Athenian stage jocularly accuse his two rivals by making them accuse each other and incidentally confess to pilfering as they did it. A rather humorous situation, of which some better idea may be gained if you substitute the more modern names—and all above suspicion—of G. B. Shaw, Wells and Chesterton, or, choosing at random from all time—Eddie Guest, Walther von der Vogelweide, and Sappho.

And to show that men do not change much with times and customs, a certain king of Cyprus paid a chap called Isocrates twenty talents in gold—$21,000—for twenty stump speeches, or about $1000 per stump speech. And I know of a recent governor of a sovereign state who bought his eloquence from a poor country editor, though not at the same handsome rate.

The practice of relating secondhand incidents as though the teller were either witness or participant is not always harmless. Sometimes a newspaper will print as a news report a story told by a citizen of a town and later it turns out to be just something he had read somewhere. Where these stories come from is hard to trace. I have at hand a letter from a correspondent in which she recounts a unique situation in which she figured, and it is exactly the one that gives zest to one of Michael Arlen's now popular tales. Yet she has never read him. How did this story get around? Or is it just another case of coincidence?

Telling another man's stories for pay, though, is deliberate stealing of another man's thunder. I can remember hearing in one week three speakers at three successive banquets give, without credit, one of Joseph C. Lincoln's best anecdotes. It's the one about the rudder and the coffin, and so good that I am almost tempted here to honor Joe in the "breeches rather than the observance," as the late Lord Dorking said of the valet who ran away in the lord's trousers. But the point is that Mr. Lincoln himself uses that story in his lectures.

So frequently are vaudeville gags stolen that many acts have been forced to disband. And many big-timers will not give their best nifties in their first appearances in the small towns, but save them for the Palace in New York. This is a sort of final court, for not only is it the premier theater of the circuit, but it is housed in the same building with the booking offices. The authorities often come down to sit in the orchestra chairs and look the acts over. Spring your lines here and they are established by authority and priority. Later acts will then not dare to steal them; and the Palace has become in the vaudevillian's eyes a sort of informal copyright theater.

On the Fringe of Infringement

Nor—again—are the guilty ones always professionals. A publisher recently wrote to the president of a leading women's club which gave a play. In the letter he told her that it had been reported that the production had been well-nigh perfect. However, he could point out but one slight defect—the author had not been paid his fee.

A large church in an Eastern city gave another play, charged a goodly admission and realized a fine sum for its treasury. Here, too, the author was overlooked, though the very books from which the play was rehearsed plainly stated that a fee must be paid; and the charges were small, ranging from five to fifteen dollars. Such offenses are all too common. In some instances it has been committed through ignorance and the feeling, perhaps, that since Blotz the baker furnishes the cake for the church supper without charge, and Peters the potatoes, the author should be equally generous. Maybe he would be—to a church in his own community—but he can't afford to distribute the product of his labor gratis to every congregation in the forty-eight states. Recitationists, too, often forget that copyrighted material cannot be used without either fee or permission. They have their living to make? So has the author. And the charge will be found on inquiry to be quite within their means.

All of which suggests another practice, which, though not thievery, is at best a sort of panhandling. And that is the publishing of anthologies for which only the editor receives compensation. When the compiler is a man of note whose indorsement or editing really gives some return to the contributing authors the venture may be justified. However, sometimes the editor is one who cannot himself create and endeavors to profit by the labor of others. One such compiler recently saw the light when he indignantly protested against a five-dollar fee charged by the publisher for a poem. He was informed that the five dollars went to the widow and four fatherless children of a soldier who lies somewhere in France.

And, speaking of anthologies, Richard Connell puts it about right when he writes something like this to Henry Ford:

"*Dear Henry:* I am about to make an anthology of automobiles. Due credit will be given to each maker. Please send me at your earliest convenience one of your 1925 four-door sedans."

This little parable is not so ridiculous or far-fetched as it at first seems.

Purloiners of musical themes and melodic ideas are more elusive and harder to catch perhaps than any other infringers. And for their offenses the subconscious can often be blamed, but not always by any means. Some melodies are vaguely, but others too strongly reminiscent; and too many can be paralleled almost note for note, if not always in tempo, if one takes the trouble to look up old masters' scores. And very evidently many do take that trouble.

New Songs From Old

I heard a noble old Easter hymn that has come down through the ages stolen and jazzed in a Broadway café—a sacrilege both spiritual and æsthetic. Equally wanton is the use of the old negro spirituals, Deep River and Nobody Knows the Trouble I See, for clog dances in musical comedies—and all without credit.

Though these musical ghouls are not caught quite so often as the thieves in other fields, now and then one is prosecuted. The composer of a popular song hummed and whistled on all our streets and in the dance halls was haled into court because his song so strongly resembled an air from an opera. But then Puccini is a modern and protected by copyright. No such redress have the old masters—Chopin, for instance, who must smile or writhe in Elysium when he hears one of his études rendered as I Would Like to Be Your Sweetie, let us call it, to spare a now repentant "composer's" feelings.

There is an alibi—of a sort—sometimes, like that given to a friend by the composer of another success. He was called on, he said, two days before an opening, to put three new numbers into a musical show. After he had racked his brain for an idea, with only a few hours remaining, he found Mendelssohn's Spring Song constantly recurring to him. All he had to do was to tamper with the rhythms a bit and the "new" song was born.

Not surprisingly, it turned out a hit. So tense conditions in the theater are sometimes to blame.

There should be some way of placing quotes in music. On programs that would be easy; in rendition, a more difficult matter.

Perhaps the appropriated passages could be introduced by a little conventionalized skirl on the saxophone, the click of castanets by the drummer or by the erection twice of the conductor's baton.

More seriously speaking, though, there is altogether too much of reminiscence. And though a man has not only a right in the courts under the copyright law but also under the common law, as in any case of common theft, living people are often too poor to sue and dead men too far under. For many of our composers one could recommend the old motto, "Let your conscience, not your subconscious, be your guide!"

And it is needless to say that all the songs have been sung, all the plots spun and stories told.

There are only twenty-six letters in the alphabet and fifty-six keys or so on the piano; but the combinations are limitless. If one but turns to the chapter on permutations and combinations he will get some idea of the infinity of ideas to be plucked out of the ether.

And when we speak of many of our present-day song writers we should not speak of them as creators, but commend them for diligence in research rather. Nor are they creators of folk songs as someone has rashly said. These come out of a vast anonymity, out of the composite heart of a people.

Though not anonymous, Stephen Foster comes close in our country to filling the bill, and the negro spirituals still closer, certainly much nearer than our modern jazz writers. Some of the latter are fairly original, it is true, and are developing a new and entertaining musical form. But compared to the ancients, from whom many borrow, they are no more than alley boys fit to set up the pins for their betters to bowl down in their long melodious thunder.

As for coincidence, that recurring and most troublesome phase of the problem, cases are bound to increase as the years go on.

A New York judge threw some light on the question when he handed down the decision in a case in which a short-story writer accused a woman playwright. The latter had a play which, the plaintiff thought, must have been suggested by one of his stories. Both, oddly enough, were adjudged guiltless, the former of any malice in his suspicion, the latter of borrowing. In explanation the court declared:

"It all goes to show that when you are dealing with themes as trite as these you are likely to run on parallels of just this kind. Perhaps it is particularly true when there is such an enormous outrush of conventional plots requiring commonplace ingenuity."

Here lies the crux of the difficulty. Honest but misguided people often think their plots are stolen when there is only a similarity in a main and rather ordinary situation. Too many are inclined to raise the cry of "Stop thief!" when in two stories the iceman kisses the wife, mistaking her for the cook. Lord! Icemen and butlers have been doing that for who knows how many generations!

Moliere's Admission

Uncommonly sane was the author who wrote an editor that, some years before, he had submitted a story to him; it had been returned and now that editor was publishing a tale with precisely the same theme under the name of a noted woman novelist. But—and here is the point—the writer said that it was inconceivable that so fine and scrupulous an artist would deliberately take another's property. He knew she hadn't. But if she had, her treatment was so superior, her craftsmanship so deft, that he would have been honored in having his story so honored. As this writer so commendably realized, there's a deal of difference between two handlings of the same plot. She had made the dry bones of his story live.

Sometimes it is difficult to decide just what to think about some of the ethics of the old masters. Moliere said, "I take my own where I find it," and Racine and Corneille borrowed rather liberally from old Spanish plots. That great-hearted gentleman, Sir Walter Scott, too, borrowed from an ancient and anonymous minstrelsy, and Dumas based his Three Musketeers on an old fustian and moth-eaten Gascony tale.

In Molière's statement, for all its arrogance, and in that unknown author's letter paraphrased above, you have the truth in a nutshell. There are situations and twists that can be utilized quite as Corinthian capital or Gothic vaulting can be used by the architect. And, further, a master hand can take an old story that would otherwise be forgotten, enrich it, clothe it with noble thoughts—in short, make it live. So you have the masterpiece.

The Doubting Dane, an old play, is Hamlet, it is true, but Hamlet less a consummate playwright's constructive skill, elevated philosophy and matchless poetry. Otherwise they are the same. The author of The Doubting Dane, could he look down

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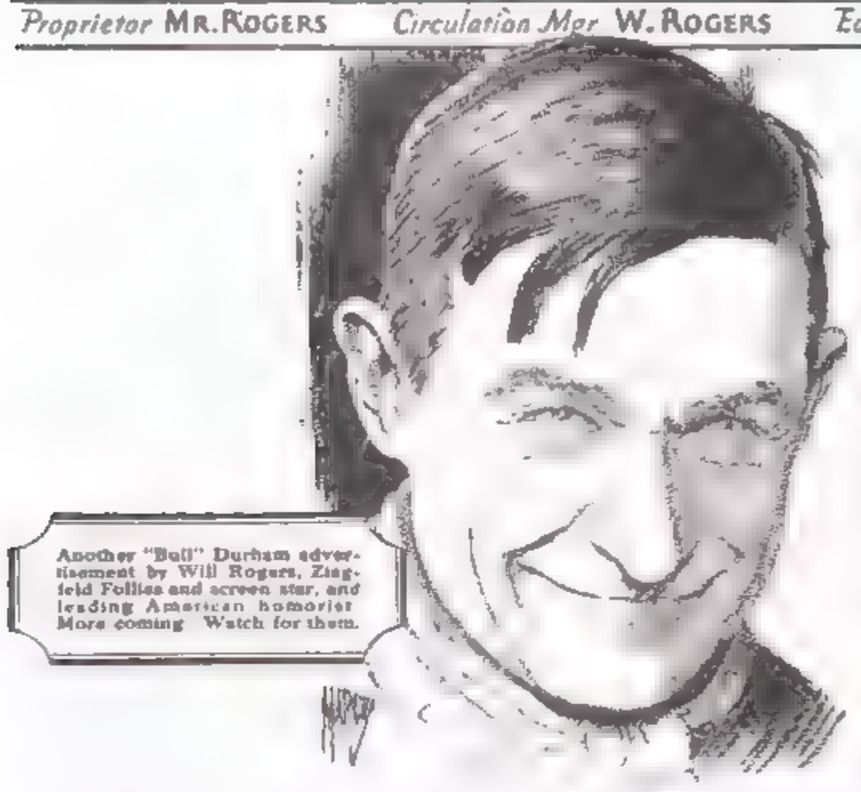
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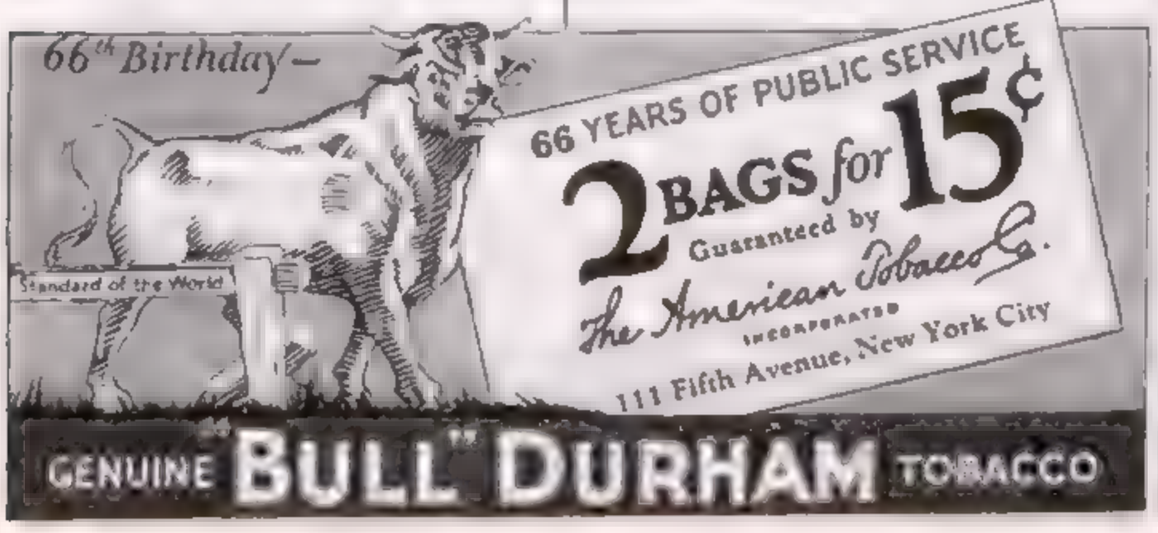

or up, might well be complimented that he had even a 'prentice part in the tailoring. And take it another way, a master would not care so much if his plot were stolen, as was, say Shakspere's by Dryden in All for Love, or The World Well Lost. He can afford to smile, then think up another.

But lesser hands that have not such skill should beware. The same rules cannot hold for them. Besides, we live in a different age, of better-defined law and intensified business. The magic of a man's brain flashed through to his typing fingers seems a vague intangible thing, sort of a common property. But it is not; whether song theme, novel plot, film idea, or play. So say common honesty, common sense and the law.

And more than ever, in this year of grace, are authors, playwrights, editors and publishers determined to defend their rights; more solid are their ranks against invaders, more efficient and effective their protective methods. It is very difficult now for these most contemptible of thieves "to get away with it." And we call them that since a man's watch can be far more easily replaced than the product of his brain. Theft of the latter may take away a life's income; there are so many one-book, one-play men. Suppose someone had stolen The Old Homestead, for instance, where would Denman Thompson have been?

As for the limits which the law may sometimes seem to place on creative effort, the born writer can have no fear. He can make enough resounding detonations of his own; he needs no stealing of another man's thunder.

And, lest we should be accused of inconsistency here, Bill Shakspere didn't do that; he took the empty clouds of another man's fancy, clashed them head-on together and brought forth a real thunder, to say nothing of a lightning that still zigzags down the ages. But for the rest of us—once more—let our conscience, not our subconscious, be our guide!

BAD BARGAINS AND GOOD BUYS

(Continued from Page 4)

in its essence is also the policy of Garner and Underwood, and probably of every prominent Democratic aspirant for the presidency also. The policy of tax reduction and economy is not a party policy; it is the policy of the United States.

It is after we have said so and then go forward into the questions of How much? and What method? that the discussions and debates cause so many headaches. But after the petty qualifications and the arithmetical ashes and the long, strange, financial phrases are stripped away, it is possible to see the whole thing as not so complicated.

Here is the little story: Mr. Mellon and the Government have been saving quite a little money; something like $250,000,000—even more. They call it a Treasury surplus. Looks as if there would be a larger one next year. Something in the cash drawer! Good Secretary of the Treasury, that! Some say he is the greatest ever.

What are we going to do about that surplus?

Well, some economists arise to say we ought to use it all to pay our debts. They would say that we ought to go on paying our present taxes and apply our surplus to debt reduction. Mr. Mellon would probably answer that we are already doing quite well as to our debt reduction. He is against any extreme policy which might rattle our financial structure. He is wise enough to know also that applying our surplus to debt reduction gives no stimulus to economy in current governmental waste. There is something of peculiar balance about Mr. Mellon. He is not a trick-play economist.

Avoiding Trick Plays

Of course, it is true that the war built up our debt from a mound to a mountain. The war cost us a staggering sum, and there will be very little rebate on that purchase. In August, 1919, we had almost finished making the bargain with Mars for the war, and we owed an interest-bearing debt of nearly $26,000,000,000—a large sum compared with the less than $1,000,000,000 we owed so comfortably in 1916. But there is something reassuring about the fact that we have been shaving off that obligation of interest-bearing debt. In a little more than six years we have brought it down to a little more than $20,000,000,000. That is not so bad. In fact it is so wholesome a situation that some critics of Mr. Mellon's policies can hardly bear it. Some are whispering in the congressional ear as follows:

"What we ought to do is keep our taxes as they are and pay that old debt off as fast as we can. What if another war lit on us? What if some other great task came up for the Government?"

And others say: "Great Scott! They tell me that the reduction in interest-bearing and every form of the gross public debt has been reduced in six years by a tremendous sum. Then who knows?—these foreign governments may pay their debts to us! And our war debt may be paid off in less than twenty-five years! If we have any surplus after the sinking-fund reduction is covered, don't let it pay off any debts. Let it all be used to reduce our terrible taxes."

I have little doubt that the opinion of the nation—the nonpartisan opinion stands behind the wise and balanced Mr. Mellon, who engages in neither of the trick plays advised by either battalion of extremist volunteers.

Whittling Down Expenses

Furthermore, I believe that the President and Mr. Mellon know that tax reduction has its effect in creating more pressure for less government, more economical government, and gently pushes forward Mr. Hoover's plans for reorganization to save waste. Tax reduction tastes so good. It is so soothing to the pocket nerve! And a substantial part of it is made possible only by a quiet and efficient Government which resists spread-eagling, Prussianizing, too many laws, too many functions and the sickening paternalism of trying to make individuals do the goose step.

There is a simple little set of facts about this subject which every citizen might well stick in the corner of his mirror. It never should be used in party politics because no doubt the Democrats would have done as well, and, indeed, in many ways they have helped with a full shoulder on the wheel. This is the fact:

Our annual cost of national government in 1920 was more than $6,000,000,000. Today it has dropped nearly one-half, to something like $3,500,000,000. The reasons are plain. We have been engaging in no new trick plays, no new drives to have Government go whistling off after statute-made Utopias, and except for the bonus and some sections of the tariff we have passed almost none of the public welfare on our government platter to organized minorities. In addition we have been cutting down on what we buy. We have cut off a large sum from special accounts such as railroads, the Shipping Board and the War Finance Corporation. We reduced our navy expense by more than $500,000,000, which probably went too far; our army expense by more than $1,000,000,000; our Treasury saved in its own household more than $180,000,000; the Post Office Department cut off $50,000,000 more. The Department of Commerce did more effective work in 1925 than in 1920, but shaved its expense from $30,000,000 to $25,000,000. In most of the other departments the expenses are slightly increased, but in view of increases in the cost

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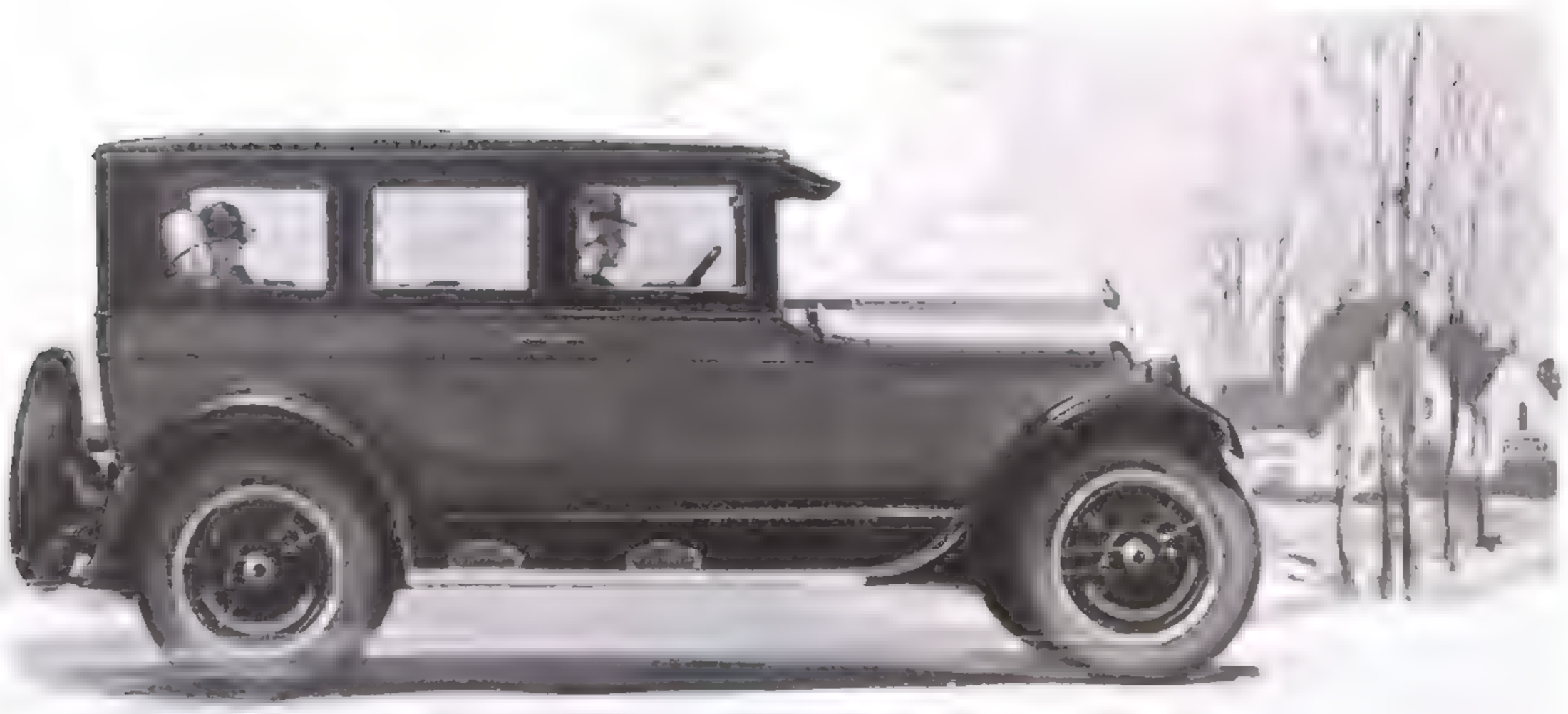

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(Continued from Page 66

of living and the activity of our prosperity, the increases are almost trivial.

With these facts in mind, we come to the question of tax reduction—How much?

From the beginning of the discussion the President and Mr. Mellon have shown a desire to be conservative. The Treasury surplus estimated for the first of the year was not only more than $250,000,000 but actually promised to be much nearer $300,000,000. The Administration would be inclined to make on that basis and on its estimate a very liberal tax reduction. The Democrats, with less need for caution and certainly less responsibility on their shoulders, have shown every disposition to be even more generous to the taxpayers.

On the whole, the Democratic side has done a great deal of useful cooperating. On the whole, the procedure this year in the Ways and Means Committee of the House, which brought the Democratic members into intimate consultation and discussion of the tax-reduction bill to be offered, was a real step toward governmental progress. The old-fashioned politics of the Ins was to give the Outs the cold shoulder; the old-fashioned politics of the Outs was to stand outside the castle walls and dare the Ins to disclose what they were doing, and their genealogy. We have advanced substantially in our opposition-party coöperation. And even when saying this, it is necessary to point out that the temptation is very great to those who may desire to replace the Republicans in administrative and legislative seating to make gestures more generous and more appealing to numbers of voters rather than to good policy. It is easy for Democrats to take the rôle of being a little more tax-reducing than the tax-reducing of the President and of Mr. Mellon, who have saved the money and are responsible for any future difficulties.

As a result perhaps of this and perhaps of the favorable state of the nation, the Ways and Means Committee bill, as announced by Congressman Green, exceeded in reduction shrewd estimates of the President and Secretary Mellon of $250,000,000 by $50,000,000. Some of the Democrats had allowed the public to believe that $500,000,000 reduction was quite possible. It does not appear possible or wise. The reason is a simple one—it is that the effect of a substantial tax reduction must be looked for not only for a year ahead but for at least three years.

Prosperity is a fickle lady, even though at the moment she appears to pledge her love for a long time to come.

The How of Tax Reduction

The How much? having been answered, the door is opened to the rush and bluster and confusion of How? How shall the tax reduction be distributed? And the first question has been, "Shall we give it all to the little fellow, or shall we relieve the big fellow too?"

I have tried to point out before that there is a lot of hocus-pocus and mumbo jumbo in that question.

There is no such thing as giving the tax relief effectively to any single class of taxpayer. Total exemptions may appear soothing to the little taxpayer's pocket nerve, but they are vile, as they affect his citizenship. It is not even clear that they actually affect his purse if capital and industry are taxed instead of the little fellow. The disagreeable truth is that the little fellow's purse probably pays the tax on industry and activity anyhow. No lawmaking in the world has ever stopped it. And—alas!—there is more waste in such indirect taxation than there is in taxes collected directly. More and more, thinking men agree that, however wise it may be to tax on a sliding scale based on capacity to pay, the demagogic proposal to release the little fellow wholly from obligation to his government is to put him a little farther away from the interest he should have in his government. Tax exemption extended probably would be a contribution to aggravating our situation—a situation in which only half the voters go to the polls. It would have the general tendency to make men forget that governments live not so much on the dispensation of the rights of mankind as upon mankind's obligations and dispensations to its governments. The original House Committee bill, however, relieved at least 1,000,000 persons from paying any income tax; indeed, the number properly estimated is much larger.

When exemption is determined, the next questions—the ones furnishing most of the debate, discussion and wrangling—are the ones of determining the distribution of the burdens between the man who earns his income and the man whose investments earn his income, and between the big income and the small one.

Earned and Unearned Income

The English income tax, since 1907, has made a distinction in favor of earned as against unearned income. There ought to be one. Compare two men. John Doe is a doctor. He invested thousands of dollars in a long period of preparation to practice his profession. He is working eighteen hours a day with great good to the community. He treats many patients free, but he earns $20,000 a year. On the other hand, there is Richard Roe. He inherited a fortune which brings him $20,000 a year. Unlike the doctor, he does not have to worry about saving any of it to provide for a rainy day. Certainly not, because Richard Roe has his nest egg already. He can spend his $20,000 income with a free heart. He sits in the club window, reading or watching the passing crowds. How unfair to tax those men alike!

But when Congress tried before to adjust this matter it made a mess of it. The distinctions made did not amount to much, and the Treasury found that the manner in which the act was drawn led to bothersome complications in administration. But the Ways and Means Committee of the House started its bill into the arena with the distinction between earned income and unearned income still riding, and with a new and higher limit to help the earners. It is a feature which ought to be developed and expanded scientifically for the simple old-fashioned reason that it is fair play to worthy personal contribution to the work and welfare of the world as against the often-misplaced possession of inherited capital.

Finally we come to the question of the distribution of the tax reduction between the little fellows and the big fellows, and, as we are learning slowly, there is a good deal of unrealty about many of the differences of opinion on the subject.

You and I pay direct taxes on our personal income. The big fellows pay taxes substantially higher in proportion through various devices, some of them surtaxes. The corporation income tax is another source of revenue. Then there is the tobacco tax, the revenue from sugar and tariff duties—the indirect taxes.

Let us see what these taxes yield. In 1924, 7,698,321 returns were filed, but about half of those who filed returns paid no income tax because exempt. Not more than 19 per cent of all the income receivers in the United States are even obliged to file returns. The fact is that a tiny percentage of our population bears the burden of the income tax. In 1924 those whose incomes were under $5000 bore about $80,000,000 in taxes; those above, about $580,000,000.

Here again it is time to call attention to the essence of the question of taxation and government. The average man with small income who feels the pain of taxation forgets that he and his millions of companions restricted as to riches are partners with the big fellows in buying a government. The income-tax payers with incomes over $5000 pay 85 per cent of the bill and there are only about five or six of them to every 400 of us who receive incomes.

But by far the most important kind of fact for us is that the corporation tax, which brings in even more than the individual income taxes, however it may seem to be a sort of revenue for our coöperative agency—the Government not touching our own little pocket nerves—is no such free magic tap as it appears to be. Although not always operating to the full extent, the income taxes of corporations are part of the cost of doing corporation business. In the last analysis, the consumer must pay the costs of legitimate production. So in part at least this huge revenue is paid by the population as a whole in the form of prices. It is in part a form of indirect taxation.

Let us stop and think a moment about one example of indirect taxation—the revenue derived from one import commodity—sugar.

The Editorial Research Bureau in Washington points out that the sugar duties alone yielded the Government in 1924 more than $134,000,000, while the income tax of all those of incomes less than $5000 yielded only about $80,000,000. Then it goes on to estimate that the burden of sugar duties on those persons with less than $5000 income was about 95 per cent of the total, or about $128,000,000, whereas the part borne by those who paid income taxes on more than $5000 bore only about 5 per cent of the burden of sugar duties.

The Indirect Taxes

Probably much the same estimate could be made for tobacco, and so on. Indirect taxes still remain the principal burden of the little fellow.

It may appear as good politics to release 1,000,000 or more little fellows from all income-tax burdens. It may appear important to maintain the burden on the rich man. When we come down to brass tacks the difference to our own pocket nerves will not be so great, however tax reduction is distributed.

When Chairman Green and Minority Leader Garner of the Ways and Means Committee of the House pushed this extraordinary nonpartisan tax bill into the ring and toward the contentious Senate, it carried as the features of its tax-reduction distribution the relief of some million of income earners from paying any tax and the reduction of the maximum in surtaxes from 40 to 20 per cent.

Some of the old nuisances in the form of consumers' taxes will probably be cut out of the new tax bill. This is excising the excises. The House Committee launched its bill with elimination or reduction of the taxes on jewelry, cameras and films, art works, slot machines and a long list. The fight to eliminate the tax on manufacture of passenger automobiles has gone merrily on, with the manufacturers rather frank in saying that here again it is the purchaser and not the maker who pays the ultimate bill. They are telling a truth which applies to almost all indirect taxation.

It is no secret that in the tax-revision process the Administration would be glad to see the Federal estate and the gift tax put on their way to oblivion. The first is the concern of the states; the second yields little, is hard to collect and is a general nuisance.

The committee of experts, which had a chance when the tax bill was being drawn, at first recommended the abolishing of the estate tax by lowering the tax at once and then looking forward to some universal and uniform action of the states so that estates would not hop around according to the bids offered for their presence.

The tax-reduction program is by all means the most important measure with which this Sixty-ninth Congress will have to deal.

Why is it important? Many will answer that it is soothing to the pocket nerves of the nation. It is most difficult for an observer who wishes to look below rather than to observe the surface of the flow of our national life to agree to any such conclusion. Instead, the real significance comes from the half-conscious, half-formed, half-spoken instinct of a nation to have less rather than more government, to buy less government by paying taxes, and perhaps in the contraction rather than in the expansion of government get a better government. It welcomes tax reduction subconsciously because tax reduction suggests less government by talk, less interference with the legitimate freedom of the individual, less of the mistakes made by European countries in the futility of their parliaments and programs and useless nostrums and their squabbles over meatless bones and their baffled attempts to change social and economic laws by writing words, words, words on statute books.

And interest in tax reduction curiously enough does not mean that the citizenship of our own nation is desirous of avoiding obligations; the interest leads inevitably to education in the truth that governments are not good fairies supported by invisible endowments to pass favors about, but are coöperative necessary agents of a willing people who realize that they do not and ought not rest upon government but that government rests upon them.

Our National Unity

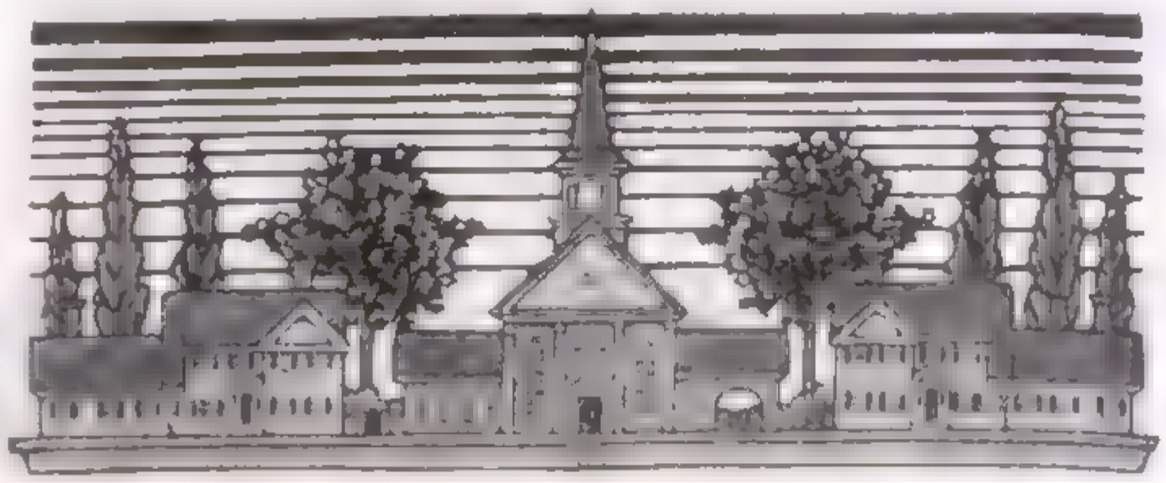
It is a lesson in good buying as against bad bargains. It is a guide to the common sense of the President and the quet, half bashful but assured efficiency of an extraordinary, efficient public servant, as the Secretary of the Treasury has proved himself to be.

And it marks a new era in political ideals. The coöperation, the nonpartisan spirit, the new unprecedented politics of a paramount congressional bill which was first produced by the representatives of both our great parties, working together with little of insincerity, little of cheap bids for political support, are not to pass unnoticed. All of them speak of a national unity refreshingly different from the isms and paper chases of most of the foreign political systems.

We may have a good deal of gratitude for that not only to the common sense at the executive end of Pennsylvania Avenue but to Chairman Green of the House Ways and Means Committee, to Congressman Garner and to the Speaker of the House.

When anyone sighs because the days have gone temporarily when great issues were fought in American politics, it may be a good deal of comfort to say:

"We are content just now if the two great parties call off their hounds looking for the covey of squabbles. In fact, we rather prefer that the contest between them be based merely on their respective fitness to legislate little and administer well for general welfare and unity."



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LUTHER BURBANK

Painted from life by WM. CHERNARDT

My Elgin ... unfailing companion ... accurate as the planets in their orbits

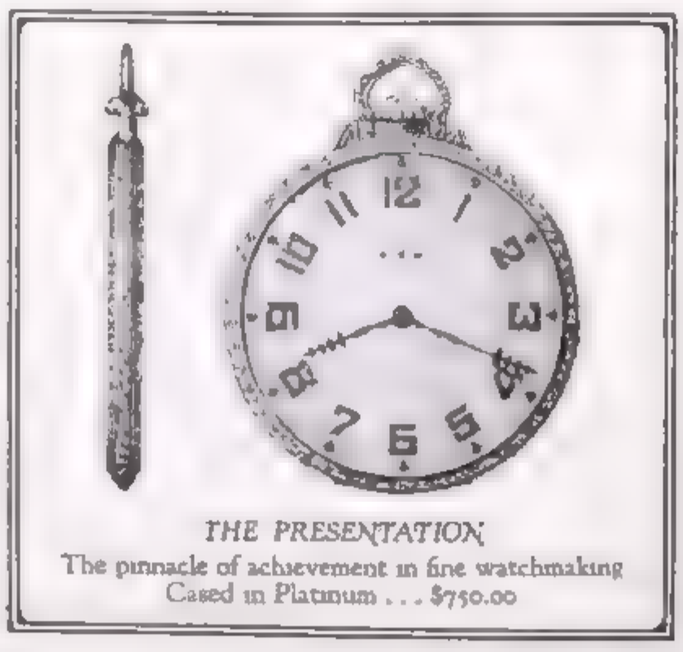
One of a series of little biographies of Elgin Watches

WRITTEN BY EMINENT ELGINEERS

My business is to improve upon the gifts of Nature—to make her fruits more delicious, her vegetables more nourishing.

But there is one gift of Nature I do not care to meddle with..... That is Time.

Time is the stuff from which all things flow. It is often said that time is money, but it is far more than that. Time is opportunity. And lost time cannot be recovered.



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by LUTHER BURBANK

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ONWARD AND UPWARD LED

(Continued from Page 7)

on your hands and get to bed. And put some more on in the morning and let it stay as long as you can. I mean it, Jerry. Good night."

Jerry was puzzled as well as pained. What was the idea? Bessie usually meant what she said, but why did she mean it now? He believed that he had convinced her of the honesty of his intention to earn his bread in the approved way; her smile had not been the one that she gave a customer with his change; there had been a sort of tenderness in it. She liked him. He was the first guy she had ever made a date with; once she had let him hold her hand for a few moments, and a minute or two ago he had been holding her arm. All this would have meant little or nothing in the life of the ordinary frail, but Bessie was different, and that had been the reason he had fallen for her so hard. A guy wouldn't get her easy, but when he did shout it to the twinkling little stars he'd get something! But what was the idea?

"If it's because you think you ain't dressed for "

"It ain't," said Bessie.

"We might go ——"

"But we won't."

"Just as you say then. Seeing you want me to go home, I'll go home with you. I'd like to meet that mother and sister of yours "

Here was a test suggestion. She had never invited him inside her house, and he knew why and had never hinted for a bid; but now, if mother and sister wanted to know who he was and where he worked, Bessie could tell them.

"I want you to meet them some day," said Bessie. "Not tonight though." She gave a little laugh. "I want to think this over, Jerry, and—it isn't so easy to think when you're with me. You're not sore? Then good night—and, Jerry, you're not to tag after me. Mind that!"

She gave him her hand and another smile, and then, at the sight of his manifest dejection—"Maybe I'll let you take me somewhere tomorrow night."

And this was the reward of virtue!

To do as the lady said was in fact the only thing to do; so Jerry did it, even to the cold cream. He had moved from Fourth to Eighth to avoid the gang, leaving no address. A highly gregarious guy, he had deliberately turned his back on the human companionship he had known. Bessie was now his one best bet and he was, in a manner of speaking, putting his sole shirt on her.

In time he would crash the circles where respectability and refinement went hand in hand; in the meantime, here was his "Benharrow's den" to "hide him from the haunts of men" like Old Man Brian, but with visions more pleasing.

Appropriately, they called the dump the Buena Vista, which you can translate as "swell prospect." That, however, did not apply to the outlook from the windows of Jerry's room. There were two of them, facing the same way. When you got tired of looking at the bricks from one of them, you could sit at the other and see more bricks and a part of a roof. The simple but sufficient furnishings of the room included a two-foot shelf of books—Jerry's own—among them the thin green, well-worn copy of the Lady of the Lake, the gift of Miss Devine of the Settlement; also a Pilgrim's Progress from the same donor. Bunyan had not attracted Jerry—or rather, he had been repelled by the Scriptural references, such as Eph. ii, 2, 3; 1 Sam. xvii, 36; Num. xiv, 25, with which his pages were interpolated. Jerry had been fed up with literature so besprinkled—tracts—and he had jumped to a hasty conclusion before beginning the book. Still, he meant to take a hack at John some of these fine long winter evenings, when the stimulating and suggestive Arsene Lupin palled and he had the Lady letter-perfect.

Besides the shelf and the books, Jerry had brought nothing with him but his clothes and necessary toilet articles; not a thing that anybody could identify as their property, or that might have reminded him of his former profession; not so much as a screw driver, in the way of tools. His last act before moving had been the disposal of such souvenirs—an odd watch or two, a silver flask conveniently shaped for the hip, a prized cigarette case, a ring that he thought Bessie might fancy, a teapot and cream pitcher whose workmanship and design had captured his fancy, a couple of scarfpins, a miniature copy of a Romney portrait that had a look of Bessie, and some other bric-a-brac. To say that Moe got them at a sacrifice is no mere figure of speech, but they were all tainted. So much in earnest was Jerry that he almost made himself believe that Moe's money was tainted also. He was still considering that question, with a vague idea of submitting it—hypothetically—to Bessie.

But what was the idea?

For an hour or two he pondered that, recalling every word, look and gesture of Bessie's, without arriving at even a definite surmise. She had wanted to think things over. Why? What things? What hindered her from letting him ride out to Flatbush in her company? Or asking him in to meet the folks, for the matter of that? In which case, mother and sister might have been good sports and excused themselves, leaving the sitting room to him and her, and there might have been a sofa where he and she could have sat—maybe hand in hand—and talked over anything that seemed to need talking over. Why not? And maybe when she went to the door with him to let him out—such things had been. She would have had something to think over then, and so would he.

Maybe that was what Bessie had been afraid of. And tomorrow —— Chee!

A night of disturbing dreams and then the morrow of toil. Jerry was getting used to it now, and the starting in wasn't so bad. There were one or two good guys in the shop; lowbrows, of course, but companionable. The foreman was something of a grouch, and a driver, but Jerry had soon got his number, and their relations, for the most part, went on ball bearings. He knew a good man, did the foreman, and this new one was certainly a handy lad with tools and didn't ask fool questions or have to be told a thing more than once. It would soon be necessary to pay him as much as the four-flushing, bone-headed loafers that were dragging down regular wages, but that evil day would be deferred as long as possible. Helping the smoke, Lee, to wash a car now and then would keep the boy humble for a while.

Noon at last, and Jerry lunched ravenously and with injudicious haste, having in anticipation the post-prandial cigarette for which his lungs had hungered for hours. That was one of the disadvantages of honest toil in a garage; as much as your job was worth to light a drag; and yet it was almost worth the deprivation to get that mouthful of smoke down to your toes.

Back again to work. Piston rings on that Biloxi. Take a slant at the carburetor in that Transcon; the blim-gushed bonehead has flooded his engine. A new belt on the flivver. That universal is on the fritz; fix it. Tighten up them bolts. Do this, and when you get through, do that, and you'll probably have time to help Sam with the other. Crank the rimskully Transcon until your bolstered nerve can't urge your aching muscle to the lift of another ounce and then gasp a few gasps and crank again, and repeat. Twist, drill, hammer, file, pry and grind obdurate iron and yet more obdurate steel; solder and weld; burn yourself, bruise yourself, shock yourself, poison yourself with hot gases, spill acid on your raw flesh. Honest toil!

Honest toil! And to think that a guy who was willing to take a chance could grab off more jack in half an hour of actual work—easy and pleasant stilly night work—than six months of this thing would bring him!

Think you can stick, Jerry?

Anything the little lady says. Sure!

Anyway, it wasn't going to last forever. It was all over now—for the day. Already some of the boys were gathering up their tools. Jerry, completing his last job—an underneath one, restful and pleasant—had only a few more nuts to tighten and a few more cakes of dried mud to dig out of his eyes. Even as his pliers slipped from his greasy hand, he laughed. A sudden thought had struck him, and he was still grinning at it when he wriggled out and got to his feet.

"What's the joke?" asked the foreman as he passed.

"Charging that guy six-fifty for a foot of copper feed pipe; but the guy didn't think it was funny, did he?" Jerry replied.

But it wasn't that. The amusing thought had been of the cop who was going to touch his cap to Mr. McCabe some day and feel all swelled up over the nod that Mr. McCabe would vouchsafe in return—a big slob of a cop; a raw-beefy minion with a protuberant neck, like the one who had, not so long ago, prodded Jerry in the ribs with his bat and started a pinch that had failed of completion. Chee!

He divested himself of his greasy cap and overalls and went to the wash room to get the worst off for the street, as a preliminary to the elaborate toilet that he made at the Buena Vista. There he shaved, bathed and made a complete change from the pink skin out. Behold him at last, completely transformed; looking like the old million bucks, scrubbed, scraped and lotioned, his hair brushed back into a smooth and brilliant black mat that evenly followed the contours of his not ill-shaped head, his collar *comme il faut* and his necktie in careful harmony with his socks, his shirt and the doggiest suit in his wardrobe.

Partially eclipsing these splendors with his loosely fitting new overcoat and a silken scarf, he put on his hat, tilting it forward in the royal mode, and surveyed himself in the mirror. The critical faculty could find no fault, flaw or blemish, and he smiled his satisfaction at his reflection, saluted it with an airy wave of the hand, hooked a stick over his arm and switched out the light.

As he stepped into the hall and locked his door he was glad to notice that the ascending elevator had stopped and discharged the girl in Number 18. Not that he had any particular interest in this near neighbor, but he knew that he was a pleasing sight and he liked to give pleasure. This was a somewhat tacky little jane, but not so hard to look at, herself, now that he had more than a glimpse of her. She was carrying under her arm a brown paper box, which Jerry shrewdly surmised contained her dinner and perhaps her breakfast, and he wished that some guy not an irregular guy could take her out and buy her some regular food. In addition to the paper box, she was encumbered by an umbrella, which fell to the floor as she fumbled in her hand bag for her key. Jerry picked it up for her, and in doing that dropped his stick. She laughed as she thanked him, and he laughed with her, and then scooted for the elevator with a rather pleasant impression of the girl. She had red hair—bobbed. That was another thing about Bessie that Jerry liked—she hadn't bobbed her hair; and what wonderful hair it was too!

And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild, luxuriant ringlets hid.

Nothing wild about Bessie's ringlets though. Any old time they broke loose—well, they didn't. She saw to that, pinning them securely, so that no snood was necessary.

He was hungry by this time, but he stood in a long queue of fellow pleasure seekers for twenty-five minutes before he reached the ticket window of the Variorum and got his two for the parquet; but he was lucky to get them. There was the chance that Bessie would kick out yet, but the six bucks' bet wouldn't break him if he lost. Just so she consented to go some place. But as soon as he entered the restaurant he saw that she had no intention of kicking out, for she was wearing the little turquoise dress with which she only knocked 'em dead on special occasions. She was busy at her desk, as usual, but she took time to give the young man a welcoming smile that was double assurance that everything was all right.

Mike, the bonehead, wanted to place him away back, but Jerry's quick eye discovered a small table where the visibility was good to the desk. There, until his steak came, he toyed with the bread and butter and feasted his eyes on the one and only. Chee, wasn't she a pip! And wasn't he the lucky guy!

He had no feeling of jealousy regarding the guys who buzzed her; knew the line of guff they were handing her as they passed along; knew that it would get them nowhere but off, the poor fish. They all fell for her, hard; young, old and middle-aged, married and single, the shy guys and the up-and-coming, and it was an off day when somebody didn't try to date her up. In this, only one guy had ever succeeded, and his name was Mister J. McCabe, Esquire, so why worry? It amused J. McCabe, the exulting, the supremely blest. Occasionally she glanced at him, and a little smile went with the glance; but she was chary of these favors—had to be. He was careful himself now, after many injunctions not to make his admiration too obvious.

"A cat may look at a king; why not at a queen?" he had replied.

"A cat may look at a canary," she had retorted, "but if he looks too long and too hard, that cat is going to get into trouble."

Well, this was better than looking at the back of her head anyway. And here was the steak and the French fried and the sliced tomats. Mike had exerted his influence with the chef evidently. He wasn't a T-bonehead. At least he knew a liberal tipper—or should one say tipster? A noble steak, anyway, and here was a lad ——

Hello! Who was this bird?

He had just come in, this bird. He was not on the tomtit order, but rather of the great horned owl order, broad and bulky, the horn being around his spectacles. That was not worthy of remark, however; the thing was that, entering, he had walked straight to the desk and tipped his lid to Bessie and had at once engaged her in conversation.

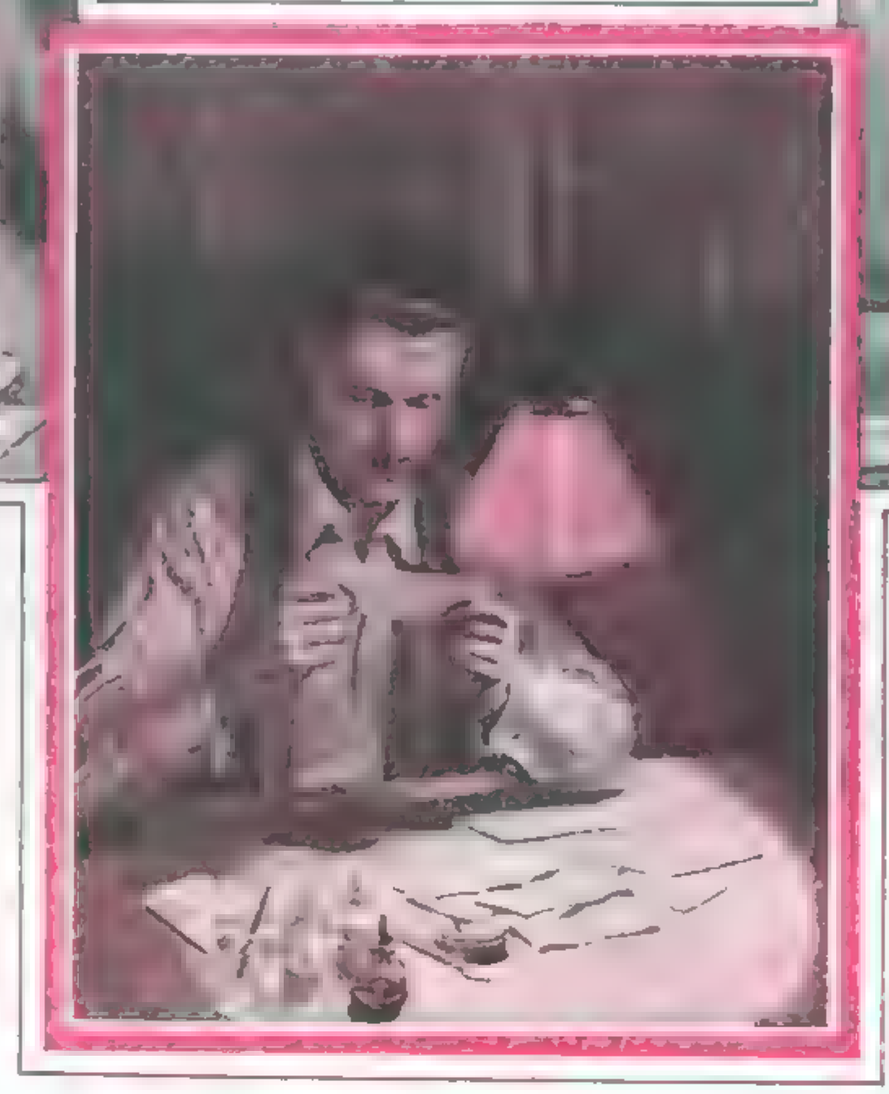
Quite out of the common course; a thing that you only did on the way out—if you got the chance. In a minute or two he gave place to a guy who observed the regular procedure, and walked with a solid tread to a table by the partition opposite Jerry, who, picking up his neglected knife and fork, at that moment caught another glance from Bessie. It seemed a troubled glance somehow, but it was too swift for him to be sure of that.

In a little while Jerry looked across at the bulky bird and saw that he had chosen a ready-to-serve order and was already piling corned beef and cabbage into his person. As he did so—with outspread wings—the lenses of his spectacles were so steadily focused on Bessie that he seemed to be eating entirely by the touch system. That, of itself, was not remarkable either. Jerry had seen such a thing happen before; but with the other —— Still, he merely found the bird amusing. In his late thirties, Jerry guessed; molting slightly on top. What you might call respectably dressed, in sober blue serge, but with a slightly inebriated

(Continued on Page 75)

Will your checks go safely through the *"Dangerous Interval"*?

Between your desk and the bank lies the Dangerous Interval. [illegible] many [illegible] nothing about. Loss of funds [illegible] should one of them prove dishonest.



PERHAPS you never stopped to consider that every check has its Dangerous Interval. It is safe in your hands when you sign it. It is safe in your banker's hands when he pays it for the sum indicated. But—on its way from you to the bank—it passes through hands you have never seen and over which you have no control.

If you send out unprotected, hand-written checks on ordinary check paper, you are giving to the dishonest the opportunity to be dishonest.

An amount line cleverly erased and a higher amount substituted . . . or an amount line deftly "raised" by pen changes . . . and you are out of pocket hard-earned business funds.

One hundred million dollars are lost annually through check fraud, according to an estimate by the American Institute of Accountants. Will you be the next to suffer loss?

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1

The Protectograph eliminates a large percentage of all check frauds by preventing *raised amounts*. The Protectograph is made in a variety of standard models, one for every type of business, priced from $37.50 up. It shreds the amount line, in indelible ink, into the very fiber of the paper. It writes the amount in two colors. It is unexcelled in speed and ease of operation a favorite with the men and women who use it. And an actual saver of time in office routine.

2

The Personal Protectograph applies to personal checks the same sure type of protection, shredding the amount line in indelible ink into the very fiber of the paper. Only Todd can make a Protectograph; and at the reasonable price of $18, it should be in the hands of everybody with a personal checking account. On display in many banks and for sale at most good stationery and department stores. A demonstration will be gladly given.

Todd Greenbac Checks, with their patented self-canceling features, eliminate another major source of possible check losses by preventing *change of payee's name, date* and *number*, and *"counterfeiting."* Todd Checks are the handsomest, as well as the safest, checks made. Superbly printed or lithographed, they are made only to order—never sold in blank. Whether designed for business or personal use, they are reasonable in price, even when purchased in small quantities.

3

Standard Forgery Bonds cover the remaining check-fraud possibilities, namely, forgery of signature and forgery of endorsement. Qualified Todd users receive policies at the most advantageous discounts from the Metropolitan Casualty Insurance Company of New York City.

Write for "The Lure of the Check"

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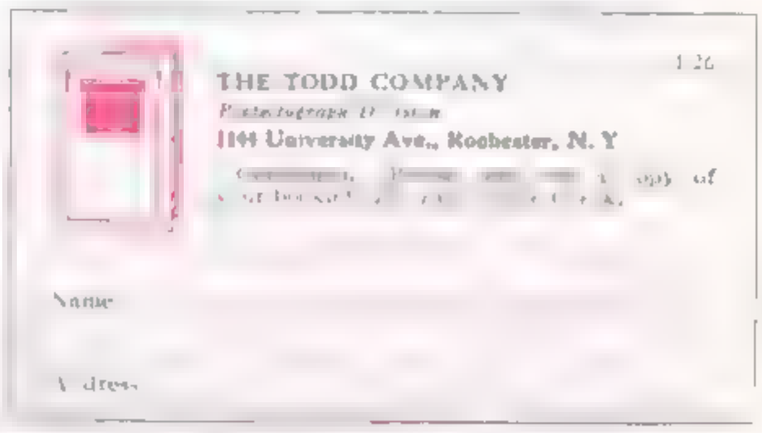

TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION

Todd
Trade Mark

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LIKE a cozy living room, the closed motor car whose upholstery is of beautiful, rich-toned Chase VELMO—the supreme mohair velvet—is restful, homelike, inviting.

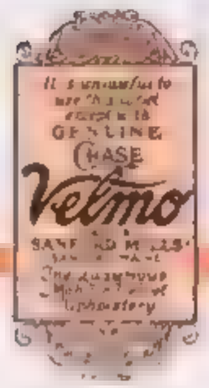
You settle back in luxurious ease on cushions as soft and yielding as those of your favorite easy chair. Comfort is yours for every mile you travel.

Chase VELMO is a deep, pile fabric, or "velvet," woven from mohair—the silky, lustrous fleece of Angora goats. No other upholstery material is quite so elegant.

In the weaving, 40,000 mohair fibres are drawn through every square inch of the foundation fabric, making the deep pile surface of VELMO soft and elastic, yet practically impervious to wear.

ONE before Velmo was recognized as the finest upholstery for closed motor cars, the beauty of its rich, harmonious colors and shimmering, velvety surface had made it the preferred furniture upholstery fabric in thousands of elegantly appointed homes.

When you consider that mohair has two and one-half times the strength of wool, many times that of vegetable fibres (cotton), you will understand why Velmo is the most durable—as well as the most comfortable and beautiful—upholstery fabric ever put into a closed motor car.



This Label in Your Car Identifies the Genuine Fabric

UPHOLSTERY
for Luxurious Home Comfort in Your Closed Car

VELMO upholstery will give your closed car an unrivalled elegance and distinction—an air of homelike comfort.

As long as you own the car you will be proud of the upholstery's unmarred beauty; for VELMO is dependably color-fast, hard to soil, but easy to clean. Barring accidents, it will outlast the car itself.

Because dirt and dust do not cling to mohair fibres, VELMO upholstery safeguards the most delicate gown. Its velvety pile protects your clothing from wear—prevents slipping about upon the seat.

If you think it impossible for any upholstery to live up to these claims—consider this:

VELMO is the upholstery used by leading railroads—40½ years of service having proved it unequalled for comfort, beauty, cleanliness and durability.

Dealers—because they save the cost of new upholstery—make a practice of allowing $50 to $100 more for a VELMO upholstered car when it is turned in.

Its proven superiority has led makers of many fine automobiles to upholster their closed models in VELMO. But if you select a car in which it is not standard equipment, the $20 to $60 extra you pay for VELMO will give you insurance against worn, soiled, shabby upholstery.

When a motor car salesman waxes enthusiastic over the mechanical efficiency of the car, ask him if he can say as much for the efficiency of the upholstery. If he cannot, you will be wise to demand the upholstery fabric with the unrivalled performance record—CHASE VELMO.

Sanford Mills have maintained their standards—refusing to produce inferior mohair velvets which could not be guaranteed as VELMO.

CHASE VELMO—*Perfected Mohair Velvet*—MADE BY SANFORD MILLS, SANFORD, MAINE

L. C. CHASE & CO., *Selling Agents*, BOSTON
NEW YORK DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

Free on request—an interesting Booklet, "A Glimpse Inside."

CHASE
Velmo
VELVET MOHAIR

Are Americans all children playing with fire?

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

America has world-famous building methods, high-pressure water systems and the most efficient of fire fighting equipment. Yet America suffers a fire loss greater than that of any other nation — a fire loss exceeding $500,000,000 in a single year.

Are American citizens, then, less careful than the citizens of other nations? This is indicated by the fact that considerably more than half the annual loss can be traced to preventable sources —to matches and smoking, faulty or carelessly used electrical equipment, defective heating apparatus and similar carelessness with fire and fire hazards.

Let's take no chances with fire in 1926. Practical advice on Fire Prevention and the control of fire hazards is an important part of every North America Agent's insurance protection service.

Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA
and the
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America
write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 70)

necktie in whose varied hues red predominated; a mistake, with his florid complexion.

Jerry took his time with his dinner, ordering a second cup of coffee to prolong it. He was rather entertained by the man opposite, who continued to stare at Bessie throughout the meal. At length the starer arose, put on his hat and coat, picked up his check, leaving a modest dime for Mike, and made his way to the desk. Jerry lit a cigarette and watched him. Bessie spiked the slip of paper, gave him his change and her smile—blim-blam—with her customary dispatch; but the owl still lingered. He had a clear deck for the time being, and seemed inclined to make the most of his opportunity. Jerry didn't blame him. He was probably telling Bessie something about her eyes that she was perfectly aware of. Might be asking her what she did with herself evenings when she quit work, and telling her that he was a lonely stranger in this big city with a painful craving for congenial company.

Whatever it was, he was lingering overlong in the telling and Bessie was looking peeved. Jerry pushed his chair back and slipped into his coat before Mike could help him. He slipped Mike half a buck, also, and hastened to the rescue. Bessie saw him coming and made a little motion toward him; but the owl stuck.

"Gangway, please," Jerry said to his broad back.

He turned and gave Jerry a dirty look; but Bessie spoke up.

"Good night, Mr. Boyer." There was finality in her tone.

"Good night, Miss Rath," returned the owl stiffly, and beat it. He didn't look at all pleased. Jerry chuckled.

"Who's the sheik?" he asked.

"Gimme your check," Bessie demanded. She held out her hand and Jerry took it and gave it a gentle pressure before she could jerk it away. "Don't get fresh," she cautioned. "How are you, Jerry?"

"A little better this evening; I just took some nourishment. Say, kid, you're a sandbag in that scenery. Listen, you hadn't ought to wear that. I told you the last time that it wasn't right. It don't matter about me, but you ought to think of what it does to the other guys that ain't got a chance."

"Cut out that line," said Bessie, biting her lip to keep from smiling. "I'm wearing this because my other dress is at the cleaner's. Gimme your check. Did you work today? You don't look like you did."

"I went through some of the motions and the foreman thinks I worked," Jerry informed her. "Did you say you wanted my check? Here you are."

He took the two tickets from his vest pocket and laid them before her. She looked at them with a seeming lack of interest.

"I hope you'll enjoy yourselves; they say it's a good show," she said.

"I was afraid that you mightn't like it, but I took a chance."

"Me?" She arched her eyebrows. "You don't think I'm going with you, do you?"

"I thought maybe you would, being as you told me you'd let me take you somewhere tonight." He tried to say it confidently, but he had to force his smile a little. "You plighted your honor, oath and word, if you get me," he added.

"Did I? Honest, did I promise?"

No use! She knew just exactly what she had told him. His heart sank.

"You said maybe you'd let me."

"Well, if I said so I'll have to keep my word, I suppose. Now you've stood here long enough."

"Not so long as Mr. Boyer. Who is Mr. Boyer?"

"A friend of sister's. Now give me that check and no more fooling. I'll get off as soon as I can, if you want to wait for me at the corner drug store. Do you want to?"

Chee! Did he want to? His spirits became feather light and his body seemed sympathetically to throw off the weight and grossness of flesh and simply float him to the rendezvous. There, he bought a bulky and expensive, but in his opinion totally inadequate, box of candy, and to help pass the time he exchanged a few pleasant words with the gaudy bimbo at the candy counter, soon, however, becoming sensible of a pain in the neck. That floss must have taken her pay one-half cash and the balance in toilet requisites. How did they get that way? He made a tour of the show cases, halting before the perfumery, and again before the plush boxes containing sets. His money burned in his pocket and his fingers itched to haul it forth for something good enough for Bessie; but outside of the perfumery—and a girl liked to pick her own. He knew that. And he would have to feel his way a little. The ring that he was shortly to buy—get that? Buy—would have to come first. He sat down at a table by the soda fountain and abandoned himself to golden dreams until, at last, Bessie came.

It was a wonderful evening. Take it all round, it was certainly wonderful. They had good seats and there was a good bill. At least Jerry supposed it was good. There was one act that intrigued him—a guy who got himself out of all kinds of knots and handcuffs they could tie and shackle him with. But Jerry presently remembered that such an accomplishment, useful as it might be to ginks that had any use for it, was of no more than academic interest to him. There were good singing and dancing acts, too, and a one-act comedy that was pretty raw and brought a crimson blush to—Bessie's cheek? No, to his own. Bessie, bless her, didn't get the rotten stuff and only laughed because the others did. All the same, there ought to be a law ——

But the great thing was sitting next to Bessie, so close that arms and shoulders touched—as often as he could contrive. No act could equal the quick-change play of expression on her pretty face; delight, amusement, amazement, and, now and then, the most deliciously uncontrolled mirth. And then the contours of her cheek and chin, and the pink lobe of her ear! Best of all, her quick turning to him to see if his appreciation equaled hers; gray eyes and black meeting, for once, with perfect frankness and freedom.

All that was wonderful, but—there were buts. Set against these wonders, her withdrawals from contact that seemed more than accidental, her whispered "don'ts" when his gaze grew too ardent, her sharp displeasure when, availing himself of the darkening of the auditorium, he tried to hold her hand. Chee! Even in his unregenerate days she had let him do that for a few moments. There was a certain aloofness, an occasional constraint in her manner that Jerry found hard to define but nevertheless felt.

After the show was over she took his arm in the outgoing jam and the mercury went up with a jump.

"And now," said Jerry, gayly and confidently, "we'll taxi over to the Winter Garden and grab a bite and shake a foot, just to show there's no ill feeling."

"We will not," Bessie answered, promptly and almost stonily. "We'll street-car to the station—if you want to go with me—and then you can beat it back to bed and I'll go on home, thanking you very much for a pleasant evening."

Argue? You might as well have argued with the Obelisk in the park. But against her protest he took her home, and on the way he talked foolishly and she talked wisely, and was often silent when he expected something warmer and more responsive than silence. So at last they stood by her door.

"Good night, Jerry. All the same, I did have a lovely time."

"Good night, Bessie. Bessie ——"

"No!" she cried. "Jerry, don't! No! Jerry, I mean it!"

Jerry weakened. Her hand against his breast had strength behind it, and worse—determination. He could have taken what he wanted in spite of that, but the caveman spirit that had flared up for a moment died down and the last spark expired at a glimpse of her flushed and angry face. He released her and laughed shakily.

"Some other time then? Tell me, Bessie."

"I've told you. You know what I said. And don't ever try that again. If you can't act like a gentleman ——"

"I'm behaving. Now tell me—some other time?"

"I'm making no promises."

"Are you sore, Bessie?"

"No, I'm not sore; but you've got to behave. Now be yourself. You shouldn't have come with me; you'll get no sleep at all, all that way to go back. Good night."

Her latchkey clicked and the door opened. Jerry tipped his lid soberly and without a word. Then, as the door closed, his face lit with a radiant grin. Bessie had kissed her hand to him.

Jerry tried to dope it out on the way home; but he could only conclude that it had been a wonderful evening—on the whole. As to the repelling of his embrace, he was inclined to blame himself for trying to rush things, and that last gracious gesture of Bessie's had taken away most of the sting. Struggling against a tendency to nod and fall asleep at intervals, he thought over some of the most significant of Bessie's remarks during the evening:

"Listen, you must think you've got a life pass to the mint and a permit to take all you want. Two-twenty for your dinner! And Mike! Half of what you earned in the day for one meal. . . . Then those tickets; we could have sat in the balcony for half the price just as well. . . . Well enough anyway. And the candy. I don't want you buying expensive boxes of candy for me. I know what that kind costs, and you can't afford it. . . . Don't you ever keep track of what you spend, Jerry? . . . No, I won't be a sport. That kind of a sport isn't far from a crook. He doesn't have a long way to go, you take it from me. You can bet he's not earning his money by real work, or he'd take care of it and add to it. . . . No, you needn't be a tightwad, either; but if you expect to get anywhere you've got to have money, and what have you got? . . . Well, I'm glad if you have, and I hope you'll keep it. . . . Jerry McCabe, are you crazy? Don't you talk about rings to me. . . . You wait and see. . . . I'm making no promises. . . . Suppose you have! I'm glad if I've got that much influence; but you know, Jerry—you know yourself that working a week or two weeks—or two months isn't any sign that you're going to keep it up. Now is it? . . . No; you've got to understand. If you're doing this just to please me —— Well, I'm glad. Keep right on traveling in it and save your money and . . . we'll see. . . . I'm not saying"

Fair enough! But it wasn't putting her little hand in his and leading him onward and upward. It wasn't inviting him to come clean with her. Would he ever have the nerve to do that? He was beginning to doubt it, and it was only a very little while ago that he had fondly imagined her gently stroking his shame-bowed head, as he confessed his crimes, and bidding him take heart.

"You were misguided, Jerry darling, but you have repented and forsaken your evil ways, so grieve not, beloved. Remember always that your Bessie trusts and believes in you, and that though all the world ——"

But that was emphatically the bunk. It was up to him to make good and play the game; stick to the job and save. And who could tell? He was always a lucky guy and something might happen any time.

He took this thought to bed with him, arose with it in the morning and held it for week after week of days of grinding toil and nights of dreary solitude. Why the solitude? This way: Bessie was none too lavish with the crumbs of comfort that he had determined to accept, and almost the first rattle out of the box she had denied him the solace of eating his dinners at Matteo's—even when he promised to keep his checks down to a maximum of a dollar—well, six bits then.

"No," said Bessie, snapping the cigar case shut. "I want you to get enough to eat. I wouldn't eat here myself if I had to pay for my meals. Another thing, you make me nervous, looking at me the way you do."

"I won't look at you at all," said Jerry.

"Then why come here? Another thing, I'd be having to fuss all the time, to have to keep you from tagging along when I quit work."

"You mean to say I'm not to walk with you as far as ——"

"Not a step. Give you an inch and it gets to be a regular thing."

"What of it?"

"How long do you think it would be before everybody was kidding me about you?"

"Let 'em kid. What of it?"

"You'd be willing enough, I know; but I'm not. I don't want you rubbering in at the window either. Just keep away from me for a while."

Jerry would take almost anything she handed him, but note the "almost." He was patient and long-suffering and humble; but —— If this was a turndown, if he had been mistaken about her liking him and she had no use or time for him, far be it from him to pester a lady who considered him a disgrace. He said so, and his black eyes had a hard, hard look in them between their half-closed lids—a look that Bessie had never seen before.

"I didn't mean that at all," she protested earnestly. "You know I like you."

"Ye-ah?" said Jerry dryly.

"And you're the first fella I ever told that," said Bessie, and, honest to goodness, her lip was quivering and the beginnings of tears gathered in her eyes.

Jerry melted instantly. Who was he to get upstage with her? A dirty little yegg, after all; a low-lived roughneck that wasn't fit to be in the same room with her. She had a right to be ashamed of him. Was this his chivalry? Did Fitz-James act that way when Ellen gave him the raspberry? Not any!

Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,
But not with hope fled sympathy.

And there was no need for hope to vanish in his case.

"You're right, girlie," he said. "Putting me on probation, ain't you?"

Bessie nodded.

"Well, that goes then," said Jerry. "But listen and get this: I've shook the old gang—see? I told you I moved to a new hangout. Well, I'm going to be mighty lonesome, evenings, if I ain't going to see you a-tall."

Bessie had recovered her composure.

"You can come and eat here Wednesdays—maybe Saturdays now and then. I'll tell you. I'll see how you behave. And now you beat it—and don't wait."

So Jerry beat it without more ado and faithfully spent his evenings for the most part in his room, reading. One night, looking over his exhausted library, his eye fell on Bunyan and he took it down. It was an old edition containing that amazing human document, Grace Abounding, as well as the Progress.

Jerry fluttered the leaves and opened at a place where Jer. ii, 25 hit him in the eye. He knew that "Jer." meant Jeremiah, and Miss Devine had told him that Jerry was short for the same monniker.

"I want you to read this book, Jerry," Miss Devine had said, and Jerry had answered, "Sure I will." That was more than twelve years ago.

"I'll never have more time on my hands," he murmured, and tried another place. "Chee! They put him in the coop for a twelve-year stretch!" His interest quickened, but when he had finished that page and run into a string of John xiv, 1, 2, 3, 4; John xvi, 33; Col. iii, 24; Heb.

(Continued on Page 77)

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CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

(Continued from Page 75)

xii, 22, 23, 24, he turned back the leaf and found this:

"I know not whether there be such a thing as a woman breathing under the copes of the heavens, but by their apparel . . . except my wife."

"This is going to be good," said Jerry.

"And in this I admire the wisdom of God, that He made me shy of women from my first conversion until now. These know, and can also bear me witness, with whom I have been most intimately concerned, that it is a rare thing to see me carry it pleasantly toward a woman."

Jerry's own case exactly. Well, not exactly, perhaps. He could hardly say that it was rarely that he carried himself pleasantly toward them. He had done that to a dozen different skirts in the past few days. Some of them were dumb enough and some were there with the gray matter; there were flighty Floras and girls that had sense. There was that red-head in No. 18 for instance. She seemed a nice sort of kid. Jerry had carried himself pleasantly toward her on several occasions since he had picked up her umbrella in the hall. All the same, him and John had the same idea: John's wife was the one and only for him, and Bessie—there was only one Bessie.

Back to the beginning:

"For my descent, then, it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation."

Jerry adjusted the shade of the lamp at the head of his bed, piled his pillows and lay down. After twelve years he was going to keep his promise to Miss Devine and wade through the book from cover to cover; and it wasn't going to be a hard thing to do, at that, the way it opened up. John and he had the same sort of a start.

A week later Jerry broke the rules. It came in this wise: He had gone to the foreman of the shop at quitting time and put it up to him.

"Bill," said he casually, "I was reading in a book last night where it said that the laborer was worthy of his hire. How about it?"

"The way I look at it is that he ought to be," replied the foreman, after some consideration. "But is he? That's the question—is he?"

"Speaking for this one, I should say that he's worthy of twenty cents an hour more than this robbers' roost is paying him," said Jerry amiably. "The question is—does he get it?"

"I'll take a little time to study that out," the foreman temporized. "Offhand, I'd say he doesn't. I may be mistaken."

"Fair enough," said Jerry. "Take time and lean the bean on it, but let me know by the time I get through washing myself. I've got a bet on it with myself and we're going to leave it to you."

He went to the wash room, where, in a minute or two, the foreman joined him.

"Feller," said that worthy, "I guess you win, after all. Gimme the soap."

So that was that, and you couldn't blame Jerry, under the circumstances. It wasn't Wednesday, but Bessie would certainly want to know about this. It called for a celebration. Anybody could get a job and some could stay with it—had to; but a guy who could get his pay raised in less than a month by a thirty-minute egg like Bill was certainly there. Bessie would see that and forget the rules at once.

So he greased his hair and dressed with care, as the song says, and started out, with drums beating and flags waving, and rubbering in at Matteo's window, thereby smashing another rule, he saw the owl standing by the desk and evidently carrying himself as pleasantly toward Bessie as the big slob knew how. He continued to rubber and saw the bird stand aside to let another customer through and then resume his conversation. He waited until the poor fish finally got through and, after a nod and a smile from Bessie, passed out. Jerry met him at the door and got the shoulder. He shouldered back and the gink paused and glared.

"Pawdon muh," said Jerry, with an insolent grin, and without waiting for a reply entered the restaurant.

There were two more customers at the desk and a third approaching. Bessie saw him, though, and her expression was one of decided displeasure. He smiled back at her and passed on to a table and ate, having ordered with careful economy. During the meal Bessie studiously avoided looking at him, but he had expected that. What surprised him was the positive anger she showed when, after biding his time, he approached her, smiling and confident.

"If you look at me in that tone of voice I'll lean my head on this show case and sob like a little child," he said. "Girlie, I know something you don't know."

"I know you're not to be depended on," she answered. "I always thought so, and now I know it."

"Be yourself. Wait until I tell you something, kid."

"Tell it to Sweeney," said Bessie inelegantly. "I don't want to hear it. You've broken your promise, and that lets you out."

"Only forty-five cents' worth," Jerry pleaded, producing his check. "And cases alter circumstances, ain't it? Listen!"

But Bessie seemed disinclined to listen. She had almost snatched his check from him, rung it up and jabbed a half dollar and a nickel in the mat, and now picked up a sheaf of paper slips and fingered them over. Chee! She was pretty, with that angry flush on her cheek! Mad or glad, she was a picture. Jerry spoke musingly.

"Now if I was sister's friend she'd have time for me—and smiles."

He was astonished at the way she turned on him, at the flash of her gray eyes.

"I'll give him all the time and all the smiles I want, and you've nothing to say about it," she said, fury in her tone. "Him or anybody else. He's a gentleman, anyway, and he keeps his promises and he's respected. A woman could depend on him."

"He's an owl," Jerry stated calmly. "He doesn't spend his money recklessly, though, I'll say. I seen that."

"It isn't because he hasn't got money, and property, too," Bessie retorted.

"All the better for sister," Jerry commented. "But he's nothing in my young life. I ain't interested in him, and you don't seem interested to hear what I got to tell you."

"What was it?" asked Bessie coldly.

"Only that they've raised my pay at the shop," Jerry informed her. "My industry and application and intelligence and skill having attracted the attention of my boss, he's boosted me a couple of smacks per each and every day that I work ten hours, just to encourage me. 'It's worth far more than that to have a guy like you that I can depend on,' he says, 'and I wish to take this opportunity to compliment you and congratulate you on your ability and efficiency, Mr. McCabe,' says he."

Bessie's eyes searched him.

"Honestly, is that so, Jerry?"

"All but the bouquets," he answered. "Some boost though, eh, what, what, what? I thought you might like to know."

"Jerry, I'm sorry I scolded you. That's fine! Listen, Jerry, I'll call you up at the shop tomorrow and let you know if I can see you—maybe a little earlier than this, and then you can tell me all about it. I'll forgive you for coming, but you must go now. I'm awful glad—honest!"

You could see she was. All the same, Jerry wasn't allowed to wait for her. Rules were still in force. But the next day she called him up, sure enough, and gave him a date at a hotel adjoining the station. She had fixed it to get off early and would eat dinner with him. G'by!

Reward of virtue! Some reward too. From the moment that she entered the plush-railed space in the lobby, where they sat on an elegantly upholstered lounge that they had all to themselves, there wasn't a cloud in the sky. Jerry, being extra careful, may have had something to do with it. He watched his step. But she questioned him eagerly about the boost and his work generally, made him show her his poor hands and patted one of them caressingly; she praised him, admired his tie, laughed merrily at his jokes and was altogether sweet and lovely and charming and sympathetic, so that it was a wonder Jerry held himself in as well as he did. Furthermore, she told him a family secret that seemed to explain her former severity.

It seemed that there was "a relation of hers" who was one of these regular guys—a sport, as smart as they make 'em and good-looking and easy-going and good-natured; so you couldn't hardly get mad at him or stay mad if you did; and his wife thought the world and all of him, and his five kids adored him, and if he'd had sense he might have been somebody. But he liked to have a good time and was out for the easy dough. He got it, too, being a lucky guy; but it sifted through his fingers like dry, fine sand, and for all his luck he was broke half the time and his wife never knew where she was at and the family suffered. Then his luck changed and the bunch of crooks he was training with got him to do something he hadn't ought to have done, and he got sent to the pen and died there.

"They warned his wife before she married him," said Bessie, "but she thought she could steady him and make him keep his jobs. She had time to be sorry after they sent him up, and she had to scrub and take in washing until the kids got old enough to help." She stared abstractedly at her spoon.

"Was she sorry?" asked Jerry, after a moment's silence. But at her look, he hastened to add, "She sure had reason to be." Then he changed the subject to John Bunyan—one of these, now, fundamentalists they tell about in the papers. A preacher, and they jugged him for it. What do you know! A square-shooting guy, at that, and they couldn't bluff him. He, Jerry, had just started in on the book he wrote, and it looked good. Ought to make a swell movie.

Yes, it was a wonderful evening. When it was over, Bessie wouldn't let him take the Flatbush trip, but he yielded the point easily. He felt he would be a hog to fight for more when she had given so much. He went home to mull it over. Passing No. 18 on his way to his room, he was reminded of little red-head. For three or four days now he had noticed that there was no bottle of milk at her door and she was looking pretty thin and peaked and her invariably cheerful mug seemed like it might let down when you weren't looking. Jerry had a hunch that the kid was up against it, and he was genuinely sorry for her. Yet a minute or two later, as he lay on his bed resting his toil-weary body, there was no such a thing as a red-head under the copes of the heavens so far as he was concerned—just Bessie.

He knew now why Bessie had been so cagy. She wasn't no iceberg, as in moments of exasperation he had called her, and she thought a heap of J. McCabe. But she remembered the way her daddy had let his family down. Jerry was wise to it being her old man she was talking about, and throwing in a couple of extra kids didn't fool him. Well, J. McCabe wasn't like daddy, and she was realizing that now. J. McCabe was a reliable guy, a sticker and a saver—a property owner, too, in time.

He continued with these delightful meditations until late and then skinned off his clothes and got into bed, adjusting the shade of the light to read a little of the Progress. He had left Christian just as he got that bum steer from Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and he now followed the bedeviled pilgrim to the wicket gate and the old bird, Goodwill:

"Goodwill. Yes, there are many ways butt down into this and they are crooked and wide, but that thou mayest distinguish the right from the wrong: the right only being strait and narrow."

Well, what do you know! There's where they got that strait-and-narrow-path stuff. Goodwill was right. It was getting J. McCabe where he wanted to go. A long ways there, even by the S. & N., without capital; but, at that, it might be shorter than a guy supposed. Things happen, and on the S. & N. your luck doesn't turn.

He yawned, laid the book down and switched out the light.

It happened the big event that he was to remember as the thing that made possible his life's happiness, the thing that gave him what he particularly needed at the time, the golden streak of luck that hit him, right out of a clear sky. Sure enough, you never can tell!

The very next day. He was walking home, happy in the consciousness of a good day's work well done, when he saw a bird getting out of a taxi. A gay bird, with rich, albeit ill-chosen plumage—a suit that swore vociferously at his overcoat and a hat that disagreed violently with them both. A prosperous-looking bird, though, and the silver-mounted morocco bill fold that he took from his breast pocket to pay the driver was more than fairly fat.

Well, if it wasn't Jerry's dear old side kick, Dumb-Bell Dan—the sobriquet being ironically bestowed in recognition of Dan's unusual sapience in affairs pertaining to his calling. He and Jerry had done that Cleveland job together—the last job that Jerry had done or ever would do—and he had gypped Jerry on the split—foully gypped him. Jerry had wanted to meet the bird, like "lovelorn swain in lady's bower," for quite a while after his return. But time softens resentments.

Quickly, but unobtrusively, Jerry melted into a convenient doorway and waited to see the direction that Dan would take. Dan started north; Jerry followed him. Dan turned down a side street; Jerry, whose brain had been busily working, dogged his steps for half a block; and then, having made up his mind, speeded up, overtook him and caught him by the arm and whirled him around.

"Well, Danny! You old son of a gun! Chee! I'm glad to see you!"

Jerry's face beamed with delight. He took his old pal by the shoulder, he caught his coat lapels and rocked him with friendly roughness, he punched him genially in the ribs and finally pump-handled his reluctant hand. Danny, at first extremely disconcerted, recovered his poise and grinned quite responsively.

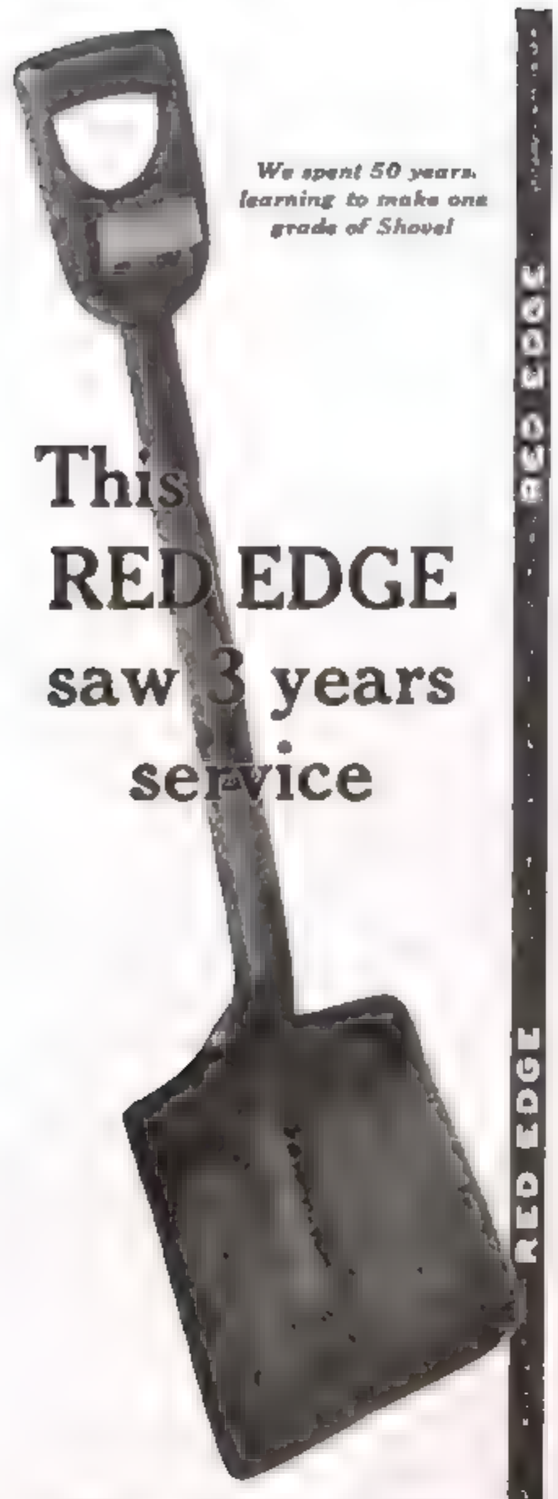
"Say, shrimp, you'll get hurt some day, coming up behind a guy like that. I thought it was a pinch. How are you, Jerry? I just blew in and I was thinking about you. How's tricks?"

"Not so good," Jerry confessed. "You look like a million bucks though. I got cleaned out after I left you in Cleveland. Had to hoof it thirty miles into Wogan. Some hike! Listen, Dan, wasn't none of that paper good? I could use a coupla centuries right now."

"You got my letter at the hotel at Wogan, didn't you? Sure! All registered stuff, no good to nobody but the holders. Izzy and me burned them in the stove. Tough luck! Well, I gotta be on my way now, Jerry, but I'll see you tonight at Dooly's. I wanna talk to you, see?" He looked about him uneasily and shifted his feet.

"Wait," said Jerry. "Say, you ain't blown that two grand yet. Slip me a hundred now, pal. I need it. Make it two if you can."

"Jerry, old-timer, I'm broke myself, practically, right now," the Dumb-Bell explained sorrowfully. "But I know where I can get some, and I'll bring it over to Dooly's sure. I'll show you." He dived into his trousers pocket and produced the change that the taxi driver had given him—a five-spot, two ones and some silver. "I'll



We spent 50 years learning to make one grade of Shovel

This RED EDGE saw 3 years service

WE are indebted to the Boro. of Queens, City of New York, for this veteran Red Edge, which has been on the job every working day for three years. If handsome is as handsome does, gentlemen, there's a beauty for you.

Note that edge, sharper than when it left the factory. See that blade. Still rigid and sturdy. Good for many a long day's work yet. And you will find that old shovel has lost nothing of the nice balance she had when we painted the bright red edge on her blade years ago.

Do you wonder that contractors, railway officials, mine operators—all sorts of men who *know* shovels—tell us that Red Edge helps their men turn out more work in a day? It stands to reason that a good, efficient, well made tool speeds up the work and makes labor more productive for the employer.

Do you wonder we can promise you that Red Edge will outlast two or three ordinary shovels?

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS

WYOMING, PA.

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

split with you if you're flat. Take the fiver," he concluded generously.

Jerry's smile turned to an ugly grin that bared his teeth, and his eyelids half closed in a particularly vicious manner as he thrust one hand into his overcoat pocket and made a conspicuous bulge there.

"Keep your chicken feed, you dirty crook!" he said. "You—dirty—lying—crook! You'll split nothing. What about them Liberties in that bundle we got, to say nothing of the rest of the gilt-edge stuff you and that other crook held out on me? Crook!"

"Say," Danny growled belligerently, "another word out of you and I'll knock your block off. I'd do it anyway if we was any place else, you poor boob."

"Try it," Jerry invited. The bulge in his pocket pointed Danny-ward, and Danny noticed it. "Lucky for you we ain't no place else, you double-crossing crook! Won't try it? Then beat it! Listen, I'll give you the tip you gave me. You stay out of N'York where I won't see you. Get that? Then beat it!"

There was such a snarl and snap to that last that the Dumb-Bell's retreat was almost precipitate. Jerry watched him for a moment or two and then turned in the opposite direction, with sunshine in his face and joy in his heart. He had told the Dumb-Bell what he thought of him.

Fifteen minutes later Jerry was in his room, chuckling happily as he sat on the bed and counted hundred-dollar bills. A silver-mounted morocco bill fold lay empty on the coverlet beside him.

"One, two, three if he had made a motion to pull that leather when I asked him for a stake I'd have taken a couple of hun'erd and handed him the rest back—four, five—and I thought he was a square-shooter once, the yellow dog!—six, seven, eight I guess my fingers ain't so stiff. 'And from the robber rend the prey'—what? Nothing wrong about that—nine, ten—no, that's a fifty. He thought I had a gat. Well, take this and what I've got and I can open a bank account. I wonder how you break into a bank—the regular way—to put money into it. And what'll Bessie say when I show her my bank book? I guess she'll let me buy that ring, now I got capital. I guess yes!"

He replaced the bills in the fold and his eyes glowed.

"The strait and narrow path! If I hadn't been walking in it I wouldn't have met Dan and got back what was honestly coming to me. I'll sure stay in it," said Jerry.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

TROPICAL PARASITES

(Continued from Page 13)

acres of Wallop County land, south of Clammer, was probably worth twelve dollars an acre or thereabouts. What is more, they opined that if somebody bought the land and cleared it and found out what its soil was good for, and then hopped in and cultivated it for a few years with the same energy with which a similar parcel of land would be cultivated in Kansas or Iowa or Connecticut, it would unquestionably be worth much more than twelve dollars an acre eventually, and the person who bought it might even make his everlasting fortune from it.

Unfortunately, the recent rapid rise in Florida real-estate values has not caused the state to be flooded with sturdy pioneers anxious to remove their coats and whip 2000 acres of cheap land into a valuable farm. The present-day pioneer emits pitiful moans if his six-cylinder emigrant wagon strikes a piece of road sufficiently rough to break a leaf in one of his springs; and he considers that he has been enticed to Florida under false pretenses if his first real-estate purchase fails—which it frequently does—to net him a large profit at the end of a week.

Into the situation, then, are injected the persons whose interest in Florida is limited to the amount of money that they can take out of it. The climate has little or no attraction for them. They attach no meaning to the fact that in one part of Florida a city has risen in four years from a vacant expanse of pineland and palmetto, and is testing its muscles by building a high school that will house 3000 pupils. They see no hidden portent in the interesting and slightly blatant manner in which bank deposits all over Florida are swelling like a pounded thumb. They freely admit, when questioned in a sympathetic manner, that they will remain in Florida only so long as they are able to make several profits grow where one profit grew before. Then they will blithely flit onward to other fields of endeavor and sell stock in projected dirigible companies or hypothetical mining companies or near-radio companies or some sort of imitation of the financial success of the moment.

Three Ways to Northern Money

These are the chief purchasers of cheap acreage in every part of Florida; and it is through their activities that countless thousands of doctors and drug clerks and stevedores and college professors and cowboys and plumbers throughout the Northern states have become Florida land owners, and simultaneously got it right where the Northerner seems to be most vulnerable to coughs, colds and machinations of come-on artists—to wit, in the neck.

The man who first remarked that there are more ways than one to skin a cat is supposed to have said something rather snappy, but his remark means little to the average person. If, however, he had altered his statement slightly and observed that there are more ways than one to skin a sucker in Florida, he would have originated the greatest truth since the publication of the information that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

The greatest of all Florida sucker skinning operations occurs when 1000 acres or 2000 acres of cheap land is retailed to Northerners in the form of building lots. Such a block of land, it should be remembered, is not at all worthless when it is retained in block form. Parts of it may be, and sometimes are, under water. All of it may be, and often is, miles from the nearest settlement. It may be a jungle of thorny creepers and saw-edged grasses through which no human being can force his way. But no matter how bad it may be, there is a possibility of clearing it or draining it or otherwise making it useful in the years to come, provided the owner has sufficient determination and resources. But when such a block of land is divided into building lots, sometimes five lots to the acre, but more often as many as ten lots to the acre, and sold to great numbers of people with small capital, it literally becomes worthless in many if not in most instances, because it can never be put together as farm land again.

Such blocks of land may be plotted by the purchasers and sold direct to gullible Northerners through an advertising campaign in the newspapers. If the advertisements make false statements concerning the location of the land, then the advertisers may be apprehended and lodged in the bastile by those who have believed everything that they read in the advertisements and then discovered them to be untrue. Or the blocks may be plotted by the purchasers and sold in the North by an advertising campaign in which no false statements are made. Or the purchasers may divide the blocks into subdivisions and sell the entire subdivisions to persons who feel the urge to distribute Florida building lots to eager Northerners.

In many of the cases that come under these three heads, the persons who retail land to credulous and Florida-hungry Northerners make use, in some way, of the publicity that has been purchased by or given to the great developments of Florida—developments, let us say, like Pirate Beach or Banana.

Because fashionable and wealthy folk from Northern states have for many years been seeking warmth and relaxation during the winter months at Pirate Beach, that favored resort has received millions of dollars' worth of free advertising in newspapers, books and magazines, and has become synonymous all over the world with pleasure, exclusiveness, warmth, sunshine, the idle rich, palm trees, wheel chairs, easy money and pictures showing famous people sitting on the sand with their mouths open, reading from left to right.

There are great hotels at Pirate Beach: railroads enter its very heart; stockbrokers' offices offer cool and pleasing havens for wealthy patrons when the sun becomes too warm or their families become too violent in their social activities; from any and every portion of it a two-minute walk will enable one to reach the ocean or a broad lake. Fan palms and coconut palms and royal palms clatter and rustle in the balmy breezes that sweep across it from lake to ocean or from ocean to lake—breezes that are scented, whichever way they blow, with the elevating odor of wealth.

What's in a Name

It is expensive and world famous. Consequently it is highly desirable property, and probably will continue to be highly desirable property for many years to come. Ambitious and forward-looking people have been known to cripple themselves financially in order to visit Pirate Beach and tremble with delight before the cynical and skeptical stares of society favorites, slum-born moving-picture actresses and head waiters.

Banana was a waste of sand and palmetto scrub back in the early pioneer days of Florida's development—around 1921, say, or 1922. Then a farseeing developer purchased it and gave it a beautiful Spanish name, and advertised it and cleared off the scrub and advertised it some more and laid out broad streets and sidewalks and built a lighting plant and poured advertisements of Banana into the papers and built a few houses and kept on advertising, and finally turned his waste of sand and palmetto scrub into a beautiful, well-planned, brilliant, modern city, with a harbor and fine municipal buildings, so that the name Banana meant a good deal and was worth a good deal.

Unless one wished to be supersensitive and disagreeable about it, there was no real reason why anyone shouldn't make use of the names of such celebrated resorts. Pirate Beach was Pirate Beach of course; but if anyone wished to name a town Pirate Beach Terrace, there was no reason why he shouldn't do so without being jailed by the citizens of Pirate Beach—even though the most casual and rudimentary examination into this similarity of names revealed the fact that there was as much difference between Pirate Beach and Pirate Beach Terrace as between a horse and a horse chestnut.

Consequently the purchasers of cheap land frequently attach the names of great resorts to their purchases, and assist Nature to take its course by inserting cleverly worded advertisements in the newspapers. Most of them have been simply and truthfully advertised as being west of some world-famous resort. It is equally true that they are west of that world-famous continent, Africa.

One who was unfamiliar with Florida might have cast a skeptical eye at the elevations that were designated as heights and highlands in these advertisements; but

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Your Wife may buy a Used Car with Perfect Safety

—*The Studebaker Used-Car Pledge certifies Value and Price*

YOUR wife patronizes the store whose policy of square dealing is a matter of certainty. There she buys with absolute confidence. She may buy a Used Car with equal confidence under the policy outlined in the Studebaker Used-Car Pledge. For expert knowledge of Used-Car values is not necessary to secure honest treatment, where this Pledge is displayed.

Studebaker has brought to the business of selling Used Cars the same measure of integrity and square dealing expressed by Wanamaker in this statement:

From haggle and barter	— to fixed fair prices.
From tricks of the trade	— to open square dealing.
From the customer beware	— to the customer be satisfied.
From obscure price marks	— to accurate price marking.
From advertising bombast	— to accuracy in word and print.

Guided by this same policy, as expressed in the Studebaker Used-Car Pledge, the Studebaker Dealer who sells you a Used Car has, as his first and biggest objective—your confidence. Therefore, he does not simply sell you a Used Car, arbitrarily priced for profit. He sells you "unused mileage," honestly priced to make you a friend of Studebaker.

Your Studebaker Dealer is essentially a merchant in new cars. The solid business foundation upon which the Studebaker Corporation has progressed for 73 years, has actuated the policies under which he sells—whether fine One-Profit Studebakers, or used cars of any make.

Read this Pledge and you will understand why common sense guides the careful buyer, of either a new or used car, to the showroom of a Studebaker Dealer.

Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

1 All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.

It a car is suitable only for a mechanic who can rebuild it, or for some one who expects only a few months rough usage on a camping trip, it must be sold on that basis. Each car must be sold for just what it is.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

This is possible because tremendous reserve mileage has been built into every Studebaker, which it is impossible to exhaust in years.

3 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

The public can deal in confidence and safety only with the dealer whose policy is "one price only—the same price to all." For, to sell cars on this basis, every one of them must be honestly priced to begin with.

4 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used.

It is assumed, of course, that the car has not been smashed up by collision or other accident in the meantime.

Not only to the public, but also to The Studebaker Corporation of America, whose cars we sell, we pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

By Your Studebaker Dealer

Out of every eight cars sold for more than one thousand dollars—one is a Studebaker

This is because buyers have considered these facts:

1. Studebaker is the only One-Profit car in the quality field—the only car which has all bodies, all engines, all axles, all clutches, gear sets, springs, differentials, steering gears, gray iron castings and drop forgings designed, engineered and manufactured by one organization. Therefore prices are down to bed rock.

2. Studebaker facilities make possible Unit-Built construction. Since the entire car is designed and built as a unit, it functions smoothly and yields scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation.

3. Studebaker's $100,000,000 facilities enable us to keep cars constantly up-to-date. Improvements are continually added so that Studebaker buyers may have the immediate advantage of our engineering achievements.

4. Purchasers may buy Studebaker cars out of income at the lowest time-payment rates known to the industry.

5. Studebaker cars are sold and serviced by a world-wide organization of responsible merchants.

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

(Continued from Page 78)

after he had been in Florida a little longer, he would have realized that a seven-foot bunker on Florida golf links looms up before the mind's eye of a Floridian in much the same way that the White Mountains loom up before the eye of a New England nuthatch.

These advertisements weren't very long on the intimate details of the properties they advertised, but they went enthusiastically into the lure of the tropics and the life and love and laughter of the sunshine and the swaying of the palms and the scent of jasmine and orange blossoms and the twittering of filliloo birds.

The profits that lurk in twelve-dollar-an-acre land, when it is handled with professional skill by a brace of temporary Florida financiers who have inherited their ability and astuteness from generations of ancestors trained in the hard business school of Eastern Poland and Western Russia, are sufficiently dazzling—provided that nothing goes wrong—to make the once-celebrated operations of Mr. Ponzi of Boston seem by comparison rather tame and unproductive.

If the first purchaser wishes quick action after depositing that popular Florida weapon, a $1000 binder, and thereby gaining control of 2000 acres valued at twelve dollars an acre, he hurriedly puts an advertisement in a newspaper stating that he is in a position to deliver a carefully selected subdivision containing 6000 lots and a sure income of $300,000 to any syndicate able to put up $60,000.

This proposition is not without a certain allure, and it usually results in a number of calls from skilled operators of the type to whom a 400 per cent profit usually makes a strong sex appeal.

Eventually, in return for the sum of $40,000, he agrees to deliver to a gentleman who is representing a five-man syndicate, one large subdivision named Banana Mansions, containing 1000 acres, or 6000 lots, together with blue prints of said Banana Mansions, showing large parklike spaces at appropriate intervals, and revealing broad avenues and streets bearing names somewhat similar to the more easily pronounced street names of Seville, Spain.

The transaction is now becoming involved, as is not uncommon in Florida, and must be watched carefully.

The creator of the subdivision has dropped from $60,000, his advertised price, to $40,000. But he makes out his bill for $50,000. Thus the purchaser is able to go to the associates with whom he is, as one might say, associated, get them to put up $10,000 apiece and thus become a one-fifth owner of the subdivision without putting up any money himself.

As for the subdivision creator, he is able to pay for the 2000 acres at twelve dollars an acre, retain—after expenses—nearly $15,000 for his trouble, and also retain 1000 acres of carefully, as the saying goes, selected land for his own future use.

Buying Site Unseen

As for the five purchasers of Banana Mansions, it is not at all unreasonable for them to spend $10,000 in advertising their subdivision in various newspapers, and to spend $10,000 in the rental of temporary offices. They then put the 6000 lots on the market at $150 a lot, which is a price that has been found to remove money from Northern pockets with all the ease and fluency of a suction dredge.

Salesmen and saleswomen receive commissions of 10 per cent on their sales; and the entire sales force is recruited from amateurs and newly arrived folk, kept as large as possible and changed frequently, on the well-grounded theory that all newcomers to Florida have three or four friends in the North who are anxious to drop money into Florida land provided they can obtain a little advice from anyone in Florida, whether he knows anything or not.

Even though all the purchasers of lots in Banana Mansions make only a first payment of fifty dollars a lot, and then default on the rest, as so many Northerners are prone to do, the five participants in the subdivision would clear a little matter of $220,000—provided they were lucky, had never misrepresented Banana Mansions in any of their statements, and had promised no definite improvements like drinking fountains, gasoline filling stations and cathedrals.

But if a purchaser of a lot in Banana Mansions decided to come to Florida and examine his purchase for himself, he would be very apt to find what many persons who have recently purchased $150 lots have found. He would find that his little patch of ground measured possibly as much as 60 by 125 feet, but more likely as little as 25 by 125 feet; that it was far, far away from stores and so-called modern conveniences; that there were few if any sidewalks or decent streets around it; that electricity and running water were not and apparently would not be on speaking terms with it; that nobody in his right mind would want to buy the lot at an increased valuation; that it was too small to farm profitably and not at all promising to build on; and that it was about time for him to step on the old lizzie and get on into town and try to get a job that would assist in rehabilitating the family fortunes.

Promotions That are Out of Hand

Floridians are charitably inclined toward the promoters and speculators in their midst who have been so enmeshed in the growth of the state that they have been unable to extricate themselves at the so-called psychological moment, but have been forced to go deeper and deeper into their promotions until they have suddenly turned into first-class developments and run away with their creators.

There are a few of these in the state of Florida; and when they rise at banquets and mass meetings and tell in a simple, manly fashion how the idea for their great developments came to them in early boyhood, while they were gazing raptly at some great work of art like the State, War and Navy Building in Washington, or a steel engraving of the Stag at Bay, surrounding Floridians do not burst into cries of "Bunk!" and "Put back that applesauce!" On the contrary, they cheer them passionately and remark to one another that one is obliged to give them credit.

Their attitude toward the acknowledged speculators and promoters is not so tolerant, however, as is shown by the pleasing case of the Miami binder boys.

A binder is, in effect, an option on a piece of property. As handled by the binder boys, who were clever young men with all the sophistication of New York superimposed on the business instinct which they had inherited from Eastern European forbears, a binder—pronounced to rime with "cinder" by the binder boys—was what is technically known as a negotiable instrument.

Trimming the Binder Boys

A binder boy slapped on real-estate phraseology—a binder of $1000 on the owner of a piece of property, valued, say, at $100,000. In return for the $1000, the binder boy received a document stating, in effect, that he was the owner of the $100,000 piece of property, and that the next payment of $20,000 or $25,000 was due in ten days or thirty days, or whenever the owner of the property cared to make it come due.

Nowadays a binder is deposited in a bank and no documents change hands; but in the early days of the binder boys the documents changed hands, and could later be filed as clouds on the titles of the properties—a state of affairs that made for general distress and horror.

At any rate, the binder boys, inflamed by tales of easy money, came down from New York during the early summer, arrayed themselves in white linen knickerbockers, looked around and saw that land values were rising rapidly, and promptly spread themselves over as large an area as possible. They would slap binders on as much desirable property as they could, and then sell the binders to anybody who would buy them.

The slapping-on of binders stimulated the real-estate market to even greater activity than it had enjoyed since 1920, and real estate began to turn over with all the vivacity of an airplane propeller.

The binder boys were so excited by the situation that they began to buy binders from one another with the utmost recklessness, secure in the knowledge that real-estate values would rise high enough to take care of the binder money.

A $1000 binder would sell four or five or six times—each time, possibly, for $1000 advance; and such was the excitement that at the last moment there was usually somebody who was willing and able to pay the binder boy's high price for the binder and also to make the big second payment on the property.

Exactly the same thing happened in Germany just after the war, when a rapidly depreciating currency and a scarcity of foodstuffs resulted in rapidly mounting prices and excessive gambling among persons of the same general type as the binder boys—known in Germany as *Schleichhändler*. They would sell carloads of potatoes to one another on paper a dozen times. A dozen of them would sell ten pounds of butter to one another a score of times, each time at an advance in price—a process that was also known as chain dealing.

The activity of the binder boys was excessively distressing to business men all over Florida, for they felt that prices were being artificially pushed, in many instances, to unreasonable and ridiculous heights. There seemed to be nothing to do about it, however, until the binder boys worked out onto Miami Beach and began to slap binders on the properties adjoining those of two big developers.

As soon as this happened, the developers took a little thought among themselves, and then began to advertise their land for sale at higher and higher prices. The binder boys watched the rapidly ascending prices with popping eyes, and scrambled all over themselves to buy binders from one another. Thousand-dollar binders went up and up and up, to $8000 and $10,000 and $15,000 apiece; and still the price of the land adjoining the property on which the binders were placed continued to surge majestically skyward.

The Great Florida Classic

And so things went on until a day or two before the holders of the binders were obliged to make their heavy second payments for the properties on which the binders had been slapped. The binder boys got up early in the morning to sell their binders to the ultimate consumers, and went out on the street with eager, shining faces prepared to take a heavy profit.

Then the blow fell. The big developers who owned the properties beside the ones with which the binder boys had been dabbling suddenly cut the prices of their lots. They cut them far below the prices that the binder boys had contracted to pay for adjoining lots. Consequently nobody cared to take over the binder boys' binders.

The binder boys raced around furiously; for if they couldn't dispose of their binders, they would be obliged to make huge cash payments on the morrow; and since they were binder boys they didn't have the requisite cash. But nobody would purchase lots for $60,000 and $100,000 when equally good lots in the same section were being offered for $40,000 and $70,000. Consequently the binder boys were unable to make their payments. They were stuck with their binders; and it was one of the greatest stickings ever recorded beyond the confines of the Chicago stockyards.

Somewhere, in the favored land of Florida, the sun was shining bright, and somewhere palm trees rustled and somewhere hearts were light; but you couldn't prove it by the binder boys. With many a hoarse oath they packed up their extra white knickers and their other belongings and went straight back to New York, where a man can gamble as he pleases.

Miami gossips, who are not always reliable because of the carelessness with which they add or subtract $1,000,000 from sums under discussion, claim that the binder boys left $8,000,000 in binders behind them when they went away. This may

Continued on Page 83

Sand Dunes at Cape Henry, Virginia

There's a refinement, an exquisite, soothing texture in ScotTissue, which women appreciate instinctively.
Nicety in personal hygiene and pride in home appointments inevitably dictate the choice of ScotTissue, with its soothing softness, its dainty whiteness and purity and quick absorbency, which only Thirsty Fibre can impart.
If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 15 cents with your dealer's name and we will send you a full-size roll of ScotTissue, prepaid.
Scott Paper Company
Chester, Pa.
New York Philadelphia
Chicago San Francisco
© S. P. Co.
irsty Fibre
eally DRIES
Soft as old linen
15 cents a roll
except in some western points and Canada
Another Thirsty Fibre Product
Waldorf
3 rolls 25c
Except in some western points and in Canada
ScotTissue
TRADE MARK REG U.S. PATENT OFFICE AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES
Copyright 1923
The absorbent so
white Toilet pape
Scott Paper Company
Chester, Pa. U.S.A.
1000 SHEETS — 4½ × 5 INCHES
ACTUAL SIZE

To help make up for the lack of vitamins in meat, tomatoes held an important place in the army diet. For the same reason food experts are today advising a greater use of tomato products.

Armies thrived on it

Some facts about the richest vitamin food

"AN ARMY travels on its stomach," said Napoleon. The experience of our last war showed that the army travels more surely when tomatoes have a leading place in the ration.

And that's because tomatoes are richest of all foods in the element necessary to life itself—VITAMINS.

Bolster up your meat diet at its weak point

Science knows that meat, fish, bread, strength-giving though they are, lack certain vital vitamins. One mighty pleasant way to help balance this shortcoming is by the liberal use of Snider's Catsup at the table and as a cooking flavoring.

The Snider method of growing and cooking tomatoes for making up into catsup keeps the rich store of vitamin that Nature packed into the fresh vegetable.

Nature's Vitamins in bottles

Snider guards this precious substance at every point—selecting particularly rich seeds to grow the tomatoes; letting the vegetable ripen on the plant; cooking the tomatoes the day they are picked to avoid vitamin loss through handling and storage.

For good health and good taste, use plenty of Snider's at your next meal.

Send for free Recipe Book. Also contains the story of vitamins and tomatoes. Address the T. A. Snider Preserve Co., 1020 S. Wabash Av., Chicago, Ill.

Snider's

TOMATO CATSUP

CHILI SAUCE, COCKTAIL SAUCE, TOMATO SOUP

Perhaps you are one of those who prefer the thicker consistency and slightly spicier taste of the Chili Sauce. Like the Catsup it adds zest to the meal and rates high in vitamins.

adds zest

SNIDER'S

(Continued from Page 80)

or may not be true; but it is certainly a fact that the downfall of the binder boys filled countless Florida breasts with satisfaction and delight.

It has become the great Florida story. The newcomer to the state hears it first in Jacksonville, to the accompaniment of delighted chuckles. He then hears it from the amateur and professional raconteurs of Daytona and St. Augustine and New Smyrna. Over on the west coast he gets it in Tampa and St. Petersburg and Sarasota. Smiling gentlemen stop him on the street in Orlando and Haines City and Lakeland and say, "Have you heard the way they hung it on the binder boys over at Miami?"

Blue-Print Speculation

It does no good to say, "Yes, I have heard that story nine thousand times; forget it and try to figure out how many building lots there are in Florida." The smiling gentlemen wave aside all interruptions and persist in telling the story in full. Most of them disagree in the details, but all of them agree joyously that the binder boys were well trimmed.

A lot of Florida developments work on the heartstrings of their prospects by means of a hymn or anthem which tunefully sets forth the beauty and glories of Dear Old Cabeza Fruitlands or Fair Pimiento-by-the-Sea. It seems a pity that they cannot unite on a joint marching song in which the epic tale of the wrecking of the binder boys can be handed down to posterity.

Not all the bad lots in Florida are cheap. There are a great many expensive lots in the state that have all the earmarks of being wretched investments.

Side by side with a good development, for example, close to the ocean or to a rapidly growing city, one will find a promotion that was put on by a person who wanted to get as much money as he could get, and get it as rapidly as possible. He may have laid streets and sidewalks and installed water and the sort of street lighting that is known in Florida as White Way lighting. Yet if these things have been done in the way that some Florida promoters are willing to do them, the sidewalks break down in six months or so because the cement is too thin and too badly mixed to last, the streets sink and wash out in the autumn rains, the water pipes are too small to permit the water to run freely in the houses, the septic tanks fill with surface water because the ground has been imperfectly drained, and the lights along the White Way are so sparse that moths are unable to find their way from one light to the next.

A lack of restrictions makes it possible for avaricious property owners to put up enlarged chicken coops for renting purposes alongside $20,000 houses, and the general air of the community is one of slovenliness and decay. Lots in such localities are held at almost the same prices that obtain in adjacent good developments; and the fact that there are people who see similar values in the two properties is prima-facie evidence that although the Florida climate can accomplish many startling cures, it cannot change a stupid man into a sensible one.

Some persons think that Florida land can be judged from a blue print—an error that is on a par with the belief that Santa Claus enters New York apartments through the chimney.

Wanton speculation, unprincipled promotions and foolish real-estate buying not only cause the keenest anguish to reputable Florida real-estate dealers, and to the developers and city builders who have put hundreds of millions of dollars into improving the state, but also cause chambers of commerce all over Florida, because of their interest in the fortunes of Florida five years from now and ten years from now and fifty years from now, to scream with rage.

The State Chamber of Commerce has warned Northern newspapers against accepting suspicious advertisements from Florida land companies; and whenever a chamber of commerce in any part of Florida gets wind of shady real-estate transactions in its neighborhood it makes a stout and often successful attempt to deliver a brisk kicking to the guilty parties.

It might be remarked that Northern newspapers cannot be broken on the rack by Floridians until Florida itself masters the somewhat difficult art of preventing its own newspapers from publishing advertisements of real-estate offerings that are primarily designed to stand suckers on their heads and neatly shake the loose change from their garments.

Difficult as this art is, there is probably no business manager of any Florida newspaper who hasn't sufficient acumen to distinguish between the many advertisements of genuine land investments that daily appear in his paper, and the several advertisements of land speculations from which arises a distinct odor of Stilton. They could refuse these advertisements if they wished to do so, just as the owners of many Northern newspapers could, if they wished, refuse to publish the large amount of rancid advertising to which some of them cling. At least one large Florida newspaper has repeatedly refused to accept the advertising of a real-estate company whose activities seemed to the newspaper to be questionable; but many Florida newspapers aren't so particular.

Some of the land advertising in Florida papers is sufficiently raw to make the recording angel burst into tears. A member of the Florida Chamber of Commerce picked up his newspaper one morning and discovered that a certain subdivision in Florida was advertising lots at a minimum of $250 apiece, and that in the same edition of the same newspaper equally good land in the same section was being advertised at $350 an acre. In other words, gullible purchasers were being asked to pay a minimum of $2000 an acre and up for exactly the same sort of land that was openly being offered in advertisements in the same newspaper at $350 an acre.

One of the distressing features about the activities of the gentlemanly purse snatchers all over the United States who are operating in Florida lands is the difficulty and frequently the impossibility of getting Northern or even Florida authorities to take action against them.

From a farmer in an out-of-the-way section of Northern Florida the State Chamber of Commerce received a report concerning four men who drove up to his home in an automobile and lightly inquired where they could buy land for subdivision purposes at six dollars an acre. The farmer viewed them reflectively and stated that there was no land in that neighborhood that was good for subdivision purposes, though there was land that could be purchased for six dollars an acre.

One of the four men observed carelessly that they didn't care what sort of land it was; that they would dispose of it and be on their way before those who purchased it from them could find out what they had bought. Such reports come in almost daily from all parts of the state.

Scarcely a day passes that the secretary of a chamber of commerce in some part of Florida doesn't receive, from a promoter of a Florida cheap-lot subdivision, a check for $50 or $100, or much more—ostensibly to get him to perform a little light labor in his spare moments, but actually to induce him to make favorable replies to persons who may write him for information concerning the promoter's dubious subdivision.

Barnum's Underestimate

It is useless to deny that the selling of cheap Florida land is a soft and easy proposition. Once a person has worked himself into a lather on the subject, he will believe anything. He will believe anybody. He will believe that Henry Ford is starting tin plantations in ninety Florida cities. The following letter, embellished with its fluent misspellings and a number of thumb marks, was successful in selling cheap Florida lots in one section of the United States:

"Your letter just received and in regard to San Hokomo Estates will say I will inclose blue print of this new townside and price list and literature that will more fully locate and discribe San Hokomo Estates and its location, the prices avrage from $144 up to $1060 per lot on terms of 30 per cent cash and balence easy terms to suit you.

"Read the discription on the list and if interested and want to buy just make your selection and let me know soon as possible as they are selling fast and will soon all be sold, you cant make any mistake they are all good bargains, send down payment on the Lot or Lots you want and I will send you Contracts signed up by the company, and when you pay out you will receive clear warranty deed and abstract showing clear title, pleas return the price list blue print and large paper showing Henry Ford's development as I am a little short on these papers at this time and will send you some later.

"Trusting to here from you soon together with your order for some of these lots as I dont think you can find a better bargain for a quick turn at a good proffet any where."

Barnum, it is frequently observed, was right; but after one has made a sketchy investigation of the conduct of supposedly astute Americans in the purchase of cheap Florida lots, he can never again be so pessimistic. Barnum not only didn't know the half of it; he didn't know the hundredth part of it.

Trees at Night

Winter Palace

WARMTH WHEN YOU WANT IT

Welsbach

SELF-LIGHTING

RADIANT GAS HEATERS

Fireside Luxury

THAT radiant heat that warms the room to the comfort point, that open-fire cheeriness which brings forgetfulness of cold and little shivers—it's Welsbach Special heat.

It's on when you need it and off when you don't and for that reason alone it is economical. But it is doubly economical, for Welsbach Heaters have exclusive features which get high heat out of small gas consumption.

To get warmth when you want it, and to get the most heat for the least money, get Welsbach heat. It's a special heat that you never will do without once you have enjoyed its great comfort and convenience. Ask your dealer to show you the various models of Welsbach Heaters.

Write for Folder

illustrating and describing ten beautiful models of Welsbach Heaters.

Nine exclusive features are nine reasons for the exceptional efficiency and service of Welsbach Radiant Heaters — nine reasons why you should insist upon the Welsbach name if you want the most radiant heat for the least money.

$15 to $95

(East of Mississippi)

WELSBACH COMPANY

Member American Gas Association

GLOUCESTER, N. J.

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

(Continued from Page 15)

appearance was the rubbing of two sticks together, but that alone was not sufficient. It must be persuaded, compelled rather, by the utterance of certain secret and potent words, to take up its residence in the heap of twigs and leaves provided for it. And only the females, whose exclusive prerogative was the maintenance of the hearth, knew those jealously guarded words, the most important perhaps of all the very few grunted words in existence. It was therefore urgently necessary for him to possess himself of a female at the earliest possible moment. But this squinting figure who emerged between the tree trunks at the watercourse at the same instant as he did was not a female. It was a young male like himself, hairy, long-armed, his flat nostrils twitching in suspicion.

Both sprang back to the cover of the forest in the instant of their mutual perception, peered furtively at each other from behind a tree. He had noticed that the other also had a large stone in his hand. He stood waiting, trembling. Now he would have to fight, even as the Old One had had to fight that other Old One. He hated that other Young One—hated him for the necessity of protecting himself, hated him with a suddenly fierce, blind intolerance of intrusion into his solitude. And he was mortally afraid.

The other was mortally afraid also, it appeared. He could sense it with something of the same faculty as he could smell the warm sour odor of the other's hairy body. That other's face grimaced at him from round the tree. Should he hurl his stone at it? He might miss. Then he would have no stone, be defenseless. Better not. He waited—consoled himself by grimacing back. It was a deadlock, a deadlock that prolonged itself until his first acuteness of emotion began to subside in him.

It was suddenly revived. That other was creeping cautiously from behind his tree; coming toward him. With hostile intent? He gripped his stone firmly, chattered vague sounds that meant to warn the other to stand back. The other chattered also, began to utter short ejaculations with a slow deliberate enunciation. He recognized them as words—the brief words, clicks and grunts, pregnant with meaning, with which his group exchanged essential experiences around the fire, the difficult words old Mm-mm had mouthed at him, forced him to repeat accurately. These words, pronounced by that nervous other, had a strangely different, unfamiliar tone and inflection to them, but they were identifiably words. He divined bewilderedly that this strange young male was clumsily, timorously suggesting an abandonment of hostility.

Should he acquiesce? Could he trust that other? In the misery of his desperate unprotected loneliness, an impulse of gregariousness, craving that companionship from which he had so recently been excluded, asserted itself over his fears. He came forward timidly, dropped his stone. The other did likewise. He stared at that other's broad flat face, at the blinking, protruding, bushy-browed eyes under the low forehead, read in them an apprehension almost as acute as his own, an appeal for reciprocal tolerance, reciprocal understanding. Confidence leaped up in him, with a delicious clearing of his mind, a reinvigoration of his trembling limbs. It was mutual. Both broke suddenly into an excited chattering, into instinctive stroking gestures. With a spontaneous simultaneous movement they rubbed against each other in token of this thrillingly novel amity. It was a strangely wonderful moment, without precedent in his life.

The next minute, somewhat disconcertingly, the other broke abruptly away, ran a few yards into the forest, stopped with a cry he recognized as a summons. He followed diffidently, with a sharp revival of suspicion which all but set him dashing off in the opposite direction. The other was pointing to the foliage of one of the most prized roots, uttering an excited, incomprehensible babble of sounds. He understood. This was the ultimate gesture of friendship, the sharing of food. Together they crouched down by the plant, dug out its root with swiftly scratching claws. The other took it, broke it in halves, gave him one of the portions. They sat side by side eating it greedily, chattering vague happy sounds that made no pretense to be words.

That was the commencement of a new indefinitely prolonged epoch of companionship. Together he and that other young male ranged furtively, silently, busily through the great gloomy forest. Together they found roots and birds' eggs, together they hunted such small animals as they dared affront, slaying them with a skillful throw of their heavy stones, eating them perforce raw. Together they swung themselves up into the trees, waiting silently in an agony of apprehension while a massive ferocious Old One passed, his troop of chattering females and infants trailing after him with their scanty burdens of meat and roots unsuspectingly underneath. Together they slept side by side, perched high up in the branches, alert to wake at the slightest unusual sound. Together, when they were quite assured of their complete solitude, of the absence of any danger, they would succumb to the temptation of sleeping on the ground under an overhanging rock, just as if they lived within the luxury of one of those family groups.

But doing so, a peril threatened them from which those groups were immune. They had no fire with which to scare off, by that potent mysterious spirit dwelling within the flame, the great carnivorous beasts prowling through the forest. It was a deprivation they felt more and more acutely every day, the instinctive human urge to preserve a once-enjoyed standard of life unconsciously strong within them. Until they should get within their power, at all times amenable to their service, that capricious beneficent spirit of fire they regarded with a vaguely superstitious awe, they could not sleep in safety on the ground, could not procure for themselves that fat-sizzling, half-burned meat, that luscious hot marrow to be greedily sucked from the cracked bones, for which their mouths watered in famished remembrance.

Both knew themselves equally impotent to evoke that craved-for uncanny presence. Neither knew the mysterious, potently persuasive words it was essential to mutter during the process of rubbing the two sticks; it was futile, therefore, even to try. Only females knew those words, in a secret transmission from mother to daughter of a thing most precious; only when pronounced by a female, indeed, had they compelling power. The entire canon of group tradition asserted the fact beyond question of the dogma; never had an Old One himself been seen summoning the fire spirit. It was a female prerogative, bound up with all the other female prerogatives of finding roots, skinning the game, concern with the Young Ones, whom they alone taught the slow difficult words which gave power over objects by defining their names; a complex of prerogatives, evolved from their sole concern with domestic matters, which assured their status in the snarling, quarreling, nomad existence of the group. And in the meantime that craving for fire became a fierce obsession with those two young males slinking through the forest in miserable exile from all of human community that then existed.

Insufficient though their vocabulary was for discussion, intuitively they were aware of their complete unanimity. A telepathy, deriving from an immemorial animal past, reigned between them, transcended the clumsily close limitations of their clicked and grunted speech that merely gave

(Continued on Page 86

"**About a year ago** my face, neck and arms were covered with an eruption due to constipation. I was a bundle of nerves. Every sound made me jump. I was in a pitiful condition. I tried everything in the way of medicine but I received no relief from any of them. One day my mother told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I took two cakes a day for two months. At the end of the second month the miracle started to happen. The eruption vanished. I no longer jumped at every little noise. I told other friends about Fleischmann's Yeast and now each one tries to out do the other in their praise of it. I hardly think that any of them can be as grateful as I am. Today, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a new girl." Miss Anne M. Carmix, New Haven, Conn.

Life's Richest Gift is theirs

Clear Skins—Perfect Digestions —Wonderful New Energy—all through One Simple Fresh Food

"**About four years ago** I had such a 'breaking out' on my face, that I felt a hesitancy in going out of my house. Consequently I missed many a good time. I tried every kind of massage, nearly every treatment on the market, but all in vain. Then one day someone told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I took one-half cake before each meal in a little water—did this with 'clock like' precision—even took a cake to work with me every morning. After a few days, I noticed the 'breaking out' on my face disappearing. And after an elapse of one month or six weeks, my face had entirely cleared. I was, I believe, the happiest man in the world."

Anthony C. Koehler, Baltimore, Md

NOT a "cure all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For clogged intestines especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health, Health Research Dept. D-1, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

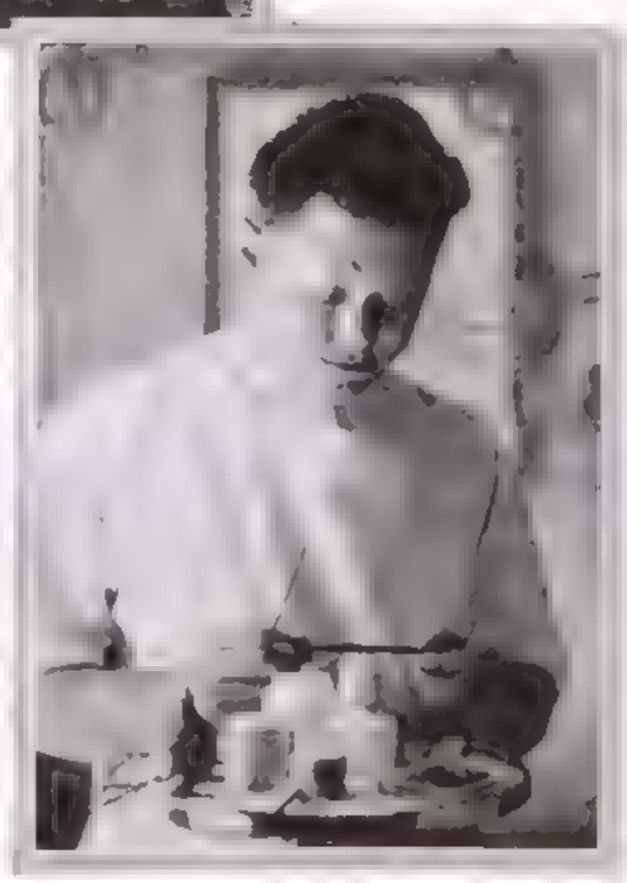
"**If we receive benefit,** why hide it from the world? I feel I must express the great benefits that I have received from Fleischmann's Yeast. For months, I suffered from stomach disorders combined with rheumatism. I was miserable, for sickness mars the best intentions and lessens one's ambition. I was advised to try Fleischmann's Yeast which I did, taking three cakes a day. I improved steadily until now I can truthfully say that my stomach troubles and rheumatism are a thing of the past and I am once more really well."

Mrs. B. Wilson, Toronto, Canada.

RIGHT

"**As a practising dentist** I should essentially feel at my duty early in the morning as well as later in the day. Instead of feeling right and 'peppy' I was lazy and fagged out upon arising. Could not concentrate on my work and never really get going until later in the day. Tried everything from psychology to pills; to no avail. Then I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. In two weeks I could say, 'Feeling fine and dandy.' My prescription is: 'Just one cake of Fleischmann's morning and night.'"

Wm. C. Mook, D.D.S., Brooklyn, N. Y.



"**Long before the advent** of Fleischmann's Yeast in this Pilgrim town, I was a puny child, faithfully carrying along the family inheritance of constipation. Womanhood brought overwork, worry and burdensome care. I was plunged into nervous dyspepsia. So somehow I shuffled miserably along until a friend induced me to give Fleischmann's Yeast a three months' trial. Health like a radiant rainbow shone before me. Today, I proudly show my two healthy, rosy-cheeked children that were saved the baby torture of colic pains, skin troubles, coated tongues and unpleasant breath by the frequent use of Fleischmann's Yeast."

Mrs. Eugenie M. Bobell,
North Plymouth, Mass

This Famous Food tones up the entire system—aids digestion, clears the skin, banishes constipation. You will find many delicious ways of eating Yeast: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—with a little salt or just plain. Eat 2 or 3 cakes regularly every day before meals.

"Gosh! I'm not a baby any more!"

When your boy flashes out with an angry outburst like this, it stings like impertinence and insubordination. It may be both, but in reality it is a sign that points to mutual misunderstanding. You see only wilfulness. In your anxious care he sees only—continual "Don'ts" and "Stops." The fact is, your boy is growing up. He may exaggerate his ability and judgment, but, heaven be praised, he wants to use them.

A boy in his teens is going through his most trying years. Life is calling him, adventure, ambition, imagination. In the cocoon of boyhood is stirring the man who will dare and do. True, he needs restraint, but what he needs most is strong leadership—leadership he will accept.

To give to boys the guiding hand they need, to open their eyes to the world they must face as men and lead them into a glorious manhood, has been the successful achievement of THE AMERICAN BOY for twenty-five years. This it does through stories of adventure and daring deeds, in which your boy sees fellows like himself winning out through pluck and self-reliance. He sees the results of meanness, loyalty, dishonesty, clean-mindedness.

THE AMERICAN BOY does not preach. Its stories are not juvenile or patronizing. The foremost writers of the day, who contribute to THE AMERICAN BOY, not only know and love boys themselves, but they know the world and human nature and how to sugar-coat the pill of instruction so boys will take it, with a smile.

Give your son the companionship of THE AMERICAN BOY. Let the experiences of the fellows he meets in its pages help him appreciate fair play, hard work, backbone. Give him a year's subscription. Subscribe for that other boy you'd like to see get ahead. Mail the coupon today.

$2.00 a year by mail. 20c the copy at all news-stands. Subscribe for a year or leave a standing order at your news-dealer's.

The American Boy

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO
No 373 American Bldg., Detroit Mich.

Enclosed find $2.00, for which send THE AMERICAN BOY for one year, beginning with the current issue, to

Name

Address

Canada $2.25 Foreign $2.50

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names to a few familiar things. At first, sniffing the pungent smoke, they would crawl stealthily, fascinatedly to the vicinity of an encampment where an Old One sat and feasted among his females, would lurk around it for days, cunningly concealed, their apprehensions acute, awaiting the time when the Old One, having exhausted the easily procurable food in the neighborhood, should move on. Then as soon as the group was out of sight and hearing they would swing down from their tree, run shamblingly, eagerly to the spot where the fire had been, in the hope of discovering a yet glowing brand among the ashes. It was a hope always frustrated. The females had always thoroughly stamped out the embers before departing.

The always-felt instinctive need for a female reasserted itself, linked itself to this obsessional craving for a fire. Possession of the one meant possession of the other. When they crossed a recent twig-trodden trail in the forest, the mere lingering human scent of feminine passage would set them sniffing, excitedly and meaninglessly chattering together. For days on end they would, furtively audacious, track an Old One and his harem of females, lured by the fascinating possibility of a straggler, by the almost physical urge to a swiftly daring successful raid. The opportunity never presented itself. Gradually it became evident that to procure a female they must fight and kill one of those terrible Old Ones whom their infantile memories invested almost superstitiously with invincible strength and ferocity. There was no alternative.

The problem resolved itself imperceptibly, automatically into a selection of which Old One, out of the several family groups roaming through the forest, they should temerariously attack.

The problem was solved for them. One day, as, sniffing the intoxicating odors of fire and burned meat, they swung themselves from tree top to tree top in cautious approach of the encampment, they saw an Old One rolling on the ground, moaning and crying, his females concernedly busy around him. He was sick! Fascinated, in an ecstasy of delight, they crept cautiously down and along the great branches, came nearer, peering out with eager heads to be certain. The fact was patent. The Old One was plainly incapacitated. Stealthily, united in a single fiercely exultant purpose, the two young males slid to the ground, furnished themselves with stones, stole toward the encampment. No one perceived them. Suddenly, with a wild outburst of cries they could not restrain, they rushed upon it. They had been premature. Instantly the Old One leaped to his feet, gigantic, terrible, a great stone in one of his hands as he dashed furiously at them. They turned and fled, leaped for the nearest tree, swung themselves up to its topmost thin branches where the heavy stone crashed after them, peered down. It was the Old One who had so recently chased one of them from the camp fire he could see that attractive, plump young female staring up into the tree at him an Old One, however, who was no longer to be so desperately feared. An accident had happened to him. One of his long arms hung limp and useless by his side.

That accident settled his fate. From that moment the two young males never quitted their prey. They stalked him from encampment to encampment, stalked him when he went to drink, stalked him when he ventured, shakily, thin, haggard, no longer boldly confident of himself, to hunt small game in the close vicinity of the fire. Conscious of the catastrophe which pursued him, always just out of range of his retaliation, the Old One screamed at them, flung stones with his one valid arm, sat for hours watching them in their tree, not daring to move, muttering and mumbling to himself. They could sense his ghastly fear; exulted in it.

Day after day, night after night, they dogged him, alert for the opportunity which must soon present itself. Their adversary, worn down by nervous vigil, was becoming weaker, was visibly more sick. He had renounced the risk of hunting. Food supplies, the roots and eggs gathered by his anxiously babbling females, had become scarce. He had to terrify them, to smite them with his one usable arm to procure his share that they would have given to the Young Ones. And never for a moment was that implacable pursuit relaxed. They could see him becoming more and more sick in the abiding terror of it. Yet he could still beat them off, did so with wild rushes at them as they half dared the uncertain attack. Nevertheless, he knew, in an agony of apprehension, bellowing at them in impotent rage as they swung themselves nimbly, monkey-like, among the thin tree tops, that he was doomed. And they knew that he was doomed. They had only to wait. In a little while, starved and ill, he would be too feeble to defend himself.

The end came when a blood-red sunset was dulling to the dusk. The Old One, thin and wretched, sat amidst his emaciated females—the young male up in the tree recognized the still comparatively plump one with the long hair—weeping grotesquely because an old female had snatched a last morsel of root from him, given it to an infant, who had instantly devoured it. The young male peered out, gripped with the interest of the scene. Was this the moment? Suddenly he perceived that the long-haired young female was making signs to him, beckoning him. He clutched at the hairy arm of his companion, imparting his thought. The next instant both of them were sliding silently to the earth.

They crept up to the encampment, each with his jagged heavy stone. The Old One glanced round in instinctive alarm, leaped up as both flung their missiles. Both missed. The young male saw his companion, overtaken by the Old One's rush, smashed lifeless to earth with a heavy piece of tree. He himself, now weaponless, defenseless, turned to run, felt a heavy chunk of rock thrust into his hand. He glanced at his unexpected ally—the plump young female with the peculiar provocative eyes—saw her fling herself at the Old One's legs as he ran raging at his enemy, bring him down in a sprawling heavy fall. And the next instant he had crushed in the Old One's head with a vindictive blow of his chunk of rock. The hirsute great body of the old male twitched, lay motionless.

The Old One was dead. The other Young One was dead. He, triumphant, was sole master over those chattering females who came, prostrating themselves, to clasp his feet. He sat himself down proudly in the Old One's place by the fire.

Many seasons had passed since that evening of his great victory. Through more falls of leaf, more renewals than he could compute, he had led his little group of females and infants from hunting ground to hunting ground. He was full-grown, an Old One himself now, in the plenitude of his vigor, immensely strong of limb, skillful to slay great beasts with a stroke of stone or club. There was never scarcity of meat in his encampment. Yet, as he sat luxuriously scorching his muscular hairy legs at the crackling, fascinating fire, he was gloomy, savage-tempered, morosely spiteful to the females and the immature males—especially to the immature males—voraciously gorging themselves with the food he had provided.

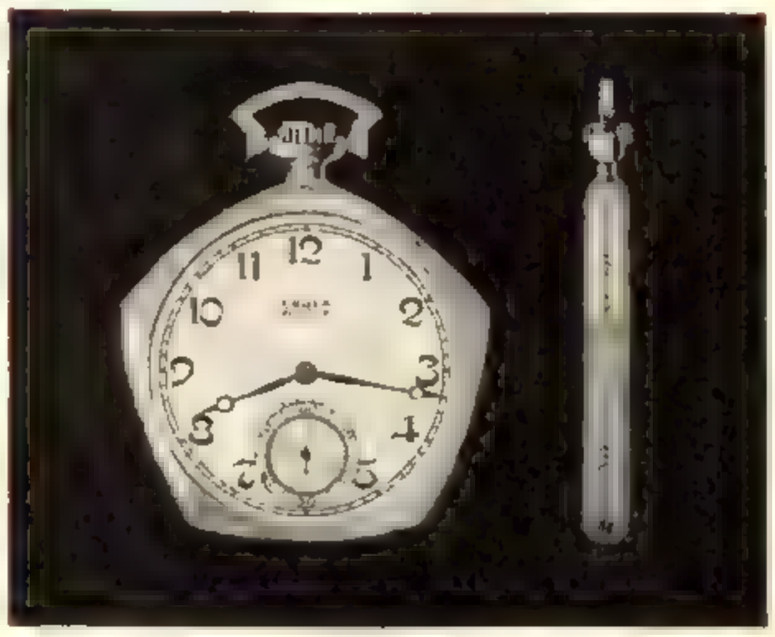
He scowled from time to time with particular vindictiveness at a young male seated next to that no-longer-young female who once, long ago, by her treacherous coöperation, had assisted him to slay that terrible Old One who still haunted his dreams, disconcertingly alive if removed from waking vision, a malevolent disbodied personality he was vaguely impelled to propitiate. That adolescent was the most nearly full-grown of the three young males he had seen develop from babyhood in his group, and he found himself flooded with an overmastering hostility to him every time his eyes rested on him. An almost uncontrollable impulse to strike viciously at him, to deny him his share of fire and food, to drive him away, as once, long since, he himself had been driven away, obsessed him, soured him to moroseness, since so far he had been thwarted of its execution. An instinctive shrinking from the shrill-voiced anger of that vigorous female who had once been plump, long-haired, with peculiar inviting eyes, stayed his hand. For that adolescent was very definitely hers—hers from the time it had been a tiny squalling, kicking thing upon her knees. He had neither the idea nor the instinctive feeling that that adolescent was also his; like certain savages who even a million years later would be roaming the earth, he had no glimmering of the physiological processes of birth; believed, as did his harem, that it was a resultant of some fortuitous if mysterious circumstance, preferably the eating by the female of some particular seed or fish; in any case, quite unconnected with his own caresses.

But that indisputably maternal female, emphasizing her proprietorship, was a very potent obstacle to his brooded, jealous violence. From the first she had been differentiated from the other females, endowed with a force of personality, semibestial though it was, that had made her originally his favorite and afterward a counselor by his camp fire of whom he was secretly in awe. Though he could not have formulated the definition, she was cleverer, nimbler-brained than any of the other females, than he himself. She laughed more readily. She had new ideas that were revolutionary, but demonstrably excellent after trial—the use of animal skins to sleep on, for example; the sampling of hitherto untried seeds that proved to be surprisingly edible. And she was a great mistress of the awesome, occultly power-giving spells contained in words. She knew more words than any of the group, had a word, it seemed, for almost every object.

It was this faculty which kept him most in fear of her. She had one day laughingly insisted on inventing names for every member of the group—a thrilling innovation, for hitherto only inanimate objects had been given names—had made a game of it round the camp fire in which it was impossible not to join. But afterward he had been sickeningly afraid. Once the name of an object was known, one had compelling power over it, could even destroy it by merely pronouncing the word in a specific way. And now he had a name; she had called him Killing-Stone, an entitlement received with delighted acclamation, which had since stuck to him, and therefore she could whenever she liked irresistibly do him a mortal injury. It was true that that adolescent he hated was also given a name, Quick-Fish, and she herself was called Long-Hair, but those were not the real names; they were innocuous supplementary names for public use. The real names she had devised—the names knowledge of which would give power over the named one's life—were communicated to the individuals concerned in the deepest secrecy. Or were not communicated, as his had not been communicated to him, despite the fact that he had once or twice beaten her for her stubborn silence. What real name had she given him, whispering as she did with those other females who giggled in a camaraderie from which he was excluded? She could be fearsomely angry, would mutter at him sometimes significantly in a way that sent him shiveringly sick with fear.

All this worked in him as he sat moodily gnawing at his chunk of meat in company with his dependents round the fire. Thanks to his strength and skill in hunting, he could and did support a numerous group. There were four mature females besides Long-Hair, now the eldest of them all. There were also two immature females—laughing, chattering, mischievous young things—who were likewise his exclusive property, not to be touched by Quick-Fish or the two younger semiadolescent males who fought

(Continued on Page 89)



Gruen Pentagon VeriThin 174, $75
Other Gruen pocket watches, $35 to $100

To those whose Christmas gift was a *"purse of goulde"*

A frequent gift in Elizabethan days was a "purse of goulde," with which the recipient could buy whatever most pleased his fancy.

Christmas gifts of money are often given even in our own times. If you have received such a gift, why not use it to purchase a Gruen Guild Watch?

In that way you will secure lasting pleasure for yourself in time-keeping satisfaction and in the pride which naturally goes with the possession of beautiful things.

And you will impart immediate pleasure to the giver in the knowledge that you have made wise use of his gift, and in the assurance that you will keep constantly about you for many years a fitting reminder of his good wishes.

In nearly every community the better jewelers can show you the Gruen Guild Watches pictured here, as well as many others in great variety of design. Their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown at the left.

Gruen Strap 40, $75 to $85
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You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A. CANADIAN BRANCH, TORONTO

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Gruen Service Workshops on Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, where the jeweler's watchmaker can secure standard duplicate parts promptly

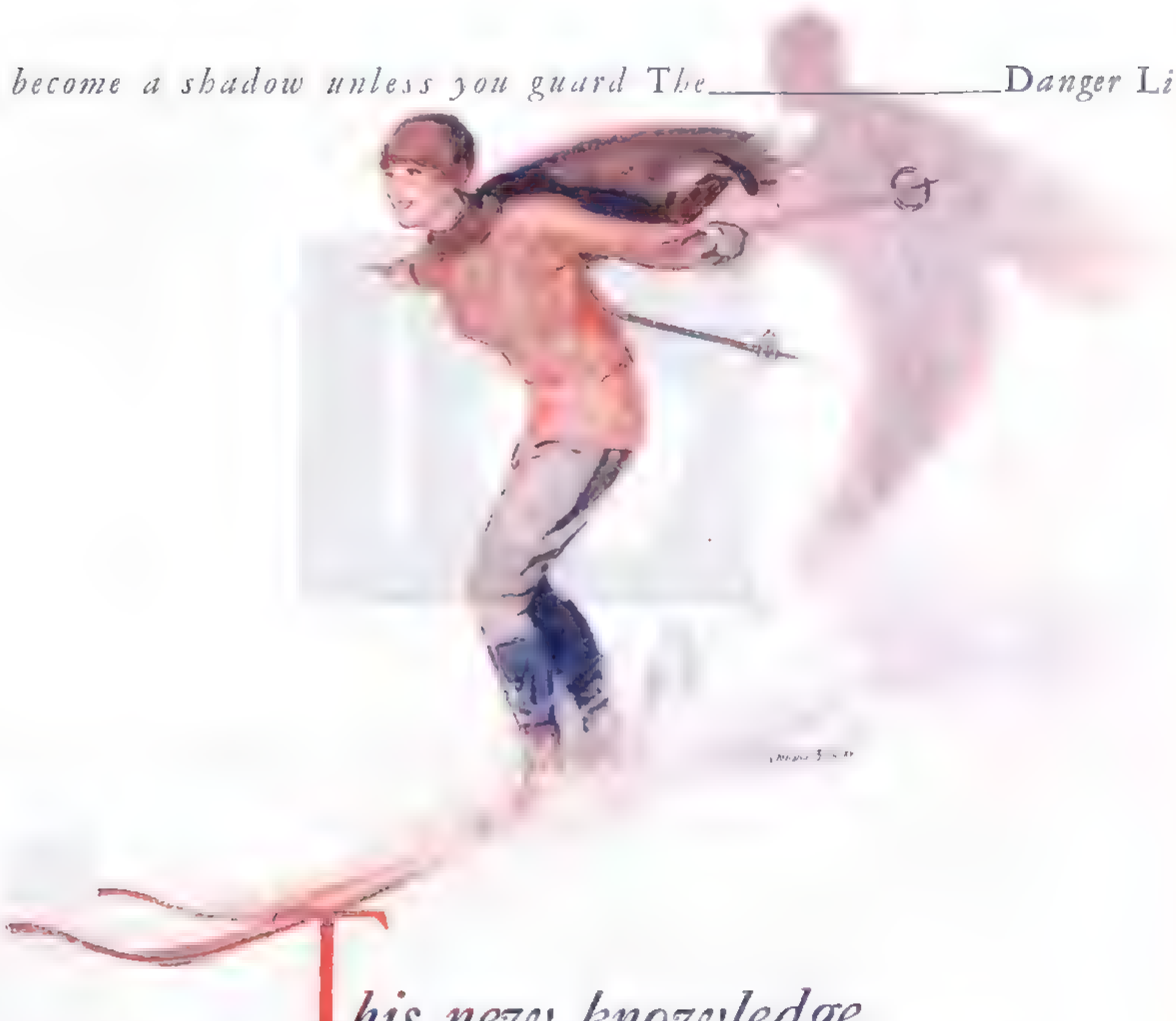
PRECISION
Trade Mark Reg.

This pledge mark of the GRUEN Guild is placed upon those watches of higher quality and accuracy and finer finish

Pay a little more and get the best

Wheel train diagram, showing how the four operating plates of the ordinary watch are reduced to three in the Gruen VeriThin and two in the Ultra VeriThin. Thus thinness is secured without loss in accuracy or durability of parts

Health may become a shadow unless you guard The Danger Line



This new knowledge of The Danger Line *is astonishing millions of women*

In almost any drug store you will find 20, 30, even 40, different kinds of dentifrices. Many people buy these dentifrices . . . changing from one to another. They seem disappointed. They brush their teeth regularly . . . yet they still have painful decay and gum diseases . . . WHY?

Because teeth need more than cleaning. They must be protected at THE DANGER LINE.

WE LIVE in a world that pays tribute to health, vigor, vitality. The woman with sparkling eyes, flaming cheeks and a brilliant smile not only receives attention, but deserves it. For her very physical condition is evidence of her good judgment—convincing proof that she has learned the secret of preserving health by preventing illness. Beauty and intelligence . . . what a combination!

Now the new facts about The Danger Line

We asked dental authorities to make a study of The Danger Line—to translate into language that all could understand, the vital importance of this line of danger which is found on everybody's teeth and gums. This is their report:

"The gums thin out to delicate edges where they join the teeth. Right at this union of the teeth and gums is The Danger Line. Here, also, are found tiny V-shaped crevices barely discernible to the naked eye. In these minute crevices food particles collect and ferment; acids are formed which cause decay, and which irritate the delicate edge of gum tissue, resulting perhaps in its gradual breaking down, infection and very often Pyorrhea. Diseases which may impair the health of the entire body also result from infection and decay at The Danger Line.

"It is a fact that so long as the delicate margins of gum tissue at The Danger Line remain intact and free from infection, Pyorrhea rarely begins."

"Cleansing not enough," say authorities

Not only must the teeth and gums be kept clean, but the acids which attack them must be safely and effectively *neutralized* if protection against decay and gum disease is desired.

There is one dentifrice today that gives this protection in sufficient measure. It is Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. For Milk of Magnesia is recommended by dentists everywhere as a perfect means of neutralizing the acids in the mouth.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains over 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—an amount ample to counteract the acids in your mouth for hours after use. It reaches all those tiny remote pits and crevices on your teeth which are inaccessible to any tooth-brush. There it remains, neutralizing destructive acids, preventing decay, reducing the peril of Pyorrhea, safeguarding the health and vigor of your entire system. Squibb's Dental Cream contains no grit to injure the delicate gum tissues at The Danger Line.

Keep your health. Keep your teeth. Keep your beauty. Keep Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, on hand. Use it at least twice a day and see your dentist twice a year. Then your teeth will be fully protected. Squibb's Dental Cream is pleasant. It is safe—even for children. It cleans beautifully. It preserves that most precious of all human birthrights—health. At druggists'—only 40 cents a tube.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—*The Standard of Quality—from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made—is recommended by physicians everywhere. It may be purchased in large and small bottles from your druggist. If you have not used Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, we urge you to try it and note its definite superiority—its entire freedom from earthy, alkaline taste.* © 1926

SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM
Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

(Continued from Page 86)

and snarled together over the bones he, the Old One, had flung down half picked. And there were four babies of various ages rolling and squalling on the débris-strewn trampled earth. It was a flattering testimony to his power of extracting provender from a difficult world, this turbulent, quarreling, chattering group in which he was all but absolute autocrat, which he could hush into terrified silence with a growl, a movement of his clawlike hand toward the big stone or heavy piece of tree he always kept conveniently adjacent.

Yet, physically all-powerful though he was, he not infrequently felt himself clumsily, bafflingly outside an elusive league of those females intimate together in a common sharing of the tasks of their crude domesticity, intimate in a common knowledge of all sorts of vital matters jealously, exasperatingly withheld from the male. Though they might and did quarrel among themselves, they had a disconcerting way, when their feminine interests were imperiled, of making common cause together against him. It was a phenomenon he was again experiencing. A surreptitious blow he had dealt that young male who was Long-Hair's had provoked a visible gathering together of all those female sympathies, a snap and a snarl at him whenever he had essayed a friendly gesture to one of them.

He brooded savagely, morosely, over this keenly sensed defiance to his authority—a defiance in which Long-Hair, watching him with the quick bright eyes in her low-browed, squat-nosed face, was quite obviously the ringleader.

The immature male she protected had left her side, provocatively placed himself next to the one of those young immature females—Long-Hair had named her Tall-Tree—for whom he, the sovereign Old One, had recently developed a particular partiality. He growled and muttered ominously as Quick-Fish sat down impudently beside her, observed them, over the chunk of meat he was tearing with his strong jaws, with a sudden acute alertness of vision, an automatic tension of all his muscles. Quick-Fish, confident in the protection of Long-Hair at the other side of the fire, ignored him ostentatiously, furtively stretched out a hand which pulled Tall-Tree over on her back. It was the spark which detonated an explosion. In an almost blinding frenzy of wrath, he, the flouted Old One, had leaped up—even as that other Old One had done—hurled himself upon the young male, stone in hand. And even as he himself long since had done, the young male, with a scream of alarm, had dashed for the shelter of the forest, swung himself agilely into the nearest tree, eluded his annihilatory wrath. Even as that other Old One had done, he had flung his stone, screamed his impotent rage.

He returned shamblingly toward the camp fire, feeling within himself, despite his failure to kill, a subtle intimate satisfaction. Something which was predestined had been accomplished. In the immemorial fashion his potential rival had been driven out of possible competition with him. He was once more undisputed master. He grunted, half appeased.

He reached the rock under whose shelter they had made their encampment, stopped with a sharp cry of angry astonishment. The fire was extinct, had plainly been deliberately beaten out! What insidiously lurking enemy, swift to profit by his absence, had done this? Where were the females—the Young Ones? He glanced around him.

There they were, the whole group of them, females and young huddled together high up on a ledge of that rock, Long-Hair standing erect, looking down at him. She was saying something—not merely chattering—meaningly uttering some of those slow clicked and grunted words at which she was so expert. What was she saying? He caught the drift of it in the essential vocables: "Quick-Fish"—"fire"—understood through his dazed incredulity. Unless he permitted Quick-Fish to return there would be no fire!

That, then, was the explanation! Those females themselves had deliberately stamped out the all-precious fire in defiance of him! He sprang at them in a fury of wrath, viciously eager to deal them the punishment they deserved. They scattered, snatching up their tiny ones, dashed away in all directions round the rock, easily outdistancing him. He threw stones at them, chattering and screaming in his anger. They drew together again, high up, at a safe remoteness from him, chattered back. He distinguished Long-Hair plainly as once more, with slow deliberate clicks and grunts, she reiterated her ultimatum. He rejected it, with another stone by way of indignant emphasis. If only he could have got his claws upon her, he would have torn her limb from limb.

The rest of that day and the days that followed were days of intolerable misery to him. There was no fire, and he, the clumsy domestically ignorant male, was impotent, as he knew well, to evoke the capricious wood-hungry thing whom only the muttered words of those treacherous females could compel. And those females still hovered aloof around the wretched cold-hearthed camp—near enough for his protection in case of danger from other Old Ones—always just so distant that he could not overtake them when he rushed at them with a raucous scream of rage. And they had—for culmination of their defiance—Quick-Fish with them. Long-Hair would point significantly to him, as day after day she repeated, with those deliberate clicks and grunts, the conditions of their return, of fire once more in his camp. Day after day he screamed an inarticulate, furiously intense negative at her.

Sometimes, tantalizing him almost to madness, he could smell the fire they made for themselves a little way distant from him in the forest, but always before he reached it they had beaten it out, fled. Once indeed he half realized the cunning strategy he plotted gloomily while he hunted the small animals he had, with a disgustful loathing, to eat raw. He caught one of those females by an ambush, by a swift sortie. But before he could beat her into uttering the spells, rubbing the wood that would make a fire for him, the other females, led by Long-Hair, had made a swift whirlwind attack on him, snatched her from his hands. At all points he was outmaneuvered, baffled. It was surely a revolution without precedent in the vague traditions, subconscious rather than conscious, of the immemorial past. Male ascendancy, confidently established in its brute muscular strength, its power of giving a satisfyingly good thrashing to recalcitrant comparatively feeble-bodied females, seemed somehow to have dissolved before this exasperatingly elusive combination of nimbler wits. It was beyond his thinking-out. But he could hear Long-Hair giving instructions to her childishly amused insurgents in a tone of authority almost as though she were a male Old One herself. If only he could get her into his claws! They twitched for her.

And, as day after day, held to the spot by an instinctive hope of winning them back, of reconstructing his desolated fireside, he sat gloomily, ill-nourished and depressed, an awful fear began to grow within him, a fear that made him feel alarmingly weak and ill. What potent words were those confederated females muttering against him? What real name was it that Long-Hair had given him, unknown to him—the name which gave her power over him even as she had power over that precious fire of which he was deprived? Perhaps even now she was muttering and whispering with those other females that he should die! He realized suddenly with disconcerting vividness how much more of all that was essential those females knew than he did, the solitary hunter, absent all day from the mutually instructive confabulations by the fire. Life was patently impossible without their alliance. He was miserably in awe of them; miserably conscious of his own insufficiency to himself. If only he could get close to them, beat them once more into the satisfying subjection of old days!

But he could not. Alertly, nimbly, they eluded him as, gaunt with his misery, he chased after them, flung unavailing stones at them. And they dared to appear quite happy together—often, maddeningly, he could hear them laughing—laughing doubtless at him.

That completed his demoralization. He was, like all primitive beings, morbidly sensitive to ridicule.

In his utter wretchedness he found himself beginning to contemplate the possibility of reintegrating Quick-Fish in the group—but always the visual memory of the adolescent clawing at that young female for whom he himself had a particular partiality came to drive away the vague idea in a spasm of rage. There could not be two effective males in a group. He did not think this specifically, but all his instincts asserted it. Immemorially, it was an impossibility.

For a day or two Long-Hair had apparently been absent, had at any rate ceased to reiterate her exasperating ultimatum. And then, one dawn as he roused himself from unrefreshing dreamful sleep in which that other terrible Old One of his youth had pursued him, he opened his eyes to see her standing a little distance away, with Quick-Fish and with a young female who was not of his group, who was a stranger. Long-Hair gesticulated at him as he sat up, spoke again in that slow clumsy articulation he could not in totality comprehend. The females, in their chatterings together, had many more words than he knew the significance of. But he caught the drift of her "Quick-Fish"—"fire"—of her pointing first to Quick-Fish and then to the young female he had with him, of something of her reiterated negatives.

Apparently this young female was to be Quick-Fish's. He, the Old One, was not to touch her—Long-Hair had used the word for the angry lightning that blasted the trees, indicative of what would happen to him if he broke the prohibition; and in return Quick-Fish was not to touch the Old One's females.

He only understood vaguely, but he understood. It was a compromise that was offered. Wretched in this comfortless, fireless, female-less existence, he accepted it; made the gesture which, however grudgingly, signified amity, permitted Quick-Fish to approach him with no more than a twitching of muscles restrained by an unwonted effort of his will from a sudden act of violence.

That day, around the triumphantly renewed camp fire, Long-Hair endeavored to explain to him how she had led Quick-Fish to another Old One's encampment, had raided it quickly and successfully when the old male was absent, had seized this quite contented, grinning, clicking and grunting young female. Henceforth, she explained, with a cunning lighting up of her squat-nosed face, of her bright eyes, that would be the procedure as their young males grew up to adolescence.

Long-Hair had successfully led the first, or perhaps even then not the first, feminist movement in the history of the world. For the future there would be at least one group where the young males would not be driven out at maturity, where they—under superstitious terrors—would seize females for themselves from other groups, respecting the original proprietorship of the patriarch, and from that group, intrinsically stronger than its roaming one-male rivals, would in the course of centuries evolve the clan, the tribe. She, or some unknown female like her, had effected the first taming of the aboriginal male brute, laid the foundation of that human society which is so peculiarly still the product of the feminine of the species.

Editor's Note. This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue

Cold?

here's where the trouble is

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YES, SIR, you can prosper all through 1926—earn extra money every month—easily, in your home town, just when it suits your convenience! Proof? The coupon below will bring it.

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When their buttons disappear, simply snap on
Pilcher Detachable Buttons
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PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors seeking largest deserved profits. Established 1869. Write
LACEY & LACEY, 774 F St., Washington, D. C.

Where the quaint and the modern blend!

The charm of the long ago and the comfort of modern times mingle here, where antiques blend successfully with the Blabon floor of Inlaid Linoleum, pattern 528.

What home doesn't boast of an old chest of drawers, a rush bottom chair, or perhaps a "four poster" stored away since grandmother's day! Why should they "sleep on," when they might grace such a delightful boudoir as this?

Don't you love the coverlets of rose pink dimity on the low "four posters" blending so harmoniously with the soft blue-violet tones of the patterned Blabon Linoleum floor?

There is such a variety of beautiful color combinations and suitable patterns in Blabon floors that they harmonize with any type of furnishings.

You will admire a Blabon floor, not only for its beauty, but because its smooth, non-absorbent surface is so easy to clean.

The modern method of cementing linoleum down over builders' deadening felt insures watertight seams which are practically invisible, and makes a Blabon floor permanent.

You will have a distinctly different idea of linoleum if you visit any good home-furnishing or department store, and ask to see the new decorative Blabon's Linoleum.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," will be sent free, upon request.

Hazel H. Adler, author of books on interior decoration, gives valuable suggestions on harmonizing furniture and draperies with walls and floors, in our 36-page book, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home," beautifully illustrated in full color. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 20 cents.

The George W. Blabon Company
Philadelphia
Established 74 years

BLABON'S Linoleum

RING 'EM, RUBE

(Continued from Page 19)

picture so damn easy either. I once knew a cop that used to go to sleep against doorposts in his house five years after he'd retired from the force. That's habit."

"Yeh," I comes back, "and I suppose that John Bull of yours also walked by his sideboard fifteen or twenty times a day picking up bananas, but all that don't make me a prominent Atlanta beauty. What are we going to do about Rube?"

"What is there to do?" snaps Murph. "Let's play him straight and take our pickings on the square. It's not going to ruin you socially to be connected with something honest. I don't know yet what you were trying to get away with this afternoon. Suppose Rube had lost, when did you expect to make the big cash-in?"

"Next Sunday," I tells him. "I'd have spent the week circulating around with the town bloods, making a pest out of myself with a lot of loud talk about the kid; and when the next contest came around I'd have had half the yokels taking my bets because they were sore at me, and the other half because they figured Hawkins was a better heaver than Rube, besides ——"

"The trouble with you," cuts in Hap, "is that you got more ideas than your brains can handle. How does one ringer make any difference in your plans? The gang here probably figures it was an accident."

"Maybe," says I, "but my scheme for next Sunday was to have him scatter a lot of losings in with his winnings, with me and you dropping dimes on his flops and dragging down dollars on his deliveries. And now the simp's got a setting of imaginary eggs around the peg that won't let him lose no time."

"He can close his eyes and toss the horseshoe sideways or right at his feet for that matter, can't he?" demands Murphy.

"Not with this crowd," I returns, "and the kind of bets I want to lay. They'd sniff a frame-up in a minute. Guys don't ring 'em one second and toss 'em over their left shoulders into the water bucket the next. Rube's got to be no farther away than a couple of inches from the pin when he foozles, and the ground there is all covered with mind eggs."

"Oh, hell," yelps Hap, impatient, "let's take what we can get and beat it out of here."

"No," says I, firm. "That's following the path of least persistence. We're going to withdraw our horse from the track until we can break him of the steady-winning habit. There's a fortune in Rube and I'm not going to sell out for a mess of potash."

"Oh, all right," growls Murphy; "but why not shake down the corn huskers here first on the up and up?"

"Because," I replies, "we're coming back in a few weeks. One of the lads down the pasture was telling me that the big horseshoe doings in Henryville are pulled off on Thanksgiving Day, when the boys are lit up with hard cider and loaded down with the crop money. If we deal our cards proper we ought to pull ten grand out of this joint. We'll split Thanksgiving with the sports here."

"Huh?" puzzles Hap.

"We'll supply the thanks," says I, "and let them furnish the giving."

"Something tells me," grouches Murph, "that those high-pressure brains of yours are going to blow up the works before we get through. What do we do between now and Thanksgiving? Pick nuts with the squirrels?"

"I even got that figured out," I answers. "We're going to take that hundred I copped off today and travel as far as it will take us. Then we're going to turn Rube loose at picnics and other places, wherever the peasantry gather with a horseshoe in one hand and a dollar bill in the other. We might even run off that circus stunt I was telling you about, the whole idea being to get together enough reserves for the attack on Henryville."

"You mean," inquires Hap, "that you'll use him honest?"

"I do," says I. "The end justifies the means. Of course, we won't get nothing but a bunch of chicken feed with this system, but all we need's a few thousand to pull our coop de tat on the last Thursday in November. In the meantimes we'll teach the kid not to shy off of eggs that ain't, and birch switches that ain't neither. I'll learn him to lose."

"You got enough experience," admits Murph, "but you better be careful. I knew a feller that quit boozing once and he had an awful time getting back to it."

"Don't worry," I tells him. "I'll handle the boy so adroit he'll be able to take it or leave it just as I orders."

Before leaving Henryville we hears about a fair being run off in Oklahoma and we strikes out for it, getting there a couple of sleeps later. The first person I runs into on the grounds is Honest Jack Horan, a rube roller who got his monniker from the fact that he spent a week in Philadelphia one night and the next morning they found that the Liberty Bell hadn't been touched. However, it was cracked even in those days.

"What's the grift now?" he asks me.

"Eggs and horseshoes," I tells him.

"What do you do with the horseshoes?" inquires Horan. "Serve 'em on the half hoof?"

I explains the egg-and-peg stunt and Honest Jack shows interest in both ears.

"How you figuring on playing it?" he wants to know.

"Rent me a tent," says I, "and charge the come-ons twenty-five cents to see the boy perform."

"Blush for yourself, boob," growls Horan. "The fair's only got two more days to run and you wouldn't take in enough at the gate to buy spats for a sparrow. Let 'em in for nothing and coax 'em into bets that your baby'll bust an egg. Work it that way and I'll cut myself a piece of cake and sit in."

"How?" I asks.

"I'll ballyhoo the akit for 30 per cent of the gross," he answers. "With what you stach while I'm not looking I ought to draw down 5 per cent of the net."

"How you trust me!" I murmurs.

"Don't get sloppy," snaps Honest Jack. "Am I in?"

He is. There never was a crook for crowding 'em in like Horan. That bim had a line of hurrah that'd make folks who wouldn't walk across the street and pay a dime to see anything, walk a mile and pay a dollar to see nothing. I remember once seeing him jam a big top full of yokels at a quarter per yoke to look at an ordinary soap box. Jesse James was supposed to have been standing on it, hanging pictures, when he was shot by Bob Ford. As a matter of fact they didn't start making that kind of soap until fifteen years after the murder.

It only takes us a couple of hours to get all set. From a shillaber who'd gone broke on an incubator exhibit we not only snags a good-sized tent but also a bevy of eggs that's got stage fright and refused to perform.

Horseshoes, of course, were thicker than thieves, which is saying something when you're talking about a fair of the 90's.

We're no sooner fixed up than Honest Jack unhitches his tongue and lets loose the dogs of jaw. I don't recall the words and music, but Rube, I learns, is the son of a Cossack chief and had shot horseshoes before all the uneasy heads of Europe, winning something like eight hundred medals. From what I gathers the President practically had to declare war against Russia before the Czar would let him come over, but now that he was here he was going to attempt a feat in horseshoe heaving that couldn't be described because of the shortage in first-class adjectives.

(Continued on Page 82)

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*We back our belief in the Knox "Fifth Avenue". It's eight dollars and well worth it—time will tell.

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Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

(Continued from Page 90)

When Horan finishes up with the announcement that the charge to see this words-fail-me exhibition is nothing, there is a rush for the tent flap that nearly sweeps me and Hap off our dogs. Inside, the peg's been driven and a necklace of eggs has been circled around it.

When the crowd's all in Honest Jack opens up again.

"The prince," says he, "will ring each shoe that he pitches. Not an egg will be touched."

"Ten he can't do it three times," bellows Murph, that being his cue for the regular come-on stuff.

"Princes do not bet," says Horan. "Talk to his manager."

That means me. I hesitates and grumbles a while, but finally takes Hap's jack. In the next five minutes I've snapped up four hundred in wagers. Of course, there's nothing to it. Rube loops three of 'em over so fast he doesn't even seem to have taken aim. In an hour the roll's been fattened a thousand bucks' worth, but then the betting sags off. The boys have had enough.

"Tip him to miss one," whispers Honest Jack. "That'll stir 'em up again."

"He can't," says I.

"What do you mean—he can't?" demands Horan.

"There's an old man with a club in back of the kid and he won't let him," I explains.

IV

WE LEAVES the fair town about fifteen hundred to the good, the play on the second day falling way off. I tries to get Rube to muff a couple on purpose at the finish, near enough to the peg so it won't look raw, but there's nothing doing. Over the pin they go, regardless.

In the next few weeks we wanders around Oklahoma and Kansas, but the pickings are slimmer than a wasp's waist. The weather's rotten and we don't get more than a half dozen chances to pitch shoes, and those are in ten-twenty-thirty games. However, on the way back to Henryville it happens. I get Rube to missing!

"Listen here," says I to the boy one evening just before Thanksgiving, "I'm through with you unless you do what I want you to."

"I been trying," whines Rube.

"Not hard enough," I snaps. "I'll give you one more chance. Pick up that shoe."

"Now," says I, when he's holding it in his mitt, "get this in your head. There are no eggs near that pin, and if there were I wouldn't care. I like 'em scrambled. Your father's dead and I'm the only person around here. Nobody's going to hit you if you miss. In fact, I'll give you a couple of dollars if you do. Now go."

Rube takes his position, looks in back of him, kind of shudders a bit and let's fly. It's a perfect shot for my purpose, dropping an inch in front of the pin. He repeats the performance many times in the next few days, and I'm all hopped up when we drifts down to the pasture at Henryville Thanksgiving afternoon.

I never saw a prettier set for a killing. There are several hundred prosperous stockmen and farmers around, feeling full of cheer and peeling bills off buxom bank rolls for bets. Hawkins is the first one to spot us.

"Come back for your beating?" he sneers.

"Are you a friend of the guy that can do it," I asks, "or just an acquaintance?"

"The feller that's talking to you is the feller that can do it," he yelps.

"What else besides you is talking?" I inquires, gentle.

"This," says he, pulling a cow choker from his pocket, "and those," pointing to a group around him that's also loaded with wampum. "Suppose we have a special contest before the regular matches start—just your red-headed kid and me—for two hundred a throw."

"Suits me," I replies, figuring we'll take him to the cleaners and then mop up with his college chums.

While the crowd's lining up I slips my boy his riding orders.

"Before you make any throw," I whispers, "look at me. If I touch my necktie you're to lose; otherwise, ring 'em, Rube. Understand?"

He mumbles that he does and goes to the starting point.

"Why not let him beat that bird in straight heats?" grumbles Hap.

"And scare all those other peach pickers off?" I comes back. "What do you think I been training the kid for?"

Hawkins gets the first shot, hits the top of the peg and rolls off six or seven inches. Rube flashes his lamps over my way. My hands are in my pockets. He stoops, heaves the shoe and lays it a finger length from the target.

"Why didn't he ring it?" scowls Murph.

"He didn't have to," says I. "What's the use of wasting bull's-eyes?"

Hawkins' next one's flush against the peg and I give Rube the necktie. He follows instructions and overshoots the mark a foot.

"We're even," I remarks to the Henryville bearcat. "How about making the next for three hundred?"

He's agreeable. This time he takes great care with his heave and drops a leaner against the peg.

"Ring it, Rube," I yells, not taking any chances of my instructions going wrong.

The boy makes a kind of nervous-looking pitch and misses by half a foot.

"Damn!" I grates.

"I knew you'd play hell," snarls Hap, "educating him out ——"

"How about another three?" cuts in Hawkins, with a jeer.

"Sure," I nods absently.

The local shooter's heave is perfect, settling over the pin like an eighteen collar around a twelve neck. The best we can do is tie, but we don't even come near doing that. Rube's try is the wildest yet, the shoe rolling away into the crowd.

He looks at me, worried and acting like he wants to be benched, but I motions h'm to stick. I still have hopes that he'll settle down and deliver and I takes another bet for three hundred.

"How much we got left if we lose this one?" asks Murph, hoarse.

"Just a thousand," I answers. "Don't worry. He'll come back."

"Never," snaps Hap. "You've taken his eggs away from him and he's got nothing to shoot at. It's all over now. It took eggs——"

"Eggs!" I interrupts. "Eggs! Say," I shouts with a sudden hunch, "isn't that a henhouse over there? Sure it is. Hustle over and grab a bunch. Don't argue! Quick!"

I sees Murph on his way across the road to the chicken shack and then turns to the shooting just in time to see Rube land one a foot to the bad. Hawkins' shoe's another leaner. What a sucker I'd been, cutting that egg picture out of the frame in the kid's head!

"Got enough?" yells over Hawkins.

I don't answer right away. Suddenly I feel Hap at my side.

"I got 'em," he whispers. "In my pockets."

"Quit, huh?" sneers Hawkins, walking over to where I am.

"Quit, nothing!" I comes back with a laugh. "We just been kidding you."

"Joke some more with me," he suggests. "That red-headed simp of yours couldn't ring a peg with a wagon wheel if he was standing right over it."

"I got a thousand here," says I quietly, "to bet that he'll ring the next one—at one to three."

Hawkins and six other birds jump in with offers to cover my grand at those odds and I peel my roll down to the last greenie. I feel pretty peppy. With eggs to guide him, I figure my Rube's wager's in and salted away.

"Now," I goes on pleasantly, "just to show you that we've been fooling with Hawkins I'm going to make it a little harder for my boy. Give me those eggs."

Murph passes over seven or eight and I walks to the peg. The hicks look on pop-eyed while I arrange them in a circle around the mark, just far enough away to leave room for a rung shoe.

"Shoot," says I to Rube, who gazes at me stupid. "He'll not only ring it," I speeches to the crowd, "but he won't even touch an egg."

My nerves are sure tied up in tight knots while the kid's getting set to throw. I catches a flash of Murph. Both his lips are between his teeth. You can bet the rest of the mob is tense too. Rube, it strikes me, though, has calmed down a good deal, and I take a long-delayed breath. The shoe sails from his hand on a high curve. Bam! Crash! All the eggs in front of the peg ready for the scrambling pan! Rube had fallen short of the mark three or four inches and turned our last thousand into a dirt omelet.

The three of us walks from the pasture without a peep for half a mile. Rube's the first to open up.

"It's your fault," he sobs.

"Mine!" I snarls. "What did you want me to give you besides those eggs?"

"My old man," says the kid, "You sent him away."

Can you beat that for cuckooness?

Swift Current Falls, at the Outlet of McDermott Lake, Glacier National Park, Montana

"If you want the truth—

"—go to a child." And the old saying is certainly true, isn't it?

Here was the case of a young woman who, in spite of her personal charm and beauty, never seemed to hold men friends.

For a long, long time she searched her mind for the reason. It was a tragic puzzle in her life.

Then one day her little niece told her.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

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For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

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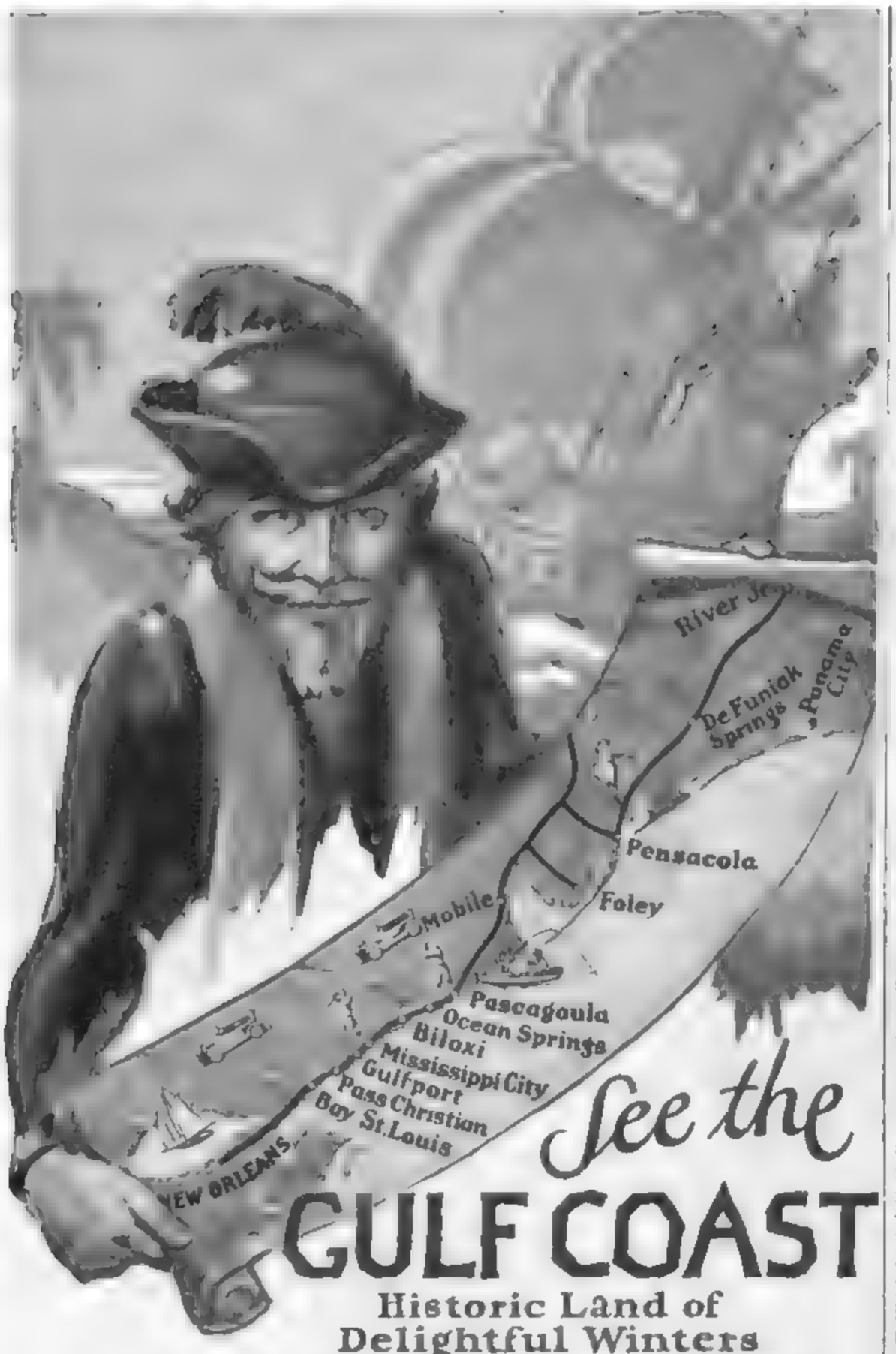

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Since Ponce de Leon visited the Western Shores of Florida four hundred years ago—since Bienville, in 1719, with his brave followers from France, wrested control of this territory from the Spanish—since 1763, when "The American Riviera" was ceded to Great Britain—since 1821, when practically all of the Gulf Coast was transferred to the United States—this great stretch of sun-warmed shores has been the haven of the winter-weary.

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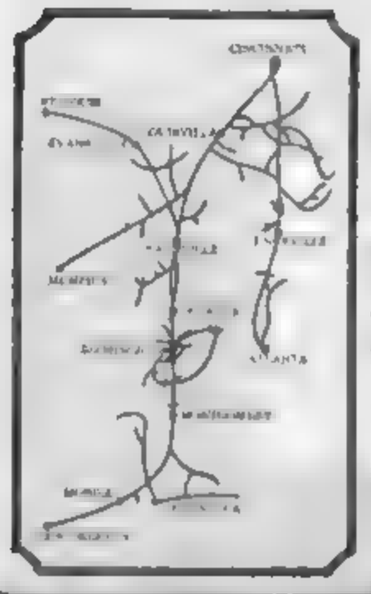

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AUTOMOBILE COLLISIONS

(Continued from Page 17)

Better slow down a bit, perhaps, at the next curve and not run the risk of starting anything. Salutary reflections, these, and well worth inculcating.

I am speaking now of that period when the punishment will fit the crime, as, of course, it must soon do if any of us are to remain alive to pay the salaries of our lawmakers. At present, even in the case of killers, the punishment seems surprisingly inadequate. I have in mind an instance which occurred last year near our summer home in the Hampshire Hills of Massachusetts.

A boy of seventeen was convicted of reckless driving and lost his license for several months. The day after this probation was up and his license was renewed, he drove forth in his automobile, crashed into an automobile driven by a girl of twenty, sent her car over an embankment and instantly killed the girl. The entire top of her head was cleanly cut off—a detail mentioned in the hope that it will linger in the memory of careless drivers. Her mother and aunt were in the car with her. The mother lingered in the hospital for weeks in terrible agony, and then died. The aunt survived, after similar suffering, but will always be a helpless and dependent invalid.

The boy was tried, convicted and sent to prison for one year. Before he had served five months of his term, a petition for his freedom was prepared, circulated and enthusiastically signed by that sympathetic element in the community which has previously been mentioned. The petition set forth that the boy was very young, only seventeen, and that he should be in school instead of in prison. The petition was granted and the boy was released.

Misguided Public Sympathy

I mention his case because it seems to be a particularly flagrant example of the leniency of the law and of misguided community sympathy. It is true that the boy was young, but the answer to this is that, if he was too young to drive with judgment, he was too young to drive at all. Moreover, he had already received one severe lesson in the temporary loss of his license and had failed to learn it. We all realize that through some horrible chain of circumstances almost any automobile driver, however careful, might be the cause of another person's death. We all know that there are cases in which the wisdom of Solomon is needed to decide from the conflicting testimony which of two drivers in a collision is the guilty one. But this apparently was not such a case. The boy's defense was that there was a hay wagon in front of him and that he could not see beyond it, but the evidence showed that he shot out from behind that hay wagon at high speed, regardless of the fact that there was a ravine below the road at his left and that, therefore, a car approaching on his left side could not possibly get out of his way. There was intense public sympathy for him because "his life was spoiled." Seemingly there was less sympathy for the fine young working girl whose useful life was ended at twenty by him, for the active, middle-aged mother he also sent to her grave and for the helpless and dependent aunt whose fate is worse than death. How shall we explain the law's leniency in such cases?

This brings us to the legal experiences of the collision victim. His discovery that, no matter how careful he himself is, the fellow who is not careful may run into him, is at once followed by the discovery that the other fellow's immediate subsequent action is to sue him, the victim, for reckless driving! In his first collision the victim does not expect this, and so does not prepare for it. In the second he may be unconscious and unable to respond to the stimulus of the knowledge. But in any collision after that, if he is able to stagger about on his legs, he learns to lay his fellow victims in a more or less neat row by the roadside and to hustle about among the spectators with a notebook and pencil, jotting down the names and addresses of witnesses who will testify in his behalf when the case comes up in court. His failure to do this may cost him thousands of dollars.

At this point someone interrupts to mention that insurance companies pay the expenses of collisions. So they do if the victims are insured, as most of us are. But the insurance people expect to regain their money from the other fellow, and both they and the law require from victims the most lucid and detailed reports of the catastrophe. Moreover, the victims are called as witnesses in the state's case against the reckless driver—a case with which the insurance companies have nothing to do—and the amount of first-hand observation which the victim is required to reveal in the witness box is amazing.

Things a Poor Victim Should Know

I am not now referring to the American industry which, we are told, consists of buying a cheap car, running it into another fellow's car and collecting damages from the other fellow. Notwithstanding much testimony, I do not believe in the existence of that industry. I am referring to genuine collisions, concerning which the victims are asked questions like these, and dozens, possibly hundreds, of others:

"At exactly what point on the road were you when this collision occurred? At what speed were you proceeding? How many feet from you was the other automobile when you first saw it? At what speed was it proceeding? You say that you were on the side of the road which was your right. How many feet from the edge of the road were you? Were you on the cement or on the gravel? How many feet from the edge of the road was the other car? Take this piece of chalk and make a diagram on that blackboard showing the position of the two cars before the collision. Now make a diagram of the position of the two cars after the collision. You say the other car skidded and came toward you on a curve. How large was that curve? How many seconds elapsed between the time you first saw the other car and the crash? If the other fellow was skidding around a curve and you were proceeding at twenty-five miles an hour, what was to prevent you from getting out of his way before he struck you? I didn't ask you if there were raised railroad tracks at your right—I asked why you didn't get out of the way! You had time to get into the next county." This last, of course, is the other fellow's lawyer, plainly regarding the victim as a criminal of the blackest type and treating him as such. "How many passengers were in the other car? Who were they? Did you have any communication with any of them afterward? Did you have any communication with any of the spectators? Tell what was said."

At this point the judge interposes.

"You may quote only what was said in the presence and the hearing of the defendant," he kindly explains. And that gives you a chance to get in the names and addresses of your witnesses, if you have any, and to quote their remarks, if you have remembered the correct etiquette of the proceeding, which was to lead them firmly into the presence of the defendant before they made any remarks. It also gives you an opportunity to hear the names and addresses of a number of witnesses on the other side, who seem prepared to testify that you were traveling sixty miles an hour, and that you chased the other fellow ten miles along the road before you succeeded in running down the unfortunate man.

Yes, the victim must get his witnesses if he can, regardless of his own injuries, and

(Continued on Page 96)

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You wouldn't have to look far to find many other people who, like you, enjoy *The Post.* Now would you? Or *The Ladies' Home Journal.* Or *The Country Gentleman.* Right in your immediate neighborhood there are many who would subscribe TODAY if someone asked them.

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(Continued from Page 94)

tossing an occasional cheery word to his fellow victims as he sprints about among the bystanders. If he can also remember to take a photograph of the wrecked cars and to make a map and a water-color sketch of the surrounding country, he will find these souvenirs very useful. If, on the other hand, he is forced to enter court with the banal statement that he was knocked unconscious in the collision and knew nothing more till he came to in the hospital, the excuse is accepted, but he is plainly regarded as a weakling.

The procuring of witnesses by the victims of collisions is not so simple an achievement as it would seem to be. Every accident, no matter how remote is the spot in which it occurs, is immediately followed by a swift gathering of interested and sympathetic human beings.

All these people are anxious to help the sufferers. Fellow automobilists are eager to rush for doctors or to take the victims home. My family and I have had the most wonderful kindness and help in all our experiences. But with us, as with most other victims, I learn, three conditions are usually present. No one in the surrounding group has any first-aid supplies; the nearest water is in a farm house half a dozen fields away; and no one wants to go to court as a witness.

In our worst collision, when our hand bags had been scattered to the four winds of heaven, there was not in the big crowd around us even a clean handkerchief for my blind and blood-filled eyes. I was approached with everything from old newspapers to pieces of waste, always with the apology, "I'm afraid this isn't very clean." I had just enough intelligence in my numbed brain to let no one use these substitutes. Now we never travel without a generous package of first-aid supplies for our own use or for that of others—a rule which should be observed by every motorist.

Unwilling Witnesses

The reluctance of spectators to serve as witnesses in court is easily understood. Such service is an exacting and a time-wasting business. Witnesses may live fifty or a hundred miles away from the scene of the accident. Owing to repeated postponements of the case, cannily secured by the other fellow's lawyer, they may be summoned to court several times, wasting half a day each time. Nevertheless, automobilists owe it to one another and to the state to stand by. Moreover, the day may come when they themselves will need help. Personally, I should feel it my duty to serve in connection with any accident I was unfortunate enough to witness, and to do it without regard to personal expense or inconvenience. I can never forget the kindness of two New York women—one of them the principal of a public school, the other a librarian—who by the mercy of heaven were driving directly behind us at the time of our worst collision. They not only rendered such first aid as they could without equipment but they obtained the information we ourselves were unable to get and, by their convincing testimony at the subsequent trial, they won our case for us.

All of which leaves collision victims where they were at the beginning of this chronicle. We know that an appallingly large number—said to be 50 per cent—of the automobile drivers on our public highways will continue to "take a chance." We know that we take just as big a chance by going forth in automobiles and thus laying ourselves open to their recklessness. Last month, after my latest collision, an unfeeling friend telegraphed me: "Buy a horse and buggy." I made the obvious reply: "Impracticable. The horse and buggy might meet an automobile."

A Brotherhood of Drivers

The situation is precisely that. We can't go back to our horses and buggies. Neither can we trustfully go forward into a future increasingly filled with the victims of automobile collisions. Moreover, if we remain out of the automobiles, reckless drivers may kill us as we cross the streets on foot. They are doing that, too, increasingly.

How, then, shall we protect ourselves? Only by educating public opinion; by making and enforcing stricter laws; by revoking licenses for longer periods; by making it more difficult to get licenses; by refusing licenses to minors—why should infants of sixteen and seventeen be permitted to drive?—and by bringing about a change of heart in automobile drivers.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is pretty generally conceded to be about the most admirable body of workmen in this country. Its members are admittedly picked men—temperate, cool-headed and splendidly reliable. They are thus picked by the corporations employing them because they are running engines which, wrongly handled, are capable of destroying life and property. The menace of an automobile is proportionately as great, yet our Government permits any lad who can save enough to pay the first installment on a secondhand car to grasp its wheel and speed along the public highways.

The press is shouting that the dangers of automobiling are greater than ever before. They are greater because there are more automobiles and more drivers. There will continue to be more and more, and thus the danger will continue to grow. This country should establish a Brotherhood of Automobile Drivers, to be joined by men who will follow the rules of the driving game, and should make membership in it an honor and lack of membership a disgrace. Unless something of this sort is done, the time may come when the approach of an automobile will tempt the nervous observer to climb a tree. I sometimes feel that the time is already here!

Deer on Hardy Island, British Columbia

News of First National Pictures

Associated Holding Corp. presents

"THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE"

ONCE the toast of Montmartre, who could whip masculine hearts to a maelstrom with every twist of her graceful form. Now a recluse in far-off Majorca, hoping, praying that the popularity she once cherished would remain buried.

Barbara La Marr and Lewis Stone (at right) are featured in this colorful Sawyer-Lubin production, adapted from Anthony Pryde's novel, "Spanish Sunlight." It's a drama of startling emotions that will uphold Miss La Marr's steadily rising popularity and Lewis Stone's fame as an astute leading man. Alfred E. Green directed, and June Mathis supervised as editorial director.

"A health to the toast of Montmartre." Miss La Marr and Lewis Stone, featured in this emotional drama.

A group of stern military men all dominated by the compelling beauty of Violet Morgan (Corinne Griffith) in "Infatuation"

Corinne Griffith in

"INFATUATION"

WHEN Egypt's most beautiful woman and its most promising diplomat met, complications were bound to threaten. W. Somerset Maugham dramatized the story with an amazing twist in his play, "Caesar's Wife." Irving Cummings has transferred it to the screen with all its drama and Corinne Griffith has endowed the part of Violet Morgan with radiant magnetism. The cast for this Corinne Griffith production includes Percy Marmont, Malcolm McGregor, Warner Oland, Clarissa Selwyn, Leota Lorraine, Claire du Bray and Martha Mattox.

Edwin Carewe presents

"JOANNA"

BASED on H. L. Gates' widely read newspaper serial, "Joanna" depicts the most relentless study in human research ever made. Three men of wealth put up a million to determine the characteristics of the average American girl. The result is thoroughly entertaining.

The title rôle is played by Dorothy Mackaill, who made a reputation as "Chickie." Jack Mulhall, George Fawcett and Paul Nicholson have important rôles. Directed by Edwin Carewe.

Jack Mulhall

Dorothy Mackaill

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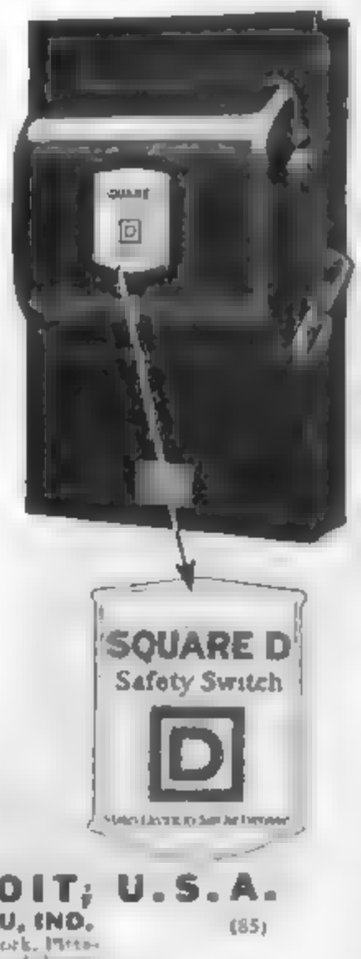

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Safety Switch

YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT LIONS

(Continued from Page 26)

find that he must negative cherished traditions and for them substitute probabilities—note the word "probabilities"—that are the exact opposite. Take the mother-and-cubs stuff, for example.

We all know—haven't we been told enough times?—that we may brag that we have pulled a lion's tail, or taken away his fresh-killed meat, or spit in his eye, or committed any other atrocity that may suggest itself to our most vivid alcoholic imagination, and get away with it in any fairly polite society; but if we dare claim we have driven the lioness from her cubs we can expect nothing but that refined incredulity known as the raspberry. For what is more beautiful than the maternal instinct? The most abject coward will fight for its young.

As a matter of cold, sober, unsentimental fact, the mother of young lion cubs will ordinarily run away, leaving the youngsters to follow, if they have sense enough. Sometimes she will bluff a little, but not for long. Indeed, so prompt is she—generally—to put space between the intruder and herself that I have wondered if her instinct of escape is not intensified by the thought that this is no fit place for children She may be giving them a good and urgent example to follow. Possibly her sentiments are of the noblest, but her actions certainly are open to misinterpretation. After she has gone a few hundred yards she will probably stop, and if the youngsters are not at her heels she may trot back to see about it. But even then she is rather looking for the cubs than contemplating any attack in their defense. If you pop a .22 caliber bullet in her general direction, or yell sharply at her, telling her to get out of there, she will most likely turn tail and scamper off like a kicked dog.

No; this is not a generalization. But it happens so regularly in the majority of cases that I should be inclined to put a certain amount of reliance on it, and not look for any particular trouble merely because cubs are about, were it not for the confounded maiden aunt or hired nurse girl, as the case may be. Lionesses are gregarious creatures. You rarely come upon them singly, and with the mother-and-cubs combination is very often—almost always, I should be inclined to say—some old busybody of a spinster who seems to think she has something to do with it. There are always people like that. She has nothing to do with those cubs; and if their very own mother does not think it advisable or desirable to pull off a rear-guard action, certainly she should not take it upon herself to butt in. But she does. And she is the one to look out for; she is the one that carries out the good old traditions as to the ferocity of the lioness defending her young. Only they are not her young. She has, I repeat, nothing whatever to do with them; unless, as I suggested, she may be the hired nurse girl doing her job. If so, she certainly earns her wages!

When the Maiden Aunt Butts In

Ordinarily this old spinster is fussing about, very much in evidence. If she had any real sense she would follow the family in its retreat and save herself—and us—a lot of trouble. Nobody wants to kill cubs. Not she! She prances around and squats and lashes her tail and growls useless warnings, and is quite apt to charge and therefore get herself killed. Furthermore, if she is not in sight at the moment, she keeps you nervous wondering where she is and when she is going to turn up.

One day Art and I killed a lion on a tongue of land formed by the sharp reflex bend of a river. The banks were steep down and up, and we left the lion where he lay and walked out to the point of the tongue. A lioness and two small cubs had been with the lion. The lady, true to form, had departed rapidly across the river; we could see her waiting rather anxiously in the bushes; but the cubs had not yet appeared and we thought we would go look at them. Sure enough, we arrived just in time to see them swimming side by side like a pair of very busy little dogs. They emerged on the other side very bedraggled. It was a quaint and amusing sight. Then they climbed the high steep bank, joined mother—who advanced not one step to meet them, by the way—and the lot moved off. After this considerable interval we returned to our dead lion with a view to skinning him.

Fortunately things happened before we had laid aside our rifles and rolled up our sleeves and got busy on this job. Ten seconds later we would most certainly have been caught at disadvantage, to say the least. Up over the right-hand bank, from exactly the side opposite to where all this had been happening, popped the maiden aunt. She had been off gallivanting, and was late to the party; but she was coming for all she was worth to see about it. No sense; no calm consideration; just coming, all hurry and hysteria; "My Lord! The children! Where are the children? What have you been doing to the children?" We hadn't been doing anything to the children; and if she had taken half a second to raise her silly eyes she might have seen the confounded children quite safe and sound, not 100 yards away. But in she came, and we had to stop her, of course; and lucky to be able to before she closed on us.

A Gallant Little Lion

This curious trait I find has been noticed by every lion man with whom I have compared notes, notably Simson, Tarleton and Alan Black, whose lion experience has been very extensive. In fact, if I were to be so foolish as to suggest rules for amateur lion hunters, one of the first would be, "Don't bother about mother, but get your eye on auntie, and keep it there."

Indeed, almost anybody is more responsible than mother. Late one afternoon while on *safari* far from Nyumbo, Art and I were strolling up one bank of a wide and shallow watercourse, now dry. It had no jungle, but was grown with patches of green reeds a good deal like low tules, and an occasional clump of palms. Suddenly across the way a lioness sat up, very yellow against the bright green of the reeds. As I was an old-timer at the lion game and Art was on his first trip to Africa, I motioned him to shoot. He hit her well and she bounced up the bank and faced us, receiving, I believe, another bullet as she ran. In her place among the reeds appeared another, which I dropped instantly.

Then for the first time we saw that these were not merely hunting pals but part of a family group. Mother scrambled up the hill and departed and three cubs followed her more slowly. They were just exactly the sort for which I had long been searching to fill out a museum group—about the size of a police dog. We had seen many cubs, but heretofore they had all been too large or too small. I wanted them badly. But auntie, in the grass, was getting funny, so I urged Art to get busy on the specimens while I took a careful crack at the old lady. He killed two and I got the other after attending to auntie; which was all very satisfactory, somewhat busy and exciting, and just what we wanted.

And then we became aware of much fierce growling and shaking of reeds, and shortly realized that we were being terrifically charged by a male lion whose presence we had not suspected. This beast was coming straight at us in a most determined manner, uttering all sorts of threats of what he was going to do about it when he

(Continued on Page 101)

A statement by the owners of the Stutz Motor Car Co.

Messrs. Charles M. Schwab, Eugene V. R. Thayer, Carl J. Schmidlapp are now the largest stockholders in the Stutz Motor Car Company of America, Inc.

Not only have they invested a large amount of their own money in this company, but they have contributed much of their time to the formation of its present organization.

It is their intention to maintain both their monetary and their personal interests therein.

With the men associated with them, it will be their earnest endeavor to make the Stutz Motor Car Company one of the leading automobile companies of America in stability and progressiveness.

In the next issue of this publication there will appear a presentation of a remarkable new automobile which we are sincerely convinced will set new standards in motor car engineering and performance.

F. E. MOSKOVICS, *President*
STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY
OF AMERICA, Inc.
Indianapolis

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A Real Magnetic Horn at a *Low* Price

THE NORTHEASTER has the thrill and urgency of instant action. The responsiveness of a well-trained servant. The faithfulness of an old friend.

Try it! Only when you have been electrified by its vibrant note, can you realize what it means to hold command of traffic at your finger tips.

Price? Here is a Horn built with the same ruggedness that has made North East Equipment the standard for dependability and long life the world over. With such a Horn price is really a secondary matter.

But, fortunately, engineering skill and manufacturing perfection have made it available at a phenomenal figure.

The Horn That Lasts

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(Continued from Page 98)

got there. He was all of six inches tall and about eighteen inches long. The reeds interfered with him terribly, but he was making time for all that. Deserted by mother, with both aunties killed, nevertheless he was going to do his little best, just like a real lion, and by instinct or precept he knew how to do it in proper style. His head was down, his tail was up, and he was making vocal war medicine all the way.

Art and I burst out laughing; then began to wonder what we should do about it. There was not a rock or an ant hill we could climb; we doubted our ability to run fast enough to get away. His teeth and claws could quite effectively tear our skins were he to close. We might, of course, kick him in the face, but we might miss, and a miss would mean painful lacerations, with a good chance of septic poisoning as a sequence.

This thing had looked like a joke, but it was not a joke at all; it was serious. For, one thing we did not want to do at all, and that was to shoot this gallant little lion. Nevertheless, it actually looked as if we might be forced to do so.

The reeds terminated a few yards from us to give place to flat open ground. The youngster came on boldly to the edge. Then suddenly his nerve deserted him utterly. He gave one look at the open space, turned and went ki-yiing back and up the hill, his tail between his legs like a dog attached to a tin can. But he was a good little lion, and when he grows up he is going to be a credit to his papa.

The whole episode turned out well, for as neither of the slain lionesses carried milk it was certain that the one that escaped was his mother.

While we are on the cub question let us explode another "invariable rule" that is copied and quoted from book to book. It is generally stated thus: "On the birth of cubs the lioness withdraws with them from the company of male lions until they are fairly grown." Though this is true in the majority of cases perhaps, it emphatically is not true in more than a bare majority. I have seen cubs not more than a week or ten days old in bands that included old maned lions, young males, females and half-grown youngsters. Such circumstances are disturbing, for then there seem to be not one only but several conscientious spinsters to sit about the sidehills and lash their tails and generally overdo things.

A Lioness' Home Troubles

Nor, to pass on to the next pretty legend, is the lion invariably monogamous, faithful to one spouse until death does them part, and all that sort of thing. Certainly at times—maybe most times, for all I know—he seems to be content with but one wife; but again, he trots about with a whole harem. My private opinion is that his apparent monogamy is due to two causes: In the first place, the lionesses are jealous and are certainly no ladies when it comes to the expression of that jealousy. If the female business had stopped at lionesses nobody would have had the nerve to nickname it the gentle sex. It is a rare thing to skin a full-grown lioness that is not scarred and gored deeply with old or recent fang and claw wounds. I think when *Felis leo* brings home Wife Number Two the ladies have it out, and only a drawn battle or series of battles makes that household polygamous.

The second reason is that, as with us humans, some fair ones are more popular than others and so inspire rivalry among the males. Hence more fights—good ones. Lions ordinarily live in nice coöperative bands, happy and contented with their murderous lot. You will see two fine old maned chaps sauntering about thoroughly pleased with each other—good-old-pals stuff. You will see ten or a dozen lionesses lying about together in the shade like so many sleepy pussy cats. And then love whispers down the breeze and the night shakes with the noise of combat. Some of these fights go on for as long as three hours. They are wonderful to hear; they must be even more wonderful to see. Simson shot two fine big lions which on examination proved to be so badly cut to pieces that the skins were not worth taking.

One day we were driving across the veldt when we came upon a very pretty sight. A magnificent maned lion was lying nobly, like the lions of Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square, gazing off into space. Between his outspread forepaws cuddled a little and beautiful young lioness, flat on her side, her sleek head turned up coquettishly. The old chap was very dignified, very majestic—and also very gaunt. His sides were flat and he evidently had not eaten for some days, and a short distance away stood another lion, a young male. He was stuffed so full he could hardly waddle. His belly was as tight as a drum. On neither was there mark of combat.

Now, of course I do not know what had happened, but it looked very much to us like a case of bribery. Here was one hungry gentleman with the beautiful lady, and here was an extremely well-fed gentleman without any lady. There had evidently been no fight. The arrangement had been peaceably come to. Greedyguts had been bought off by the fleshpots. Who supplied them? I like to think the gallant and noble old fellow had made the kill and had scornfully abandoned it in favor of the lady; and I was glad to see that the lady herself had evidently spurned the fat and midnight kongoni to follow her lord.

Hunting on the Installment Plan

Once I killed a very fine and powerful lion, and when N'thitu came to skin it he found imbedded solidly in its skull about an inch and a half of broken tooth, which he brought me. I slipped it into my pocket. Sometime later, in Nairobi, I mentioned to Tarleton this evidence of a desperate battle and produced the evidence. He examined it with interest.

"But," said he, "this is not a lion's fang; it is a piece of wart-hog tusk."

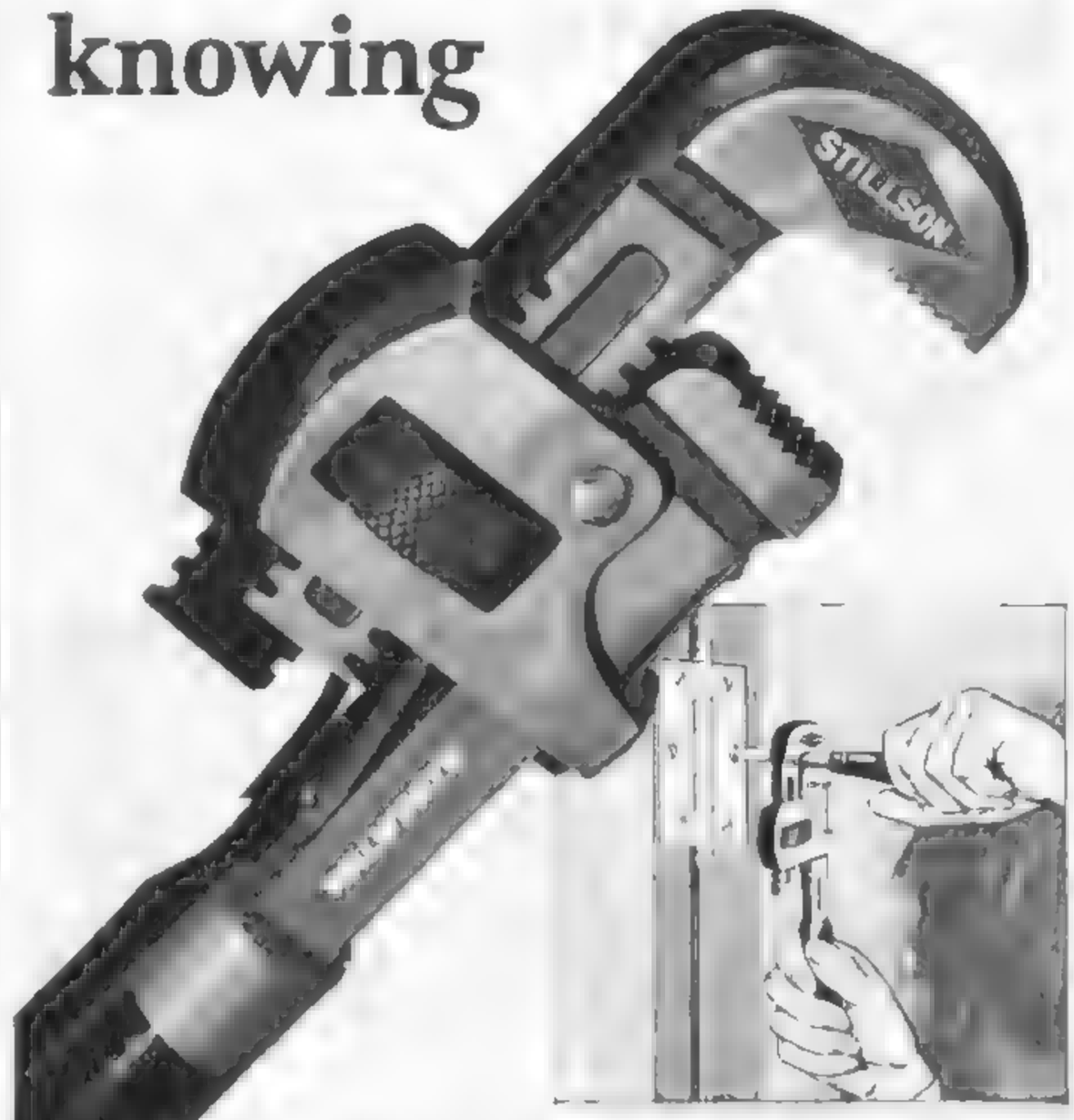
Think of the picture! The poor little pig facing certain death—for obviously he was not unaware—yet doing his feeble best for all that, and putting in—with all the might that was in him—his one blow before the sweep of the great paw cracked his neck. It was a shrewd and desperate effort, for the broken tusk had penetrated the solid bone.

The fact that you never can tell what different lions will do in exactly similar circumstances was never better exemplified than by one experience with two of them. We were driving on the rolling veldt very early in the morning, before the sun was up. Leslie had the wheel, I was beside him, and the two archers sat on boxes in the back. It was very chilly. Surmounting a roll of the plain, we saw in the hollow two maned lions lying side by side. There was no cover, not even long grass. Leslie at once turned the car in their direction.

Now, speaking for myself, I like my lions either later in the day or when I am afoot. It is too chilly to drive up in a car. I am on the edge of shivering merely from the cold air, and the slight nervous excitement is quite likely to push me over the edge so that I do shiver. It is all right when the show actually begins, but it is hard to get cranked up. Every duck shooter will know what I mean. The same thing hits him just at sunrise and before the first flight.

Those two lions stared at us solemnly while we drove nearer and nearer. At about forty yards one got up and strolled away. The archers hopped out behind and loosed two ineffective shafts, whereupon the other moved off at a walk in the other direction. That was all right. We had them separated. Now all we had to do was to tag along after one of them until he stopped, and then to shoot more arrows. He would, according to our experience, permit a certain amount of this; then he would charge or move off. But until he had reached that point of action the archers would have

When a screw sticks here's a trick worth knowing



INSTEAD of battering the edges off the slot of a stubborn screw, try putting a **STILLSON** on the shank of the screw driver, about an inch above the blade. Give the **STILLSON** one good solid turn and out comes the screw. That's all it *can* do.

In a dozen such ways you'll find that a 10-inch **STILLSON** is the handiest wrench you can put in a toolbox, small enough for little things, big enough for most pipes, nuts and bolts, and powerful enough to make or break the meanest threaded joint that ever baffled you before.

STILLSON* (like Walworth) is a trade mark which has been registered by its owner, the Walworth Co., in the U. S. Patent Office, in the several States and in foreign countries.

Hardware and auto supply dealers sell all sizes of genuine Walworth **STILLSONS**, from 6 to 48 inches.

WALWORTH STILLSON*

"The Handy Helper in Every Home"

WALWORTH COMPANY, Boston, Mass. • Sales Units and Distributors in Principal Cities of the World • Plants at Boston, Greensburg, Pa., Kewanee, Ill., and Anaila, Ala.

TRADE YALE MARK

Guards your treasures

THE YALE 44 AUTOMATIC Deadlatch does automatically what you forget to do manually. It automatically deadlocks the door—the moment the door is closed.

This Yale Deadlatch combines the convenience of the ordinary springlatch bolt with the security of the deadbolt. Automatic in action, the bolt when thrown reaches into the strike almost double the usual distance, and in addition is deadlocked in place.

The Yale 44 Automatic Deadlatch is particularly suitable for front entrance doors. The brass color finish makes it attractive in appearance and the automatic double-throw latch bolt gives it great security, proof against end pressure and tampering.

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chances to get in an effective hit. So we cranked up and moved slowly after him, at a respectful distance.

We had not gone thus fifty yards when, without warning or provocation, he whipped around in his tracks and charged us full tilt.

There was no time to turn off the engine or to get ready in any way. Leslie slammed on the brakes. I dropped to my knees on the floor board and shot over the radiator. Art fired above the canopy over our heads. The lion fell dead just two and a half paces from the car.

Looking back, we saw that the other had moved but a short distance and was standing watching us. So we threw our coats over the body of the dead beast, to keep the birds off, and went on over. We approached with considerable caution. This lion looked exactly like the other; they might have been twin brothers as far as size, mane and general appearance went. Anticipating hostilities at any moment, we gingerly drew near.

The lion turned and walked away. We pulled up a trifle closer, off his flank. He broke into a trot. Leslie opened the throttle. He began to gallop. We bounced along after.

Seeing that we were going to be persistent, he stopped, squatted and faced us. We pulled up, debarked, and the archers opened fire. After a number of trials, they had landed two arrows—flesh wounds only! At this he rose and started toward us, but without dropping his head low in the usual indication of a charge. So we gunmen held our fire, and were justified by seeing him swerve off at the last minute and trot slowly away.

We cranked up and followed. Again he stopped; again the archers got busy. More arrows launched; another bluff charge that was not carried through, followed by another retreat. This sort of thing continued for an hour and ten minutes. Everything possible was done to that lion to cause him to charge. He was hit repeatedly by arrows; he was followed about, chased out of wind, headed off and generally insulted. Again and again we cleared for action; again and again he started toward us; again and again Leslie and I placed the beads of our rifles and crooked our trigger fingers—and again and again he swerved off at the last minute.

After a while the archers ran out of arrows; so we left him and scoured about over the plain, revisiting the scenes of our many encounters, and picked up a score or so of arrows and returned to the spot where he obligingly awaited us.

The thing was ridiculous. We resolved to cut out the nonsense. So Leslie and I, on the flanks, advanced slowly on foot to within about ten yards of him. At this range Art put a broadhead into his chest. He leaped to his feet and started toward us, but very slowly. For a moment it looked as though at last we would have to shoot him with the guns. But even now he stopped. Very gingerly, step by step, we backed away until we had put thirty yards between us. Then Art settled matters with another broadhead.

When a Lion Means Business

Now here were two lions, just alike, encountered together in exactly similar circumstances. Why was one so desperately courageous and the other so cowardly? Incidentally, this latter was the only lion I ever encountered that did not fight to a finish when so challenged.

For a long time I thought that, unlike buffaloes, elephants and rhinos, a lion once started in a charge could not be checked or turned. This is still a good general rule. However, on this trip two exceptions bobbed up.

One was a male lion that the archers had been shooting at and occasionally hitting. It was one of those that was pouncing upon and chewing to flinders every arrow that fell near him. He was wholly occupied with them and was not paying any attention to us. Nevertheless, as life-insurance agent, I was watching him very closely and holding myself in readiness for action. Suddenly he focused his gaze on us and started toward us.

Now as a general thing, as I said before, you can tell whether a lion means business or is only bluffing by the way he holds his head. If he starts in with his head held high the chances are he will stop or swerve. When, however, just at the instant of coming, he drops his head low, below the line of his shoulders, he has made up his mind to get you. This one dropped his head, so I fired instantly. The shot was a bad one, little more than a scrape. Instead of coming on in, the beast turned back, jumped upon an arrow sticking in the ground and chewed it to bits. I think he ascribed the burn of the bullet to another of the arrows he had been so long fighting.

On another occasion Doc was out on a perfectly peaceful bow-and-arrow expedition afoot, in company with Chalo and a number of savage bowmen who were going to show him how they did it. They chanced upon a group of lionesses. Now Doc was not lion hunting. He had no use for lions whatever. The natives, however, were very keen. In spite of Doc's expostulations, they started after those lionesses full tilt, yelling and howling, ever and anon turning to urge Doc to hurry up, that the lion hunting was fine. And ever and anon one or more of the lionesses would get sick of it and would stop and face back. Then the exuberant *shenzis* would prance about and wave their arms to Doc.

A Charge With a Happy Ending

Doc followed the procession, albeit reluctantly. He had some sort of idea that there was a moral responsibility attached to the situation; though, as he tells it, he emphatically was not out lion hunting. He followed, not so much with the idea of defending those fool natives in case of trouble as of getting hold of them to prevent them chasing the lionesses any farther. Though Doc is a veteran with the long bow, he is not a gunman. He had never fired a high-power rifle before coming to Africa on this trip, and has done so only a few times since. He was about as likely to hit the ground halfway between himself and the lionesses as not, and he knew and appreciated this fact. This was no business at all for an honest archer, even though he had as usual a precautionary .405 with him.

By and by he did catch up with the men. His satisfaction in this feat was mitigated by the fact that he also caught up with the lionesses. Everybody, apparently, had stopped with the idea of waiting for him. The natives were glowing with honest pride over the unexampled opportunity they had procured for Doc to commit suicide.

"*Piga, bwana,*" Chalo urged him.

Doc's Swahili is about equal to Art's; but he got his idea over.

"One gun, no good *simba,*" he explained elaborately; "two guns, another *bwana,* good."

Chalo got the main notion, which was that the *status quo ante* was desirable, and looked incredulous and disappointed. The lionesses, having afforded all opportunity for trouble if anybody wanted any, again moved off. The moment they had turned tail and headed the other way Doc got bold for some reason or another. I do not think he himself knows exactly why. He said something afterwards about not losing wholly the respect of the natives, but as he had—quite wisely and properly—refused to shoot when the lionesses had stopped, it is not clear how it would help matters in that respect to open fire after they had started away. The whole show was exciting and disturbing of equilibrium. So quite naturally but somewhat foolishly, as soon as the beasts were headed the other way, Doc began to shoot at them. He fired three times. The direction the lion is headed does not help much. A simple expedient is always at his command: He can turn around.

That is what one of these lionesses did. Though Doc's three shots were all misses,

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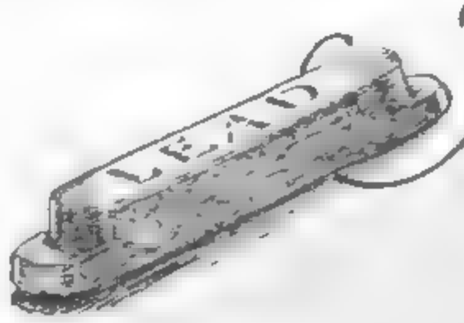
Animal

Vegetable



Mineral

It took three kingdoms ...and one republic

— to make your telephone

The silkworm of the animal kingdom, the cotton plant of the vegetable kingdom, and the lead bar of the mineral kingdom—these are typical of the nineteen different raw materials which America's technical genius has compounded into the telephone.

TO THE making of your telephone, Nature's three great kingdoms—animal, vegetable and mineral—have contributed generously. And, to these, the American republic has given of its best inventive vision and work-a-day skill.

This has been an enterprise reaching to the far places of the earth but coming back always to the Western Electric telephone factory at Chicago.

Here precious gold and shining silver are matched in brilliance by the ingenuity that directs their use. Here, too, age-old traditions in the culture of silk are met by modern methods in the production of the telephone.

In less than half a century Western Electric men have made these methods the standard of the world for telephone making.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

5,000 Miles and More Without Changing Oil!

Crank Case Dilution—the root of all oil troubles—is now positively prevented

CRANK case oil in the average automobile engine during the winter months contains *39% gasoline and 1.6% water*, after 300 to 500 miles of driving!

This serious condition has been revealed by the analysis of thousands of samples of motor oil taken from various makes of cars in different parts of the country.

The reason: Commercial gasoline does not vaporize completely—gives only partial combustion. Large quantities of unburned gasoline pass down between pistons and cylinder walls and dilute the crank case oil. So does water vapor. *Increased use of the choke in winter driving accelerates this dilution.* The viscosity of the oil is greatly impaired—lubricating value rapidly decreases.

Yet this damaging dilution can be stopped—*is being stopped* in cars with the *Skinner Oil Rectifying System* built into their engines.

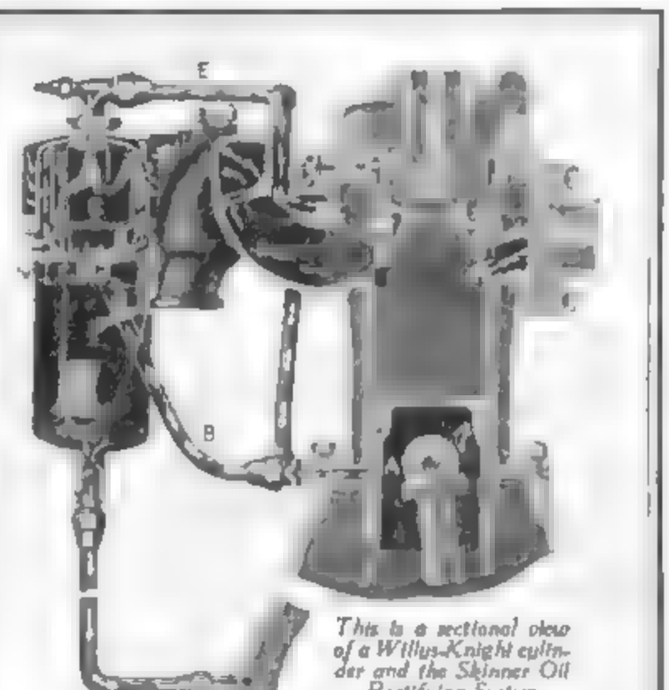
No longer is it necessary to change oil every 300 to 500 miles in an effort to check the ravages of dilution. No longer is it necessary to risk excessive wear—to put up with faulty engine performance.

The Skinner System *stops dilution at its source*—insures vastly improved motor performance without the necessity of changing oil under 5,000 miles.

Why Crank Case Dilution Is Dangerous

All of the unburned gasoline which dilutes the crank case oil passes the pistons. This raw gasoline washes away part of the protecting oil film between pistons and cylinder walls. Consequently the film becomes thin and weak—fails to sustain pressure. Overheating and excessive wear result.

Most major motor troubles can be traced to faulty lubrication. The maintenance of perfect lubrication of pistons and cylinder walls is at best a difficult engineering problem. In winter, dilution has made efficient lubrication practically impossible. But now the Skinner System *prevents dilution*—maintains perfect motor lubrication, both summer and winter.



This is a sectional view of a Willys-Knight cylinder and the Skinner Oil Rectifying System.

How the Skinner Oil Rectifier Operates on Sleeve-Valve Engines

THE mixture of unburned gasoline, water vapor and oil ◂◂— is drawn by vacuum through cylinder wall at A. Through tube B it is deposited in Rectifier C. Heat from exhaust gases ◂~~ applied at D rectifies the oil. The gasoline in the form of combustible gas, and water vapor ◂— return through tube E to the combustion chamber. The rectified oil ◂— runs back to the crank case F.

Note the vertical tube along the cylinder block. It permits a vacuum to be placed in the sealing head compartment G, thus accelerating the flow of oil up the sleeve, yet removing the surplus oil collecting at that point. This not only improves sleeve lubrication, but helps to eliminate smoking.

Every Willys-Knight Six built is equipped with the Skinner Rectifier. Willys-Knight Six owners enjoy complete freedom from oil troubles. The Skinner System gives them improved engine performance with reduced wear—without the necessity of changing oil under 5,000 miles.

How The Skinner System Prevents Dilution

Operating on an exclusive principle, the Skinner Oil Rectifying System removes the unburned gasoline, *before it can break down the oil film between cylinder walls and pistons*—before it can pass down into the crank case to thin the oil.

As the motor runs, raw gasoline and water vapor begin to pass down between pistons and cylinder walls. At the same time oil begins to work up behind the piston rings toward the combustion chambers. This mixture of unburned gasoline, water vapor and oil is trapped in the lower piston ring grooves and drawn off by vacuum from the intake manifold through the cylinder walls. It then passes into the Rectifier where it is separated. The gasoline and water in the form of vapor are delivered to the combustion chambers, while the rectified oil returns to the crank case.

Thus the Skinner System prevents raw gasoline from reaching the crank case oil.

Improves Cold Weather Operation, Prevents Car Smoking

Not only does the Skinner System prevent dilution, but it contributes definitely in other ways to perfect motor performance. It permits placing a larger quantity of oil on pistons and cylinder walls, thus assuring adequate lubrication at all times. It allows the use of a lighter grade oil, thus improving cold weather starting and lubrication. As no water can accumulate in the crank case, all danger of the oil pump freezing is eliminated.

Because the Skinner System traps the oil on its upward journey to the combustion chambers, it greatly retards carbon formation and prevents the car from smoking. Oil mileage is appreciably increased.

Leading car manufacturers pronounce the Skinner Rectifier the correct solution of the dilution problem—a practical preventative of all oil troubles.

Truly modern cars are now equipped with the Skinner Rectifier.

Write for complete information, or visit our exhibit at the National Automobile Shows—Space C-21 at New York, Space 137 at Chicago.

SKINNER AUTOMOTIVE DEVICE CO., INC.
1637 Lafayette Boulevard, West Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

SKINNER OIL RECTIFYING SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 102)

she was annoyed at the racket, and she dropped her head and charged. It was not a nice situation at all, for Doc had only two shots left in his rifle, and no confidence whatever in his ability to hit her if he had had a dozen, let alone stop her. And then, at thirty yards, tempted by a small bit of bushy cover which she had to pass, she swerved into it and squatted. Doc backed gingerly away. It was a definite relinquishment of a charge definitely started.

And speaking of stopping charges, there is only one way to do it, and that is never to shoot merely at the whole animal. Forget the whole animal and pick for your mark one definite small spot. Try to hit that. The smaller the spot the better. Kind Providence has tipped the lion's chin with white hairs in a patch a trifle larger than a dollar. It is easily seen and, if the beast is coming straight at you, is a good guide for your bead. But if you forget this, and just shoot at the lion, you are looking for trouble of an exceedingly unpleasant sort.

The other requisite is, I think, mental. It really constitutes the difference between the lion man and the general hunter. The former goes out in spirit to meet his adversary; leans toward the lion mentally, so to speak. The other draws back a little in his mind, experiences a slight shrinking away. If it were to be expressed in physical action—which it is not—your symbolical figures would be of one man thrusting forward eagerly to shoot, the other hanging a little back. This has nothing to do with courage.

Curiously enough, such a mental or spiritual attitude seems to carry with it a certain effectiveness. It is only very rarely that you hear of a true lion man being mauled or killed. It is the fellow who is secretly a little afraid of lions, who is nervous and uneasy in their presence. Not that he gets panicky or actually funks it in any way; but even the slight mental reservation has subtracted from his instantaneous and whole-hearted coördination just enough to decide one of those frequent hair-trigger close calls in his disfavor.

One of the best of the old-time African white hunters, a man who had been through the mill for twenty-odd years, was recently killed by a lioness. He was a man of unquestioned nerve and ability. But he had always frankly disliked lions, and had often said that though he was not afraid of them in the usual acceptation of the word, he was always glad when his clients had got their lion and the thing was safely over. The lioness that killed him offered no peculiar circumstances. She charged, and in the open—that was all.

The Stuff Hunters are Made Of

There is no sport better than lion hunting to bring out what is in a man. Somehow lions carry an electric sort of aura of excitement about with them. It is quite possible to glance up and remark between yawns "Look over there at the elephant, old chap"; or to request your companion, "Wake me up when those confounded buffalo have moved far enough away."

But it is wholly out of the question for anyone, white or black, new to Africa or old to the game, to say calmly, "Oh, look at the lion!"

Indeed, no one says "lion" at all. It is too soft and slow a word; it has no punch.

"*Simba! Simba!*" hisses even the veriest tyro at Swahili; and afterward he is surprised when you tell him that in the excitement of the moment he used the native word. But it alone, naturally and inevitably, expressed not only what he saw but also the vital thrill he experienced when he saw it.

This thrill is not a mere reflex of possible danger; the lions may be very distant and you may not be going to go after them at all. It is not unaccustomedness; for the oldest hunters, nay, even the wild savages themselves who have lived their lives out where lions are as normal as breakfast-food advertisements to us, experience the same reaction. It is a solvent of consciousness which the lion carries with him as part of his aura; a power by his mere presence to raise the psychic vibrations to a higher pitch than usual. And since, as we all know, raised vibrations mean intensified color, so therefore the blended and shaded tints of what a man is deepen in tone until they are no longer blended, but show for what they are.

One man becomes deadly cool; another, though courageous enough, cannot control his mere physical nerves to steadiness; a third is for the moment mentally paralyzed to inaction, where his companion moves and judges and seizes opportunity with the speed of light. One chap enters a realm of purely instinctive reaction, whose effectiveness depends entirely on his former experience and how much he has thought about such an emergency before. After the show is over he can tell you nothing accurate of what happened; indeed, he is unable even to reconstruct mere topography. A second chap's mind works with pellucid clarity and his memory is minute and exact.

All these things are matters of temperament and, in general, beyond a man's control. They constitute his equipment. Until that equipment has been determined and tested, no one can predict—himself least of all—whether he will ever be justified and safe in pursuing lions alone and on foot. Past performance in any other field is no good as a basis for theory. Theory is no good.

When anybody says to me, "So-and-So would be a good man on lions; he has a nerve of iron," my only comment—private—is, "Received and placed on file."

When Man Meets Lion

But lion hunting also throws into relief the qualities that are more directly under a man's control. *In vino veritas* does not, of course, mean that a drunken man will tell the truth; merely that certain basic truths about that man are likely to come out when he is drunk. I should say that *in leone veritas* also was a perfectly good aphorism. If a man is inclined to hog it, or funk it, or is callous or inconsiderate or a plain damfool, he will exhibit those traits in a really good lion show—and the converse. I have not space for many examples, but here are two of opposite character that come to my mind:

A man named Bulpett was charged and knocked down by a lion, which for the moment did not kill him but lay across his chest, staring about in challenge of interference. A native boy was near. He was quite unarmed, and his judgment could quite justifiably, of course, have told him that the situation, though highly regrettable, was without remedy. Nevertheless, he actually ran up, leaped astride that lion, seized its mane in both hands and tried to pull the great beast off his master. I am glad to be able to say that one of them got hold of a revolver and shot the lion through the brain before it had done any great damage.

The other incident was told me by one of East Africa's best white hunters. We were discussing his various kinds of clients and their idiosyncrasies.

"Nine out of ten of them are good sportamen," he said; "even those who have had no experience. The tenth is a rotter."

"What was the worst case you know?" I asked.

"A chap I had out three years ago," he replied unhesitatingly; "and the joke of it was I did not know it until the last week of a three months' *safari*. Up to that moment I thought him one of the best. He was a goodish shot, pleasant personally and put up with things jolly well. We had a good shoot for general stuff, and he was pleased as Punch except that he hadn't got his lion. That disappointed him greatly, and I sympathized with his feeling. We worked hard for them, too, but you know how it is when your luck with *simba* is out."

"I do!" I agreed fervently.

"Toward the last he hinted that we might try night shooting from a boma; but

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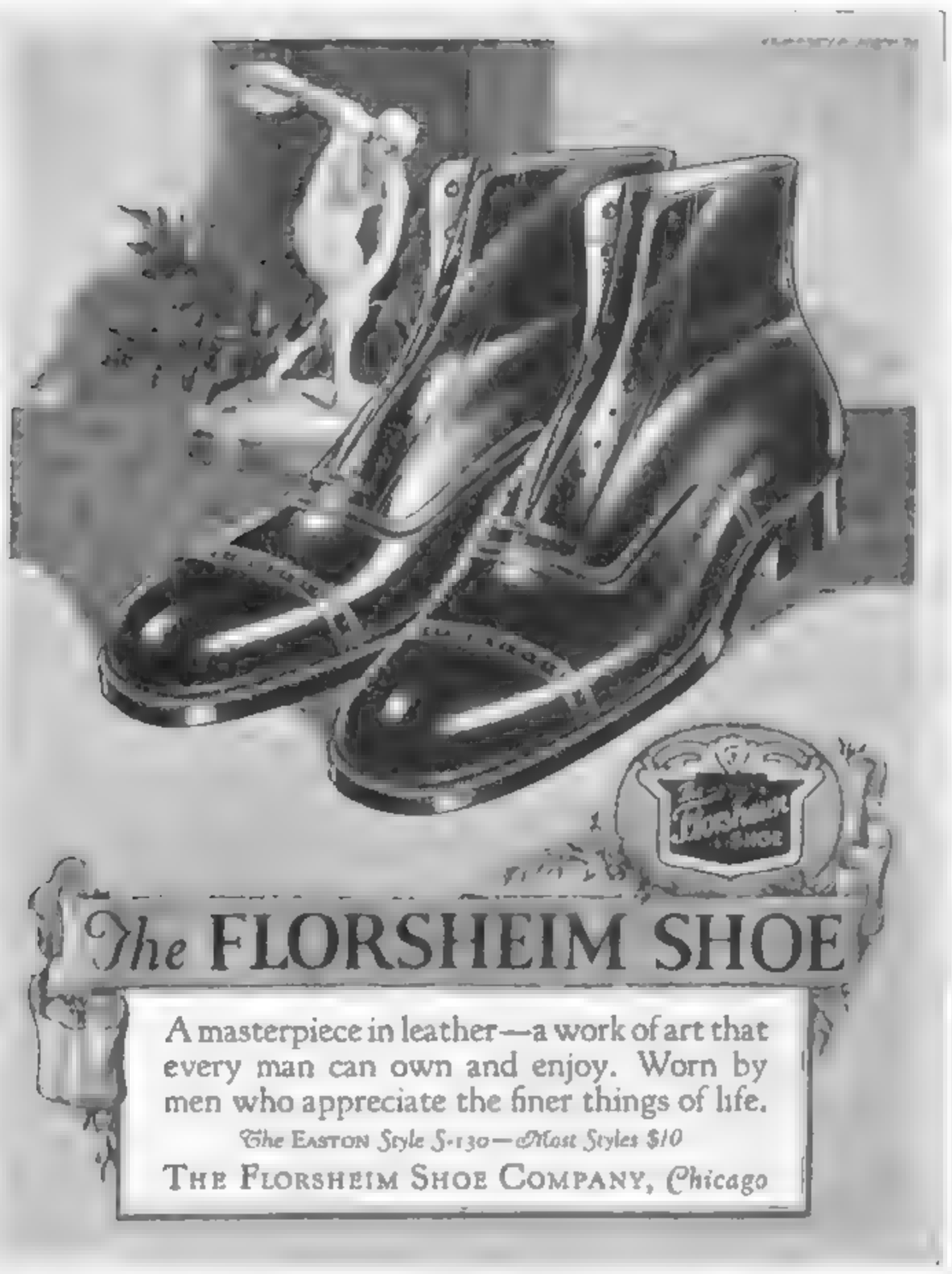
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I won't do that, as you know, and I told him so. I didn't lay it up against him in any way, for most of those sportsmen who come out here don't know any better, and the usual run of white hunters don't bother to teach them. Then one day I saw a lioness. She was sitting on a ledge of rock about halfway up the side of a bowlder kopje, and she had not seen us. I motioned everybody down out of sight, and the whole lot of us made a stalk around the kopje. The wind was right, and when we had got there, I found that we could climb right up to the top. We did so. The lioness still lay on the ledge. She was directly below us. All we had to do was to shoot straight down and break her back. He was terribly excited, all trembling like a leaf; but it was only about twenty feet or so down there, and I didn't think it possible he could miss."

"But he did?" I inquired.

"No, not altogether. But he slobbered her, and then he lost his head and failed to give her the other barrel. He seemed paralyzed, and just stared down at the old lady, who was doing some acrobatics.

"The boys all rushed up, yelling. I couldn't stop them. You know how that is."

"I do!" I agreed again.

"One of them came along too fast. His sandals slipped on the smooth rock, and down the steep face of it he slid, square on top of the lioness. Of course she grabbed him. There was nothing else to be done, so I slid down too. I had to shoot under the crook of the man's arm to reach her head. Might have crocked him. Certainly gave him some jar with the blast from my old .470! But I didn't. Got to have some luck once in a while. I dragged the lioness off the boy. He was badly mangled. Looked as if he was going to pass out right then and there. Then down the face of the rock came sliding my white man. He hopped over the wounded boy to the lioness.

"'Thank God we got her!' he cried. 'My trip to Africa has not been in vain!'

"Now, of course, a white hunter is not supposed to have any ideas or feelings as far as his client is concerned, but this—what do you call it?—got my goat. He hadn't even looked at the boy.

"'How about this boy?' I couldn't resist reminding him.

"'To hell with the boy!' said he. 'He took his chance.'"

Four Four-Legged Surprises

My friend told me that he had reason to believe this man was sorry when the excitement had cooled. But whatever he did or felt or said thereafter, the fact remains that the grain and fiber of him was revealed by the lion, and might not have been recognizably revealed in any other way. "To hell with the boy! He took his chance" was the fundamental of that man.

If it is a mistake to generalize for oneself on lions, it is even more of a mistake to generalize for others. By so doing I once presented a brother Californian, Mr. H. O. Harrison, with an amusing experience. In a certain part of the country lay a long and wide dry marsh or *tinga-tinga*, as the natives call them. That is to say, it looked like a marsh in that it was green with waving reeds that a good deal resembled tules. Only, when one went down to examine it, he found the greater part of it underneath the reeds not only stone dry but white and powdery with a very fine alkali dust. During the rainy season it might be wet enough for short periods; but most times water was present only in small isolated pools and ditches, and that water was brackish. However, we had found that these pools were very prolific of wild fowl. There were all sorts from pelicans to sandpeeps. We had no shotgun, but even with the .22 rifle we managed to get good sport—and some geese—on the wing.

So, since Harrison had a shotgun and was going down in that country, we told him about it.

"You'll have good sport," said I; "after you've kicked out the lions," I added facetiously.

And then I proceeded to generalize. I told him that he needn't be afraid of encountering lions; that lions hate alkali dust as much as do humans, and are closer to the ground; that I had been all over the *tinga-tinga* a dozen times and had never seen a lion track in it, new or old.

Several weeks later I got a note from him by runner. He said in it that the geese were there. He had killed two of them, and then had to go home to lunch. Later, when we saw him again, he explained. He had had no difficulty in finding the *tinga-tinga* all right, and on the strength of my directions walked confidently into the waist-high green reeds toward the first of the pot holes. A cloud of geese arose therefrom. He made a neat double. The brace of geese came whirling down, and Harrison watched them with the satisfaction of the wild fowler who has made a good shot. As they neared the reeds the heads of four lions rose up to meet them.

Harrison glanced at the sun and was astonished to observe how late it was. He had not realized he had been out so long. It was lunchtime, and he hated to be late for lunch. So he went to camp. No, he did not stop to get his geese; there was not time for that if he wanted to be on time for lunch. No, he did not know whether the lions ate the geese. No, he did not think that these were retrieving lions and would have brought the geese to him if he had waited. He added something about lions and alkali dust to which I paid little attention. It sounded sarcastic.

A Live Shooting Gallery

I could go on for pages telling more and yet more of the total unreliability of lions when it comes to adhering to any fixed conventions. But that very unreliability is what makes the game fascinating. Each lion is a problem in himself, to be studied and solved along individual lines.

Of course experience does teach one certain probabilities on which one acts until the lion proves different. There are certain tricks of the trade one gets on to, so to speak; tricks which will often bring success to the man who knows them, where the greenhorn will fail.

One of the commonest and most aggravating experiences of the amateur lion hunter is to see one or more lions a half mile or so away lying right out in the open in the grass, and anywhere up to 100 yards outside the edge of a thick donga. They rear their heads to get a good look at him—you may be sure they have caught sight of him before he has caught sight of them—then rise and saunter to cover. He does one of two things; either he hurries to catch up to within range before they fade into the bush, or he runs to head them off. In either case they merely keep a cynical eye on him and in quite good time get into the bush, where the game is hopeless, leaving him to indulge in heartburning regrets of the if-only type.

But the possession of one bit of information takes the complete hopelessness out of the situation. I have used it a great many times, and in a limited number of instances it has worked. This is how it goes:

Late one afternoon I had killed an impalla buck on the lower slope of a mountain. Leaving N'dolo to cut it up, I took the Springfield and started to get the car, which I had left a mile or so down a donga.

On the way I encountered just the situation above outlined. About 400 yards ahead six lions thrust their heads above the grass and stared at me. I stood still. They arose to their feet, took another look, and paced slowly away in single file toward the thick cover of the donga. The moment they turned their heads to walk away I dropped flat in the grass, so that when next they looked back nothing was to be seen. They continued on to the donga, however, and at the edge of the thicket they stopped and gazed fixedly for some time at the empty landscape. Then they entered the brush.

Continued on Page 109

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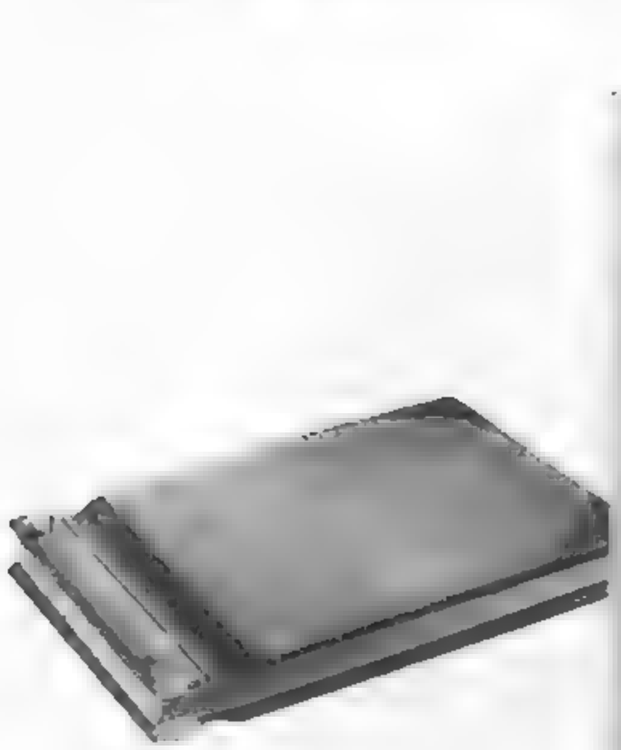

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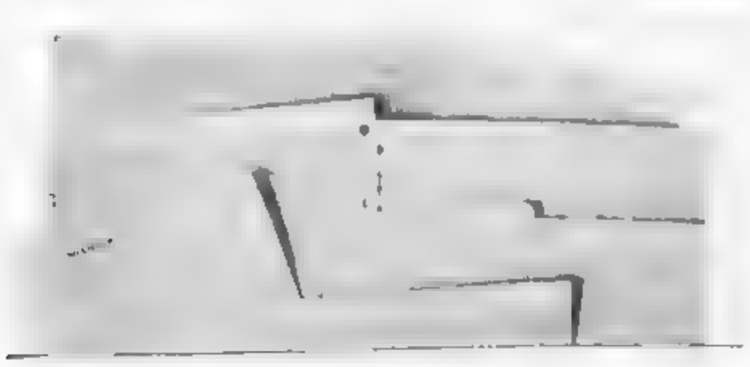

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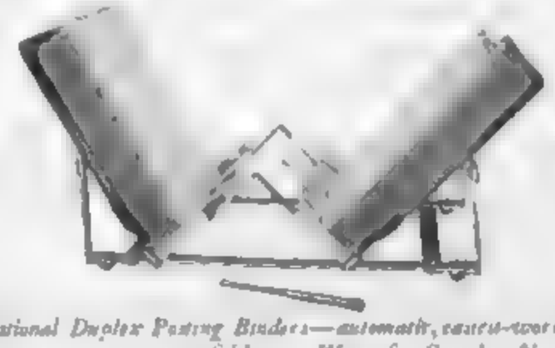

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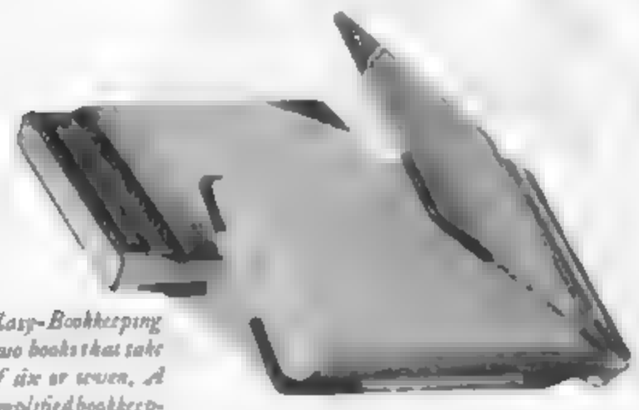

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(Continued from Page 108)

Here was my chance. I ran as fast as I could, not in their direction but to the nearest point of the donga, and crossed to the other side, where, of course, I was out of their sight. Then I walked rapidly down the donga for half a mile until I came to an opening through which I could see to the opposite side, and waited.

The logic of the situation was this: Those lions had been disturbed and would go away from there some distance down the donga; there was no use hoping anything different. But they were by now a little puzzled in their minds as to what had disturbed them, or, indeed, if anything but their imaginations had disturbed them at all. They thought they had seen a man, but a second and a third look had shown them an empty landscape. If I had continued in their direction, or even remained in sight, they would have followed down the donga bed in perfect concealment.

However, the donga bed was thickly grown. It was difficult walking through all sorts of tangled obstructions, and the numerous thorns would be unpleasant to a tender nose. It was as well to go on down the donga, of course, just on the off chance; but since after all it looked like a false alarm, it was much easier to parallel close to the donga in the open grass where it was easier walking.

After a bit I found a little round opening in the trees through which I could see across the jungle to the grass beyond. It was like a frame, inclosing a picture fifteen or twenty feet across. After a few moments a lion walked into the frame. I whistled and he stopped, about twenty yards away, and looked back in the direction from which he had come. Instantly I placed the bead of the rifle at the base of his neck and pulled the trigger. He disappeared. Instantly another stood in his place. It was exactly like a shooting gallery where you knock over a little sheet-iron duck and another automatically comes up. I shot that one. A third immediately appeared. The hole in the foliage was just the right size to frame him nicely. This one I took high in the shoulder. He leaped out of sight. Then, with the precision of an automatic machine, two more stood in the opening.

A Flying Leopard

"Oh, thunder!" said I to myself. "Lions enough!" and stood watching them while they puzzled a moment and then moved on. I do not ordinarily pile 'em up like this; but on the other hand, such chances are none too frequent and I had fairly earned them by the right of stratagem.

Then I got the car and N'dolo and the impalla, and we crossed the donga and cautiously approached the spot. The first two lay almost on top of each other. One of those I had not shot at crouched about ten yards away, facing us. I held the bead on her until she made up her mind and faded into the brush. N'dolo skinned the two while I stood vigilant guard, for we were perilously close to cover. The trail of the third was plainly visible, but by now the sun was down and the thicket in twilight. I worked cautiously to the edge and peered in, but at once realized it was too dark and dangerous. So we went to camp. Next morning early we entered the jungle and found the third lion stone dead.

But it is time to stop talking about lions, if only to prove that there are other beasts in Africa that can treat to surprise. I could go on thus for pages; for, as I say, I am a lion man; the beast fascinates me; I consider his fair pursuit the finest sport in the world. It is a common saying that no man can kill fifty lions fairly without being killed or mauled. This is not true, of course. I myself have killed all told seventy-three, and have managed to come through with nothing worse than a number of close calls. However, the superstition at least illustrates the respect in which the game is held by those who know.

One of the finest sights I remember to have seen was offered me by a leopard. About three o'clock of a hot afternoon N'dolo and I were on our way across country to a place where we hoped to see lions. We were tramping through knee-high grass over a small plain broken only by a solitary large tree. Suddenly N'dolo seized me by the arm. *"Hapa! Hapa!"* he urged.

As we were thinking especially of lions, my eyes swept the ground level. It was only after a moment that my eye caught the cause of N'dolo's excitement. A leopard lay along a limb of the tree, and at least twenty-five feet above the earth. He perceived that I saw him and without hesitation leaped to the ground. But he did not simply drop straight down as would a cat or a monkey. He sailed straight out in the air, his four paws outstretched, after the manner of a great flying squirrel. With a faint thud he alighted and in one bound disappeared in the grass. I was glad I had not caught sight of him when N'dolo first exclaimed. In that case I should have shot him, and so missed the spectacle of his yellow-and-black body flashing through the sunlight.

Where Marongo Went

One last yarn. Again on the text "You never can tell." We were camped on the Grumenti River on our way out from Nyumbo. Toward evening came a flivver truck with two white men. One was a young man engaged in trading with the natives for cattle hides. The other was a youth of twenty-odd, apparently out for experience. They said they were in need of meat, so Art volunteered to take them to a place near camp where at this time of evening a bunch of impalla were generally to be found. The impalla, however, proved to be absent; and after a short hunt, the party headed back to camp before it should get dark. The show was over. First went Art; then a short distance behind him the youth; at an interval, the young trader; and then, straggling far in the rear, native fashion, a boy named Marongo, a short, thickset person built for power rather than speed.

It was a nice peaceful evening in what by all the rules should have been a quiet sector. Suddenly Art heard a succession of wild yells. Almost before he could turn around, Marongo passed him. That scow-built person was making incredible time, his chest out, his bent arms working like pistons in true sprinting form. Art estimated afterward that he must have been making the hundred in about seven seconds flat. The young trader was at his heels, sans gun, sans hat. The youth was already behind a small tree, fumbling with his rifle. Down the slope, and not thirty yards behind them, thundered a huge buffalo bull.

Art had only the light Springfield, which is to a buffalo what a sling shot would be to a mad dog. Nevertheless, the only thing to do was to shoot; the evening was spoiled anyway. So he shot, and he made a very good and very fortunate job of it. The little bullet hit about an inch below the massive toss of the horns, just where the skull rises to their base. An inch and a half higher it would merely have spattered against the horns; as much lower, it would probably have glanced off. As it was, the angle caught it and the buffalo fell in a heap.

And hardly had it hit the ground before the young trader was back bargaining with Art for skin! He had been scared out of his wits, but he had not been scared out of his business sense. Marongo did not reappear for a long time. I suppose he was engaged in coming back.

Afterward, for amusement, I got him to tell his version of the affair. He ran over the details up to the crucial moment.

"Then," said he, "finding the buffalo very near, I went away."

Another translation of the phrase he used could be, "I finished going"—*naquisha quenda*.

Either would seem to be, in view of the circumstances, what might be called a good example of literary restraint.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue.

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Right now many local subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are earning well over $100.00 *extra* every single month. The commissions and bonus that we pay them will enable them easily to hold this average throughout the entire year And one hundred extra dollars, earned during your first month's trial, would be starting right, wouldn't it?

No experience—Yet He Earned $98.90 His First Month.

Harry E. Hutchinson, of New Jersey, began work about the middle of October, 1914. By the end of November he had earned $98.90—and he has had easy extra dollars every year since.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON FOR OUR OFFER!

The Curtis Publishing Company
995 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send me your cash offer

Name_____

Street

Town _____ State_____

Supplies, Equipment, Instruction Without Charge

You need not invest a penny We tell you HOW to make money, supply everything you need to do it, and pay cash from the moment you begin work A two-cent stamp brings our big cash offer no obligation involved

Better Than a Windshield Wiper

It's Dangerous and Nerve Racking to Drive Bandicaded Like This

NO-BLUR
FOR WINDSHIELDS

Apply Twice a Year

Apply NO-BLUR on your windshield every six months and you are always ready for Jupiter Pluvius. Whether spring showers or drenching downpours, NO-BLUR assures perfect vision through the ENTIRE windshield NO-BLUR is absolutely transparent — [illegible] NO-BLUR [illegible] with cloths for applying [illegible] dealers [illegible] $1.00 [illegible]

STANDARD SALES CO Distributor
Memphis, Tenn Dept 8.

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 644 G St., Washington, D.C.

SALESMEN wanted to sell the best advertising Fly Swatter made. All metal. Liberal commission
CRUVER MANUFACTURING CO., 2460 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

WOMEN WANTED

For Better Paying Positions

WE have a limited number of positions now open to women of refinement, energy and ambition with high school education or better who are between the ages of 25 and 40

We are an old Internationally known Chicago corporation with branches in 27 cities and three foreign countries and are engaged in a great widespread educational work for children. The positions open are in the line of this work

Any previous training is unnecessary because we train our own people in our own way and pay a fixed salary while learning.

But you must be free to travel, you must be able to learn and teach others what you have learned and have a pleasing, sensible personality with plenty of energy.

Those permanently associated with us are making far more money than they have ever made before and doing a bigger, finer type of work as well.

If you are in the rut of teaching or of office work or even if you have never had an earning capacity before, it may be well for you to write us fully, covering whatever of your experiences may give us a key to your character, energy and personality

If you are among those selected, we shall send you to one of our main branches and start you learning our work at once.

Address Sales Manager

F. E. COMPTON & COMPANY
58 E. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Home Auto Garage Shop

Wherever you use a wrench you need the "Polly." Instantly adjustable to any opening desired—fits any style nut-head—jaws lock automatically and cannot slip. Only three sizes required for every kind of work.

Helps the home mechanic—increases speed

Sizes 6, Feed 12 to.—85c, $1 25

Per April 17 1923

Polly WRENCH

and $1 75—or complete set in kit, $2 85 From dealer or direct.

Set of three fits every nut

GELLMAN MFG CO., Dept. 30
Rock Island, Ill.

MEND YOUR TOP WITH
STiK-TiTE
TOP PATCH STRIPS

The gum side sticks instantly and permanently to [illegible] and rain proofs material. Mends all holes. Nine years tested and approved. Carry for safety. Repairs tubes and tire [illegible] in emergencies. Outfits 25c, and 50c Long strip across bows 75c, at dealer's, or postpaid from 313 Main St., Cincinnati.

THE CINCINNATI AUTO SPECIALTY CO.

Country Gentleman Readers Live In Agricultural Communities

83.67 per cent of *The Country Gentleman's* circulation of more than a million is in places of less than 2,500 population—places whose principal industry is farming.

Where not only the Farmer is dependent upon the product of the soil, but the Banker, the Grocer, the Butcher, the Clothier, the Druggist, as well.

And every reader of *The Country Gentleman* pays for it in full in cash—either five cents the copy, or one dollar for three years—for it can be obtained in no other way.

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Farm Paper

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Country Gentleman

The Ladies' Home Journal *The Saturday Evening Post*

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 24

If this young couple shall be sent
The big, bad bill for this month's rent!"
—Fairfax Downey.

Dawn: Etude de Pure Bunk

PEEP of day!
Break of day!
Aurora, first blush of the morning!
Prime of the morning!
Crepuscule . . . aurora . . . cock-crow . . .
How easy it is to be intellectual
And poetic
With the aid of a book of synonyms,
An assortment of wonder marks,
A callous conscience
And dots . . . ad lib . . .
Or, if you prefer, ad nauseam . . .
It all means much too much to mean anything
Which is perfectly clear to the
Intelligentzia.
Have a few more dots on me . . .
For . . . good . . . measure . . .
Is that the dawn breaking
Or the reader tearing his hair?
—Elias Lieberman.

The Triumph of the Egg

DAINTY Matilda Clegg
Wrote her name on an egg.
She lived on a lonely farm,
She did not mean any harm;
Blame not Matilda Clegg
Who wrote her name on an egg.

Maids who live in the city,
Temper your scorn with pity
For maids who live on farms
Remote from gentlemen's charms;
It sets them up a peg
To write their names on an egg.

Their egg may travel far
To nourish a movie star,
Or in cold storage lie
While years and years go by,
Then prince or poet or pegg
May read their name on the egg.

A certain Gregory Gregg
Read her name on the egg:
He sent her a postal card,
His words were few and hard:
"Dear Matilda Clegg,
It was a rotten egg."

She wept that cruel chance
Addled her young romance;
Loveless, she gave her hand
To an egg-man suave and bland.
Draining her cup to the dregs
She told him about the eggs.

He was a business man
And promptly conceived a plan;
He uttered no reproach,
But wrote: "This egg will poach
Signed—Matilda Clegg."
He signed her name on an egg.

And now exceeding fame
Attends Matilda's name,
Which seven girls indite
On eggs all day and night;
Money arrives in kegs
To pay for Matilda's eggs.

Now many an actor begs
For one of Matilda's eggs,
Now millionaires demand
Only eggs by her hand—
However, Gregory Gregg
Prefers an anonymous egg.
—Morris Bishop.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Four Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

In Two Years 340,977 Cars

Equipped with

LOCKHEED
Four Wheel Brakes
HYDRAULIC

Two years ago, Lockheed announcements first carried the phrase "The Answer: Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes."

See how it has come true. Today Lockheed Hydraulics are standard equipment on 340,977 motor cars. By far the largest number of chassis models equipped with any single design of four-wheel brakes, use Lockheeds.

Brilliant Success The Reward of Merit

Lockheed's rise to this dominating position records one of the most brilliant successes in the motor car industry.

Engineers and manufacturers, two years ago, classed Lockheed Hydraulics along with all four-wheel brakes, as an experiment—though even then Lockheeds had completed two years of the hardest kind of service on passenger busses and cars in the California mountains.

In two years, Lockheed Hydraulics have won to themselves half of all the chassis models manufactured.

Adopted by Leading Manufacturers

These include such cars as Chrysler, with 133,500 cars equipped with these hydraulics; and other leaders whose Lockheed equipped production largely accounts for the rest of the 340,977 Lockheed installations.

These leaders came to Lockheed because they believe that through Lockheed Hydraulics alone can they provide their car owners with maximum driving and braking safety.

These manufacturers have not permitted cost to interfere with their solicitude for the greater safety and mental comfort of their owners.

Knowing well that Lockheeds, because of their very nature, demand finer materials and greater precision in manufacture, they have nevertheless insisted upon Lockheeds.

Manufacturers Fulfil Obligation to Owners

Tests had proved to them unmistakably that Lockheeds mean greater safety to the car owner, and less expense for both owner and dealer. In fact, the only requirement for complete Lockheed success and superiority in braking and freedom from service requirements, is sound manufacture.

The public appreciation and response has been a dominating factor in Lockheed's equipment of cars in every class. Manufacturers who adopted Lockheed Hydraulics as optional equipment quickly found public demand so strong that their production is now nearly 100 per cent Lockheed equipped.

Insistent Public Demand for Lockheeds

It is because of this insistent demand for Lockheed's greater safety that you will find Hydraulics on automobiles from well under $1,000 up to the most expensive.

Today, Lockheed is recognized as the four-wheel braking system which is wholly efficient; which retains adjustment, equalization, and effectiveness *permanently*. The hydraulic principle assures results which Lockheeds alone give, because Lockheeds alone are hydraulic.

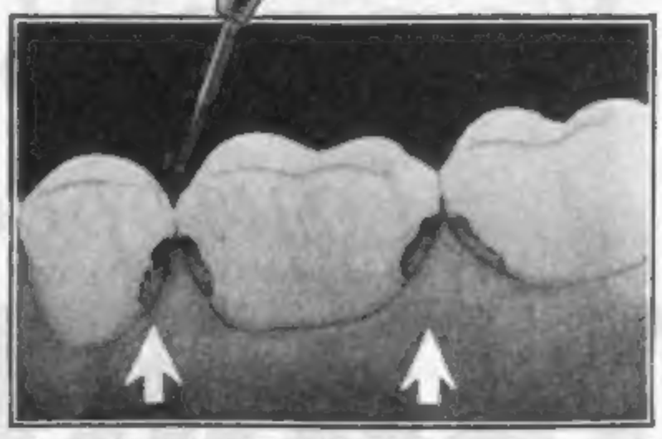
Nation-wide special service on Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes is at your command in strategically located cities through the Wagner Electric Corporation. Each of these service centers carries a complete stock of Lockheed parts, and is equipped with men and machinery that assure expert service.

HYDRAULIC BRAKE COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

See these GERMS?

Look harmless, don't they? Yet they easily eat through hard enamel, a material that blunts the edge of tempered steel. These germs, small as they look here, are magnified hundreds of times. They are soft, yet they eat through the enamel of your teeth as easily as the dentist's powerful drill.

You can't See it, Feel it, Hear it



Snug harbors for decay germs

It is much easier for your tooth brush to clean the more exposed surfaces of your teeth. It is in the crevices that the germs get in their fine work. Kolynos used in the mouth becomes a liquid which flows into the crevices and kills the germs that would otherwise start decay.

FREE

If this advertisement interests you; if you believe what it says; if you are anxious to keep your teeth and gums sound—the first step to take is to fill in the coupon below and send for a generous sample of Kolynos Dental Cream, enough to brush your teeth 22 times, ½ inch to the brushing.

See for yourself the result of killing germs. You will say to yourself, just as thousands of others have, "**How clean my mouth feels!**" So send for the free sample—or, what will be quicker, buy a tube at your druggist's.

Yet a tiny germ bores steadily through the hard enamel of your teeth

By Ira Davis Joel, B.S., M.S.

TRY this germ-killing dental cream at our expense. But first read why it is necessary for teeth that germs be killed. Germs are the cause of tooth decay.

Two University of Michigan scientists examined a great many decayed teeth. In nine out of ten they found a certain germ. They turned this germ loose on sound teeth and in a short time it *ate through* the enamel. Kill this germ, they claim, and you immediately check decay. They made experiments. When teeth were treated with dentifrices that did not kill germs, the teeth decayed; but when the germs were killed, there was no decay.

Many eminent scientists attest the germicidal power of Kolynos Dental Cream. They find that it kills, *in the mouth*, 80 to 90 per cent of the mouth bacteria. And after using Kolynos, hours pass before there are again enough germs to damage your teeth. You say to yourself, "How clean my mouth feels!" which is the best evidence that most of the germs are no longer there.

Doctors and dentists say that 85 to 90 per cent of the health-destroying germs enter the body through the mouth. Kolynos helps to keep your mouth free from germs and thus insures better health.

Recommended by 140,000 dentists and doctors

You have read our claims for Kolynos. Perhaps you think we are too enthusiastic. But do dentists and doctors think so? These professional men do not take our assertions for granted. They make tests; they investigate; they watch what happens when teeth are protected by Kolynos. They tell us that Kolynos is the dentifrice they use themselves. Yet even more significant than this are the testimonials in our files at New Haven. There we have cards or letters written by *51,000 dentists and 89,000 doctors asking us for samples of Kolynos to distribute to their patients.* They recommend Kolynos. They advise their patients to use it twice daily. Surely no dentist or doctor would even suggest a dentifrice to his patients unless he were absolutely convinced of its merit.

Kolynos Manufacturing Laboratories are located at New Haven, U. S. A.; at London, England; and Montreal, Canada.

Try Kolynos in *liquid form* as a spray and gargle. Not only your teeth, but your mouth and throat as well, need the protection of an antiseptic. They, too, are constantly menaced by harmful germs. Kolynos Liquid immediately kills these germs.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM FREE

The Kolynos Company, Dept. 1-BB1
New Haven, Conn.

Send sample to:

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

A Full Forty Years

Forty Years Ago Pet Milk Company produced the first germ-free milk.

For Forty Full Years Pet Milk Company has made this product. Today Pet Milk is the favorite cream and milk supply in thousands of homes in city, town, and village all over the United States.

Through The Years constant effort for progress and improvement has kept Pet Milk Company a leader in the industry it founded forty years ago—has kept Pet Milk a standard for clean, rich purity.

Pet Milk is pure, fresh milk—concentrated—more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—sterilized in sealed containers—germ-free. It is "Nature's most perfect food" in cleanest form. Grocers everywhere have it. It costs less today than forty years ago.

Our new book "You Can Save On Your Milk Bill" will be sent free on request.

Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Now—250,000 men and women to make just one loaf of bread!

MECHANICAL printing in two colors can not do justice to a beautiful loaf of bread. Don't judge baker's bread from this picture but buy a loaf today and see how good it looks and is.
Eventually
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO
Gold Medal
FOODS
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Why Not Now?

The secret of the astonishing goodness of baker's bread today!

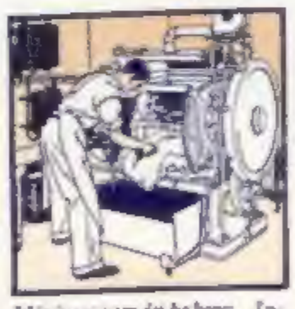
In the average bakery of today are 20 men. Each a specialist. Each devoting all his energies to one part of bread-making. Each of these 20 men shared in making the loaf you received this morning.

In all the bakeries in the United States are more than 160,000 men and women engaged in making your bread. And each one of these 160,000 people had a part in making that loaf of yours this morning. Because these bakeries work together. They spread among each other their knowledge and discoveries.

But that is not all. About 60,000 people are milling flour for the baker—studying his problems in flour. Finally the biological chemists in our universities—and thousands of dieticians and home economic experts—who are freely lending the baker their advice and knowledge.

Today—each loaf of baker's bread that enters your home really represents the earnest work of more than 250,000 men and women.

One of seven Gold Medal laboratories where all Gold Medal Flour is tested every hour day and night thus assuring complete uniformity.



Mixing room in bakery. Ingredients measured with scientific accuracy. No hands touch the doughs.

The interior of famous Dunwoody Institute. Bakers send employees here to study latest scientific baking methods.

One of the hundreds of classes held by home economic experts teaching new uses of baker's bread.

More than 15,000 bakers use Gold Medal Flour. Because it *acts uniformly*. In all their baking. At least 50% of baking depends upon the way flour *acts* in the oven. But the average flour may not always act the same. Because—although the same chemically—it may often differ in baking results.

The one way a miller can tell how his flour will act, *is to bake with it himself.* That is why we bake loaves from samples of each run of Gold Medal Flour at each mill—in our own Commercial Bakeshop. And each must produce the same delicious and nourishing bread.

Thus bakers who use Gold Medal Flour are sure of serving you the *same high* quality loaf each day. You cannot eat too much of such good wholesome bread.

A special word to bakers

If you are not receiving the Gold Medal Baker's Service, write for details. This service is free. Many hundreds of bakers use it regularly. They are delighted with it. It is worth looking into. Write now.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR—*Oven-tested*

MILLED BY WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., ALSO CREATORS OF WASHBURN'S PANCAKE FLOUR, GOLD MEDAL CAKE FLOUR, WHEATIES AND PURIFIED BRAN

Tune in on Gold Medal Radio Station (WCCO—416.4 meters), St. Paul-Minneapolis. Interesting programs daily. Also cooking talks for women. 10:45 each morning. By Miss Crocker, Home Service Department.

WCCO Gold Medal Station 416.4m

"Service to the Northwest"

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